ORNEL WILDE...he crossed swords with destiny (p. 30)

Modern Screen

VEMBER
15c

• A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • DELL • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE •



NO LONGER OF
GENERAL
GENERAL RECORD
OCT 22 1948

OCT 15 1946

©CIB 42166

For "Big Game" Glamor

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

First tinge of fall . . . giddy crowds and gaudy colors . . . excitement in the air . . . the season's biggest game, and you, happy in the knowledge that your hair is sparkling and alive with all its natural highlights revealed. No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action will make your hair look so lovely. Here Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, shows you two hair-dos created by Drene especially for your football week-end. "I always use Drene with Hair Conditioning action," says Madelon, "because no other shampoo leaves my hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage."





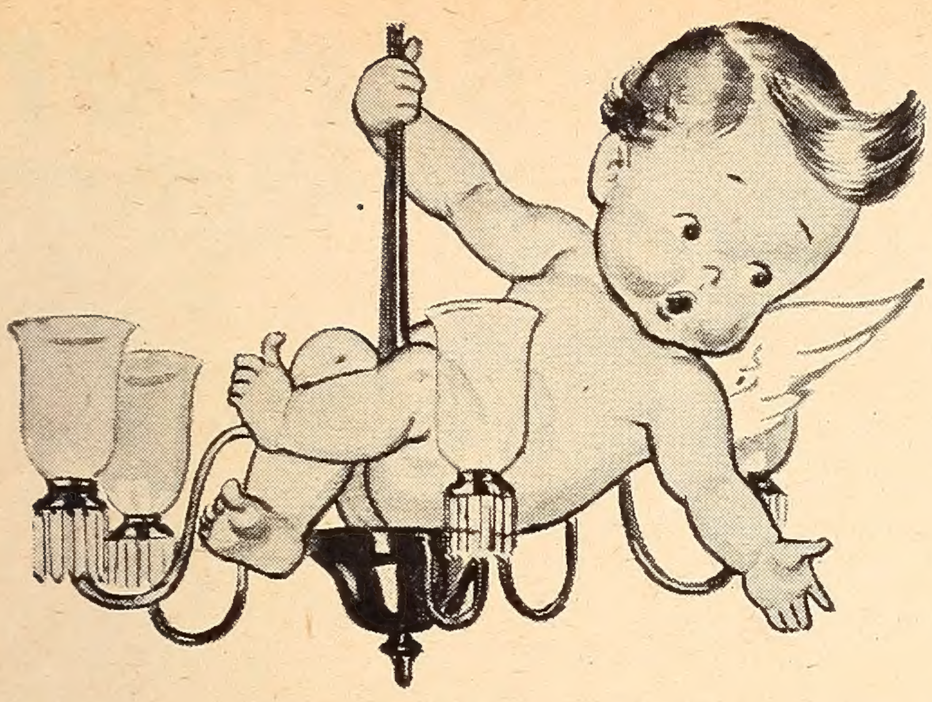
AT SATURDAY'S GAME you'll be the star in his eyes with your radiant Drene-lovely hair! "There's no need to worry about your hair being 'off side' when you shampoo with Drene," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Madelon Mason, "for Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair alive with natural highlights, satin-smooth and so-o-o-o easy to manage."

AFTER THE GAME, a quick change, a bite of dinner and then to his fraternity dance. Drene brings out *all* the beauty of Madelon's lovely hair . . . reveals up to 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo . . . never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do. And Drene removes unsightly dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

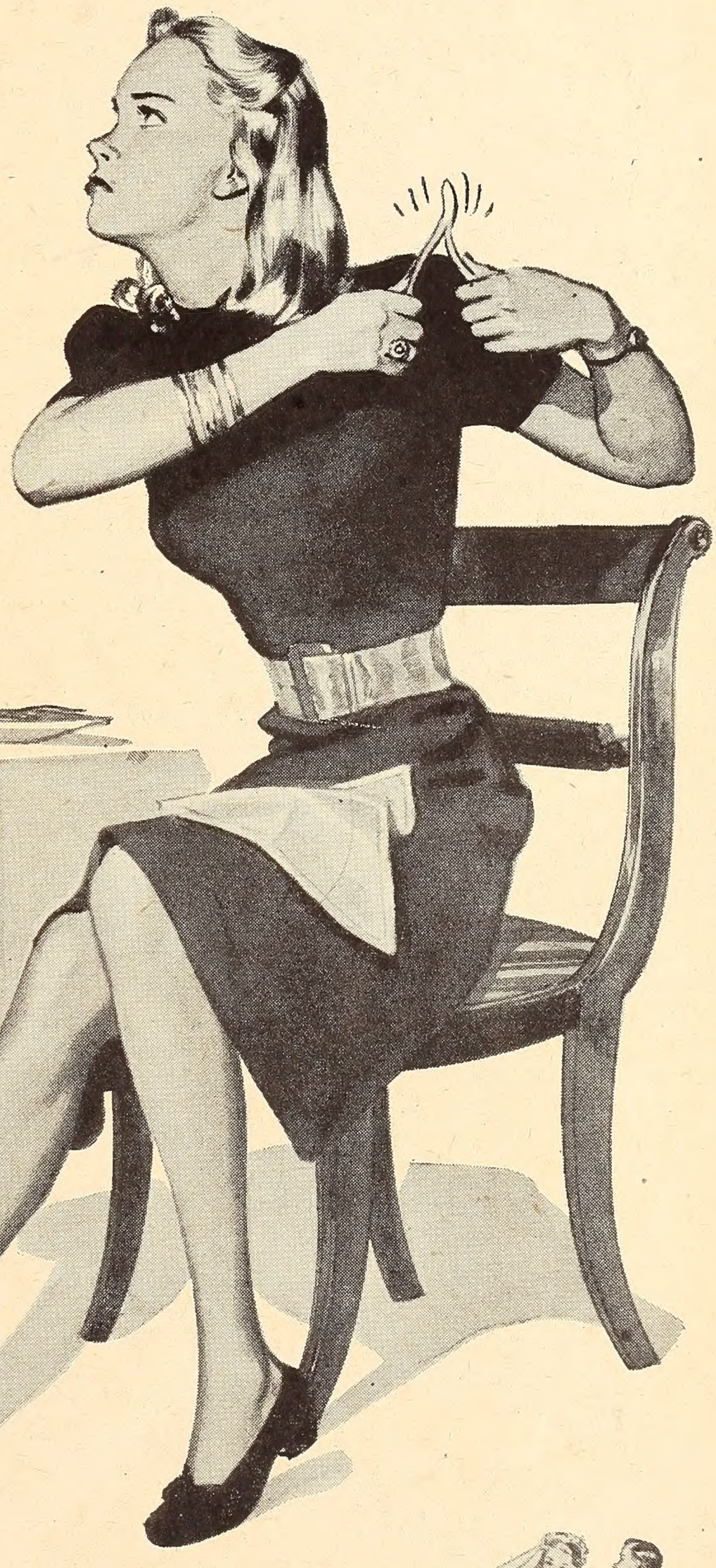


Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action



"Can't even get a man to wish with, huh?"



GIRL: Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants–

CUPID: You do.

GIRL: *I?* Why I–

CUPID: And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming!* Sparkling! Smiling!



GIRL: Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but–

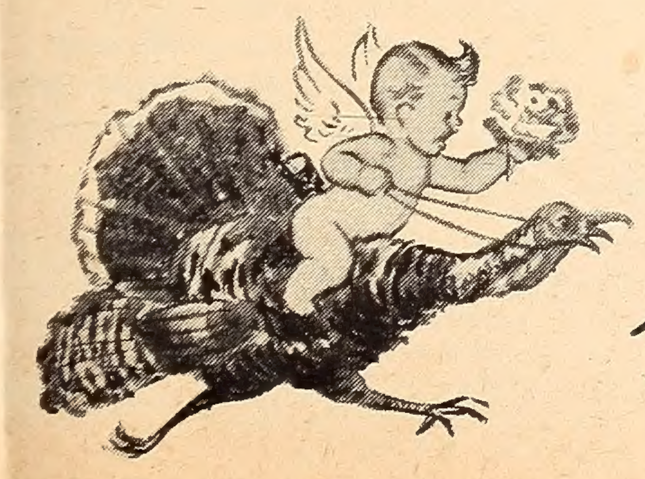
CUPID: No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

GIRL: "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Is *that* all?

CUPID: Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!



For the Smile of Beauty—

Ipana 

and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

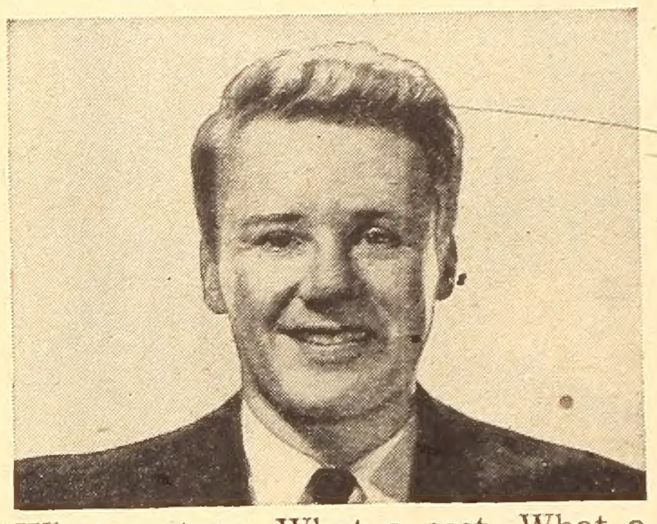
No excuse, no alibi, no reason for not going to see "No Leave, No Love."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M, of course, Makes Greater Musicals!

★ ★ ★ ★

When you see "No Leave, No Love" you'll say a lot of "what-a's".



What a story. What a cast. What a score. What a hit. And what a man...

★ ★ ★ ★

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: E.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.



★ ★ ★ ★

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

★ ★ ★ ★

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.

★ ★ ★ ★



"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

★ ★ ★ ★

Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all anticipations of good entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

★ ★ ★ ★

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

★ ★

"No Leave, No Love"? The answer is very definitely "Yes".



—Leo

NOVEMBER 1946

modern screen

"The friendly magazine"

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Yes!

IT'S GOT THAT **M-G-M** ZING AND SWING AND EVERYTHING!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **VAN**— KISSING A THRILLING NEW SWEETHEART!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **KEENAN**— THAT HILARIOUS "EASY TO WED" KIBITZER!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **PAT KIRKWOOD**— AND SHE'S A GIRL THAT'S GOT PUH-LENTY!

Yes!

IT'S GOT **CUGAT**— AND HIS RHUMBA BEAT —AND **GUY LOMBARDO** SENDING SWEET!



AN **M-G-M** PICTURE







"No LEAVE No LOVE"

Van Johnson

Song Hits
"All The Time!"
"Love On a Greyhound Bus!"
Many More!

with

KEENAN WYNN — New Singing Star

PAT KIRKWOOD · **XAVIER CUGAT** and His Orchestra · **GUY LOMBARDO** and His Orchestra

and **EDWARD ARNOLD** · **MARIE WILSON** · **LEON AMES**

Original Screen Play by CHARLES MARTIN and LESLIE KARDOS

Directed by **CHARLES MARTIN** · Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PICTURE of the MONTH

Alicia Huberman, (Ingrid Bergman) an adventuress, falls in love with American agent Devlin (C. Grant).

DOROTHY KILGALLEN

SELECTS "NOTORIOUS"

■ In "Notorious," Alfred Hitchcock has created a shattering—but welcome—novelty in female spies.

He has flung the kohl-eyed Mata Hari type of adventuress into the cinematic dustbin and craftily built his melodrama around an apple-cheeked, soft-voiced, broad-shouldered clinging vine who looks as if she would far rather play hockey than cops and robbers.

The script calls this new brand of secret agent "Alicia Huberman," and infers strongly that she is no better than she should be. But though she is shown reeling across the crest of the drunkenest party since the flapper age, stubbornly speeding through the Miami night to the great peril of a handsome government agent, awakening with a vertiginous hangover and pursuing the hero through a hotel suite with a series of the most relentless kisses ever recorded on celluloid, she is still Ingrid Bergman—as robust as the 4-H champion of Minnesota, as wholesome as the text on a package of Wheaties.

"Suspense," however, does not depend on veils and incense, and Mr. Hitchcock demonstrates in this instance that he can concoct as many goose-bumps and refrigerated spines with a spy in a schoolgirl frock as his old-fashioned predecessors achieved with black satin, pounds of mascara, and pallor that suggested tuberculosis, if not opium. Indeed, it is quite possible that he derives a good deal of the tension in "Notorious" out of the fact that his heroine is an amateur spy on a professional mission, brave but unsure, beautiful but clumsy, and so emotionally befuddled that the chief mystery in the picture is why (*Continued on page 138*)

PARAMOUNT *proudly presents* RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr.'s
Immortal Classic Of The Seven Seas!

"TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST"

Thirsting for adventure . . . red-blooded mutineers surge from the pages of the world's best loved story of men and ships!



STARRING

ALAN LADD
BRIAN DONLEVY
WILLIAM BENDIX
BARRY FITZGERALD

WITH

Howard da SILVA · Esther FERNANDEZ · Albert DEKKER · Luis VAN ROOTEN · Darryl HICKMAN

Produced by SETON I. MILLER · Directed by JOHN FARROW · Screen Play by Seton I. Miller and George Bruce



radio award . . . by ED SULLIVAN

■ Sometimes, infrequently, your travels lead to a meeting with a person who is a Standout, a guy who is something special, as human beings go. And at first, you are skeptical, you figure that there's a catch in it some place, that suits of shining armor disappeared with the last vaudeville booking of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. But months go by, accumulate into years, and the Standout remains something special in your catalogue of human nature. The Standout is Parks Johnson, presiding genius of the Vox Pop show of radio, which you have listened to for 14 years, and which now comes to your dials Tuesdays, at 9 p.m.

Vox Pop's Parks Johnson comes from the under side of the Mason and Dixon line and the south has sent no finer Ambassador to "us-dam-yankees." Really, the deep south sent us a Johnson-and-Johnson combination of spreaders of good-will, for Alabama's Parks Johnson married Texas eyeful, Louise Johnson. Often, a husband is particularly nice, but his wife is a cipher. Or vice versa. In the case of Johnson and Johnson, Parks and Louise are equally genuine, equally thoughtful, equally adaptable, equally generous in their estimates of people.

The reason that Vox Pop, as a radio show, has lasted 14 years and maintained its top rating, is because people who listen to radio know that the drawling voice of Parks Johnson is the index to a fine man. They know it in a variety of ways—in his unvarying kindness to people he interviews on his show, in the type of questions that suggest themselves to him, in his sincerity which projects over the CBS network.

There is nothing "actorish" about Parks Johnson. His background would explain that because he is the son, the grandson and the nephew of clergymen. His father was a circuit-riding southern preacher, doing on a small scale what his son does on a national scale, going to the people and translating Vox Pop, the voice of the people.

Parks Johnson attended Emory University and thereafter engaged in a colorful variety of jobs. He was a slugging minor league first baseman, a ticket collector on the Southern Railway, briefly a cotton broker, and then served in (*Continued on page 26*)

ALL THE YOUTH AND LOVE. WARMTH AND WONDER OF

You'll remember

MARGIE

THESE WERE THE DAYS! MARGIE IS THE GIRL! THIS IS

and radio gossip . . . by BEN GROSS



■ **Stories They Tell On Radio Row** . . . It isn't exactly news when a sponsor of an audience participation show awards a fabulous prize to a contestant. But when a mere listener comes across with a goodly cash reward, and without ballyhoo—well that's one for the headline writers.

Yet, it is on record that somewhere in ABC's audience there is such a listener. For, recently, Mrs. Ben Mansfield, of the Bronx, New York, appeared on that network's "Glamor Manor," and while being interviewed by emcee Eddie Dunn, remarked that she had been happily married for twenty-four years. She also added that her husband was "one man in a million."

A few days later, she received a Western Union money order for $400 from some one who merely signed himself as "A Listener." The accompanying message set forth that "anyone who could be happy after almost a quarter of a century of married life deserves this money." Mrs. Mansfield tried her best to learn the identity of her benefactor, but the Telegraph company refused to disclose the name of the big-hearted sender.

Among the stories they spin on Radio Row, none is more fascinating than the one about how one of the most popular attractions on the air, Kay Kyser's "College of Musical Knowledge," got its start. Back in 1938, Kay and his band were playing at the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago—just another dance orchestra. As business was slow on Monday nights, Kyser decided to pep up things by adding some audience participation features to the floor show.

He worked out an idea which called for the customers to come to the microphone and sing a song. After a few rounds of what proved to be a dull routine, one of the bandmen suggested that each amateur singer should not only give the name of his song but also that of the composer. Then, another member of the orchestra piped up: "Say, Kay, you look like a professor. Let's call the act 'Professor Kay and His Students.'" But Sully Mason, also in Kyser's crew, had a different—and the best—inspiration. He yelled: "How about 'Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge?'"

That decided it. The show became a "College," and with the scintillating and best loved boy from North Carolina as the "Professor," went on to earn many millions of dollars and to become one of the longest-lived items in radio.

■ **Names Make Radio** . . . Although Jimmy Dorsey, producing the picture, "The Fabulous Dorseys," with brother Tommy, will spend one half of his time in Hollywood activities hereafter, he refuses to give up his dance band. Once a maestro . . . well, it seems you just can't get over it . . . On "It Pays To Be Ignorant," CBS' burlesque quiz show, comedian Harry McNaughton is known as a "nitwit." But out on Long Island, his neighbors refer to him as the "cat man." That's because he usually has around 14 felines in his house. Harry loves cats and simply can't turn a stray Tom or Tabbie away . . . Red Barber, the famous broadcaster of Dodgers' baseball games, who is now sports director of CBS, made his debut in radio as a spouter of crop news on a farm program over WRUF, down in Gainesville, Fla.

Good looking Sally (*Continued on page 66*)

AMERICA'S HEY! HEY! DAY!



as long as you love!

THE PICTURE!

Darryl F. Zanuck presents

JEANNE CRAIN

MARGIE

IN TECHNICOLOR

GLENN LYNN ALAN

LANGAN · BARI · YOUNG

BARBARA LAWRENCE · CONRAD JANIS · ESTHER DALE

Directed by HENRY KING ·

Produced by WALTER MOROSCO

Screen Play by F. Hugh Herbert

Based on Stories by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten

20th CENTURY-FOX

"Never neglect DRY SKIN" says Martha O'Driscoll

Starring in PRC'S "Down Missouri Way"



"I Advise Special Care with these Extra-Rich Lander Creams containing OLIVE OIL"

You simply cannot be glamorous with rough, dry skin. So like famous stars, depend on the wonderful richness of these *special formula* creams.

Discover the beautifying effect of Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. Instantly it softens and smooths your skin—reveals that "peaches and cream" look!

And for rough, dry hands, there's nothing finer than Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Keeps hands softer, more caressible! Get both rich creams at your 10¢ store today.

LANDER'S CREAMS WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢ AND 25¢ EACH

Plus Tax



by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

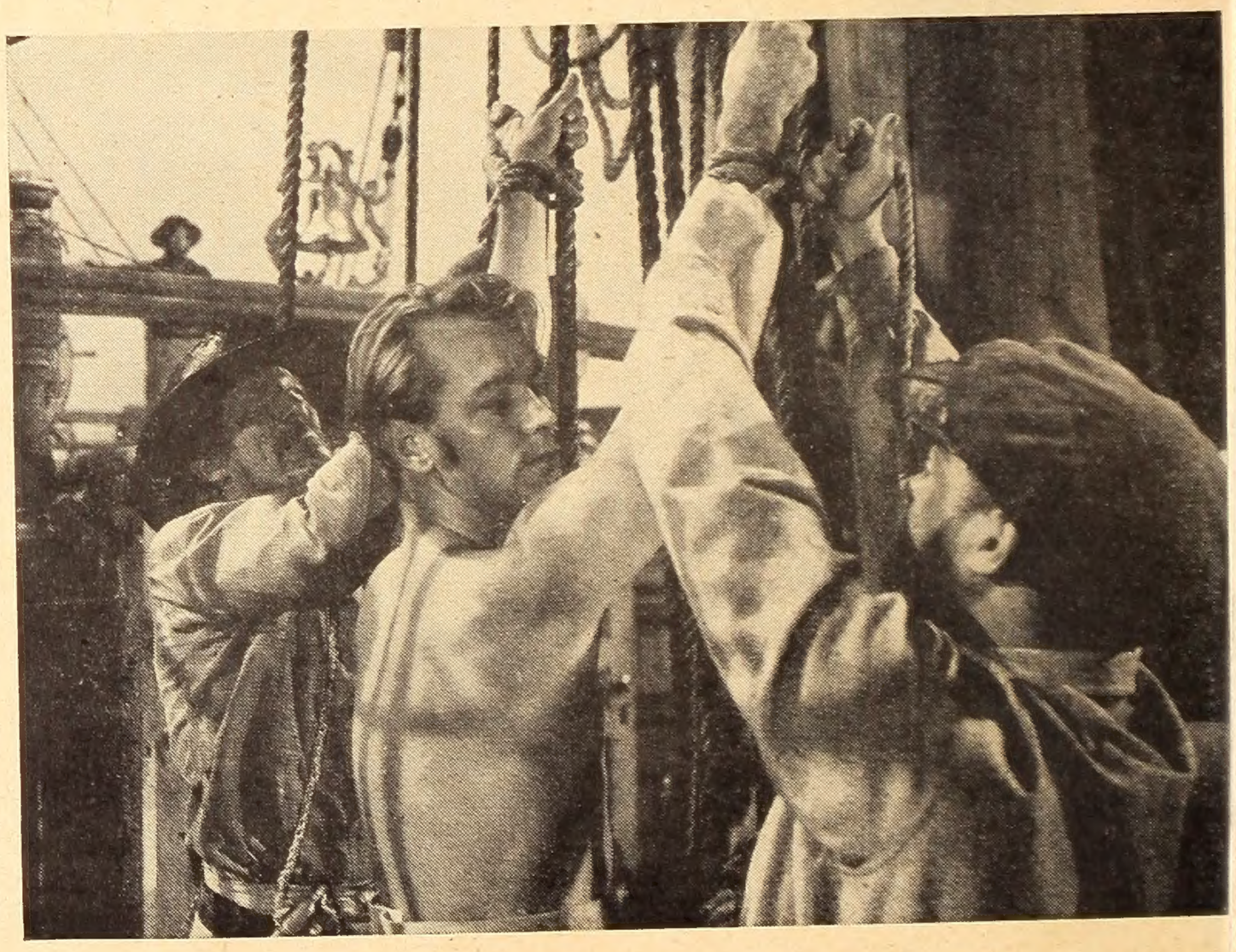
■ Paramount has made this classic saga of the sea into a Technicolor epic of brutality and courage. The cast couldn't be better—every part is performed with understanding.

Charles Stewart (Alan Ladd) is a young man about Boston, in 1835. His father owns a fleet of sailing vessels and makes money even faster than Charles spends it. One of his ships is "The Pilgrim," which has broken all speed records. The reason is that its captain, Thompson (Howard da Sylva), doesn't care how many crew members he kills doing it. Unfortunately for Charles, one night he wanders into a waterfront cafe for a drink. The "Pilgrim's" chief mate, Amazeen (William Bendix), sizes him up as a good, strong lad, drugs his drink, and he wakes up the next day on the "Pilgrim," bound for San Francisco. When he explains that he's the owner's son, all he gets is a horse laugh.

The only member of the crew who has signed on of his own free will is Richard Dana (Brian Donlevy). His kid brother died aboard the "Pilgrim" last trip out and he means to find out how it happened. He soon learns that life is cheap in those surroundings. The first day, a man is given fifty lashes, and tossed, dying, into solitary confinement, for discipline's sake. Dana writes down everything that happens on the voyage in a notebook. If he can get back with it, maybe he can clean things up by act of Congress.

Charles is pretty unpopular with the rest of the crew for a while. Then he rescues Dana's notebook from the sneaking, tale-telling second mate, and gets a flogging for it. After that, they accept him as one of themselves. Death is always close to them. The food—decayed horse meat, and moldy sea biscuits, mostly—leads to an outbreak of scurvy. Twice they approach land where they could get fresh food, but Thompson refuses to stop. So at last, Charles leads a mutiny. And the penalty for mutiny is hanging . . . if you're caught!

You'll find Barry Fitzgerald, Darryl Hickman (*Continued on page 14*)



Rich Charles Stewart (A. Ladd), is shanghaied onto a "hell ship," flogged for "discipline."

ADVENTURE WITHOUT PARALLEL!



THE MOMENT HE FELL IN LOVE WAS HIS MOMENT OF GREATEST DANGER!



Gary Cooper

IN

"CLOAK AND DAGGER"



The Picture that introduces

LILLI PALMER

WITH **ROBERT ALDA**

DIRECTED BY **FRITZ LANG** · PRODUCED BY **MILTON SPERLING**

SCREEN PLAY BY ALBERT MALTZ AND RING LARDNER, JR. ORIGINAL STORY BY BORIS INGSTER AND JOHN LARKIN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

PRODUCED BY UNITED STATES PICTURES FOR WARNER BROS.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES — Warner



CO-ED

Lay that pistol down, babe—'cause you can't get a man with a gun! Especially if you're using the same ammunition for each guy, when different caballeros need different calibres!

CO-ED QUESTION BOX

We are a large family with a small income, and there is practically no money for clothes. I am fifteen and fairly pretty, but this year I find myself so self-conscious about the way I look that my whole personality is changing. What can I do about it? G. H., Appleton, Wisc.

There have been lots of jokes about room-mates with just one wardrobe between them, but actually it's a very good idea. Couldn't you and your sisters work out some such deal? Could you learn to sew, and thus be able to work all sorts of magic, like making good looking jackets from outgrown coats, jumpers from worn out dresses? Could you manage a very few inexpensive but elegant accessories like a wide belt, an assortment of hair ribbons, a string of pearls? How about tinting faded sweaters, turning the frayed cuffs of blouses, rejuvenating an entire dress with new buttons and a new belt. There's nothing easy about looking well turned out on almost no money, but it's been done before, and we'll bet you can do it again.

(Continued on page 22)

There are guys and guys, and as we all know, one man's meat is another man's arsenic. It makes it tough on a girl. Do the shy ones like you to scintillate, or is that how to hook a muscle man? Do you draw out the local Einstein or what? When is it good tactics to listen, when to flatter, when to talk seriously? We've done some research on the whole business, so if you're in the market for a Man (and who ain't), come on over.

If he's a Brain, chances are he wants a gal who's — first of all — decorative. Don't ask us why, but the bright, bright boys rarely go for the plain babes, even if they're junior grade Phi Betas. Just a face, with nothing behind it, won't hold him, of course, but it'll sure-as-shootin' snare him. Once you've got him, break it to him slowly that you too can read and write, but—even if it's true—don't leave him think that *you* think you're smarter than he is. These straight-A boys aren't athletic or smooth as a rule, and they're a bit self-conscious about their shortcomings. If you can start your lad bowling, bear with him until he's pretty good, then let him see how impressed you are—he'll think you're divine. Likewise, it will cut a lot more ice with him if you laugh at his jokes and make him feel like a wolf, than if you tell him he's a genius. The latter he knows, the former is News.

If he's a Three-Letter-Man, he'll want a gal who's more than slightly sports-minded, too. One who'll cheer like mad at the football games and shiver with him at the hockey games, and who'll know who Tami Mauriello and Doc Blanchard are without looking in the back of the book. If you're awfully beautiful, you'll find it no handicap, but a sense of humor, a slue of enthusiasm, and an easy-going, one-of-the-boys attitude are even more important to (*Continued on page 23*)



JEAN KINKEAD

WOMEN! YOU, TOO, CAN CATCH A RICH HUSBAND!

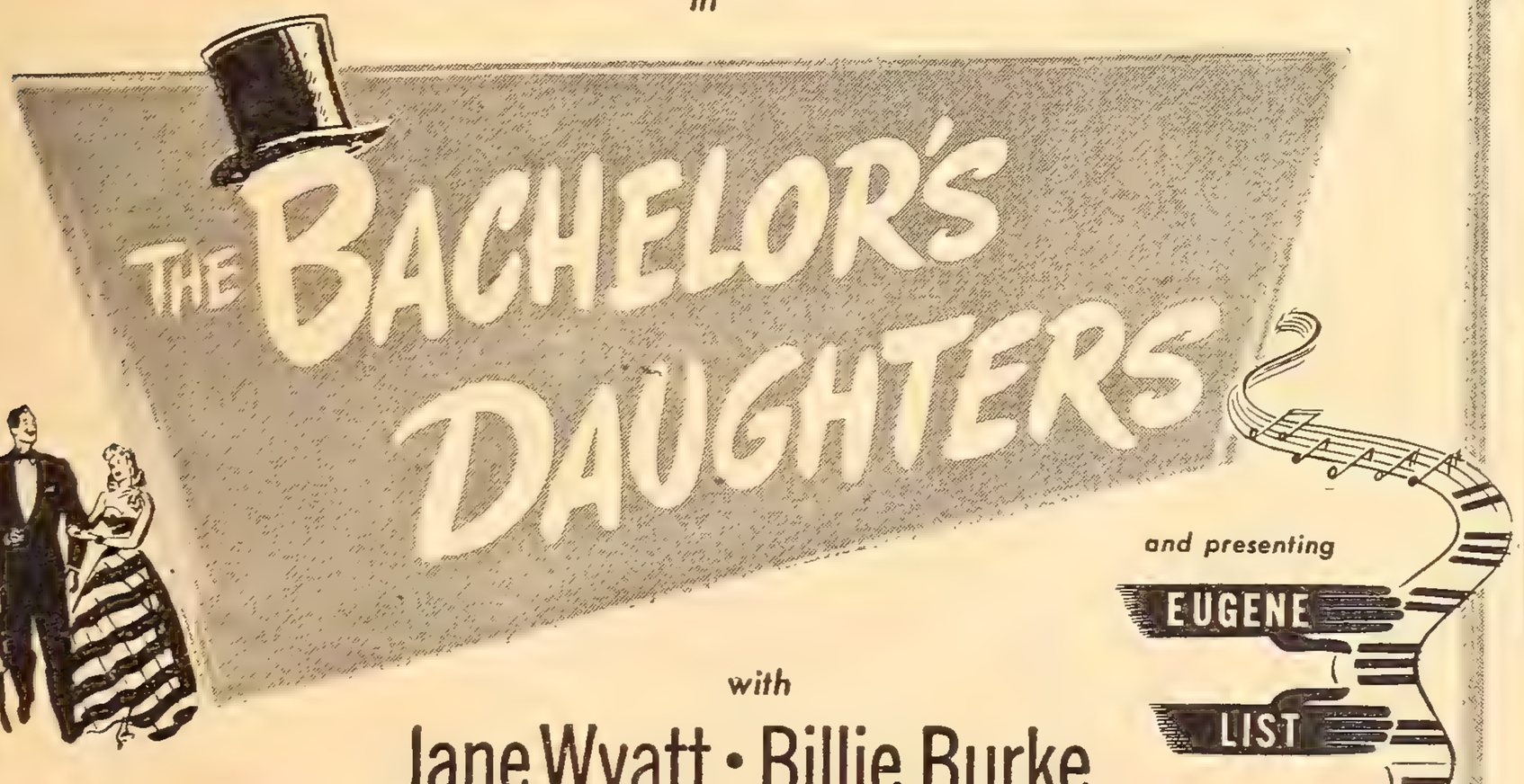


What would you do to own a genuine mink coat . . . with a yacht to match? Just let these four smart girls show you how to meet the kind of men who can buy them.

Andrew Stone *presents*

Gail RUSSELL • Claire TREVOR • Ann DVORAK • Adolphe MENJOU

in



and presenting

EUGENE LIST

with

Jane Wyatt • Billie Burke

Produced and Directed by ANDREW STONE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Ask any of these thrilled owners of mink and men



GAIL RUSSELL
(As Eileen)
"It was simple . . . I just traded a wink for a mink!"



CLAIRE TREVOR
(As Cynthia)
"I had designs on a yacht . . . now I have the yacht!"



ANN DVORAK
(As Terry)
"I found that kisses can get a girl the most wonderful career!"



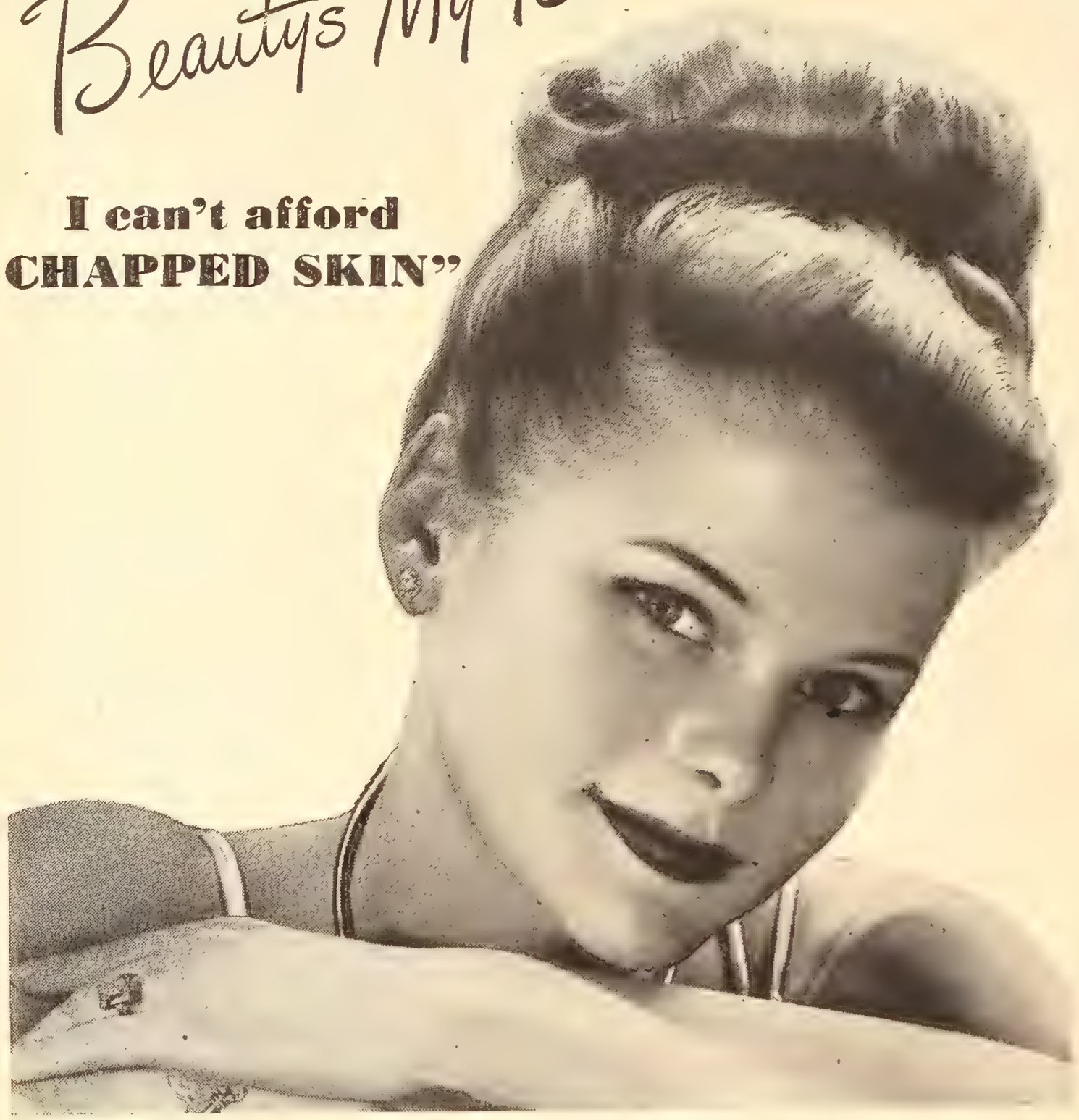
JANE WYATT
(As Marta)
"A cave with *him* would be fine . . . but a penthouse would be better!"

See them do what YOU can do!

Rhoda Hoffman, Bewitching Cover Girl, Says:

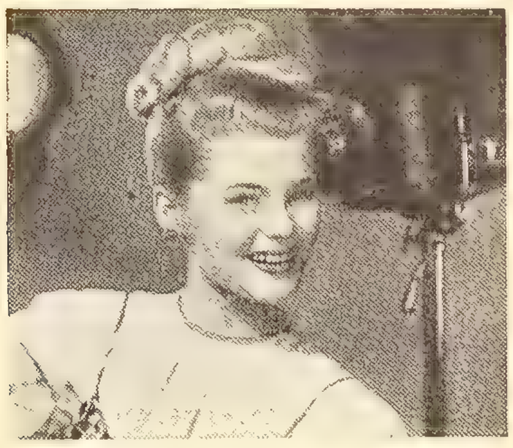
"Beauty's My Business—

I can't afford CHAPPED SKIN"



SweetHeart Soap's 1-2-3 Extra Lather

Beauty Care Helps Prevent Chapping



"You can't fool the color camera. It shows up winter-roughened skin," says Rhoda. "But now I don't fear its searching lens, for my complexion has that smoother SweetHeart look!"



How proud men are to date popular Rhoda Hoffman, now that this gentle SweetHeart Care keeps her skin softer, smoother, lovelier all winter long.

A model earns most of her money in winter. So if your face and hands chap easily—get red and rough—let Rhoda's experience solve your beauty problem.

"It helped prevent chapping and made such an amazing difference in my complexion," says Rhoda Hoffman, "when I changed from inadequate care to SweetHeart's *Extra Lather* Care!"

Like this glamorous cover girl—massage your face night and morning for one minute with SweetHeart Soap's *extra lather.* Rinse with warm—then icy cold water. This gives 3-way help...(1) *cleanses* (2) *stimulates* (3) *brightens.* Your skin's fresh, velvety!

And see how this SweetHeart Care helps you avoid chapping. SweetHeart gives up to *twice as much lather* as the average beauty soap—rich, creamy lather that's pure, mild, gentle. Yes, *extra kind* to sensitive skin in wintry weather.



The soap that AGREES with your skin

DON'T WASTE SOAP
It contains vital materials.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

and Esther Fernandez among those who add color to her story.—*Par.*

P. S.

Wartime restrictions on navigation prevented the studio from going to sea for the filming of the picture, but a full-sized reproduction of the historic brig Pilgrim, upon which three-fourths of the story's action takes place, was built on the back lot. . . . Director Farrow conducted a school of seamanship to familiarize his actors with sea-going practice and idiom. A training mast was erected on the studio lot and the players were given instructions on climbing aloft and handling sails. . . . Special effects experts created storms and hurricanes. Snow, rain, wind, sleet, and fog were loosed upon the ship, while batteries of wind blowers battered the ship with gales and mechanical wave-making machines sent water cascading over the gunwales. During the most violent of these man-made storms, Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy went aloft on the pitching mainmast to furl the sails. Both disdained the use of doubles for the dangerous job.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE

Three little girls in blue. Three little girls in Technicolor! Three little girls in 1905, in search of a rich husband. Pam (June Haver) and Liz (Vivian Blaine) and Myra (Vera Ellen) are tired of life on a chicken farm. They want to go to Atlantic City and grab a millionaire. But they only have enough money for one of them to go in style. They draw lots, and Pam wins. The others go along as her secretary and maid.

Atlantic City is full of handsome young men and music and champagne. Handsome young man number one is Steve Harrington (Frank Latimore) who sends Pam champagne the night of their arrival. Mike (Charles Smith), the wine steward who brings it up to the suite, makes eyes at Myra, who's playing maid. He also makes a date with her for Thursday, maid's night off.

Pam starts her campaign next day by pretending to be drowning as Steve's sailboat passes. Steve dives off to rescue her, but he's hit on the head by the boat's boom, and she's the one who has to haul him out to the float. There they meet handsome young man number two, Van Dam Smith (George Montgomery). Later Pam learns from Mike that Grandfather Smith was the one who invented animal crackers and made all that money.

So here she is with two millionaires on the string. Everything is just ducky, except that for the next three weeks neither of them will let the other one be alone with her. At last she gets Van alone, and he asks her to marry him but admits he's broke. It seems that Grandpa left the dough to a zoo. So Pam gets engaged to Steve instead, although she's in love with Van. They all go down to Steve's Maryland estate, where Steve and Liz find a common love of horses and fried chicken. It's all pretty muddled until Steve's sister Miriam (Celeste Holm) takes a hand.

Lots of tunes here that are whistle bait.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

The movie is a story of youth, and the combined ages of five of the six leading

players adds up to exactly ninety seven.... In one sequence two hundred and fifty rare goldfish were used in three spectacular four-foot crystal bowls. To keep them alive, the special effects department devised a machine to keep the water aerated, and continually pumped a mixture of fresh water and oxygen into the bowls which kept them crystal clear, while the added oxygen had an exhilarating effect on the fish. . . . During production, June Haver fell out of an apple tree, was chased by a goat, attacked by a turkey, and fell into a watering trough. . . . Vivian Blaine shed her cherry tresses for the picture and became a blonde to match the other two girls. The hairdressers found it impossible to get the red dye out of the ends of her hair, so Vivian gritted her teeth, and cut it all off within four inches of her head. . . . June Haver was out of the cast for almost a week with a "strep" throat. When she came back, her doctor made two calls on the set a day to take germ cultures, and it wasn't until she was considered safe, that he would consent to her playing any love scenes.

THE KILLERS

One of the best known short stories ever written is "The Killers." Expanded into a full length motion picture, it still packs a terrific punch, especially with a top flight cast bringing it to life.

If you've lived in a peaceful small town, you can imagine how a gangster killing in its midst would affect it. The town of Brentwood is appalled by the machine-gunning of Swede Lunn (Burt Lancaster). On the other hand, it is obviously a killing done by outsiders and they want no part of the mess involved. The local police make a few gestures, but the only one who is really interested in solving the crime is Riordan (Edmund O'Brien), claim adjuster for the insurance company.

There are a few clues here and there. A green handkerchief with a harp embroidered in the corner. A life insurance policy made out to a maid in an Atlantic City hotel. A boxing glove which leads to Detective Sam Lubinsky (Sam Levene) in Philadelphia, who once secured Swede's conviction on a robbery charge. Through Lubinsky, Riordan learns about Kitty Collins (Ava Gardner), who went around with Swede while her steady guy, racketeer Colfax (Albert Dekker), was in jail. When Colfax came out, Swede went in—on a stolen jewelry rap. According to Lubinsky, Swede took the rap for Kitty, who is a very beautiful dame and quite a lot smarter than Swede.

Swede is looking for trouble when he comes out of the pen, and it doesn't take him long to find it. He and a couple of "pen pals" plan a hold-up. Colfax is back of it. The holdup goes off all right, with one of the participants wearing a green handkerchief as a mask. The loot comes to a quarter of a million bucks, and Swede finds out, a little late, that there's no honor among thieves.

This is one of the most brilliantly acted, excitingly paced pictures of this or any year. Don't miss it!—*Univ.*

P. S.

Producer Mark Hellinger paid $50,000 for the Ernest Hemingway tale, a record price up to that time, for a short story. . . . Burt Lancaster, an ex-GI, makes his film debut in the movie. . . . During production, Ava Gardner was a student in the Extension Division of the University of California at Los Angeles. Her proudest moment came, not from praise by Director Siodmak, but at getting a B-plus in an English literature exam. . . . This was

(Continued on page 18)

LITTLE LULU Is All Ears by Marge





Copyright 1946, International Cellucotton Products Co.

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.

■ This month, I refuse to make any terse and brilliant remarks about the weather, but will proceed directly to the Hotel Pennsylvania, where I can make terse and brilliant remarks about Elliot Lawrence. I went over to the Pennsylvania the other night, under the impression that Lawrence was a young genius of twenty-two. I discovered he's a young genius of twenty-one.

I've told you in previous issues about his background, and about the unusual sounds (bassoon, oboe, French horn, etc.) that he uses, so I'll simply add that he's good looking, agreeable and has a pleasing band.

His vocalists, Jack Hunter and Rosalind Patton, are both from Philadelphia, Lawrence's home town. Lawrence worked with Rosalind on the Children's Hour when they were ten years old.



Paula Stone interviews Dinah Shore backstage at N.Y.'s Para. for "Benny Goodman Day."



By LEONARD FEATHER



At the Hotel Penn: Jack Hunter, Rosalind Patton, ork leader Lawrence and L. Feather.

Whether Hunter was talented at ten, I don't know, since Lawrence first heard him at Philadelphia's Stage Door Canteen. Anyhow, watch this young outfit.

As for the best records of the month, try Frankie's "Begin The Beguine" for popular, and "Oop Bop Sh' Bam" by Dizzy Gillespie, for hot. Yeah, "Oop Bop Sh' Bam." You want to make something of it? Incidentally, if you *do* make something of it, let me know. I haven't been able to yet.

BEST POPULAR

EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY, MY BABY—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Tex Beneke (Victor)—The most interesting thing about this song is that it isn't the song you think it is. Wait just a minute, and I'll explain. There's a trend now to call new songs by the names of old songs, and this "Everybody Loves My Baby" is *not* the famous old "Everybody Loves My Baby" of 25 years ago. Then there was once a Fats Waller "Squeeze Me," and now Duke Ellington has a brand new "Squeeze Me," and there's a new "That's My Home," and a new "Blue," and even a new "Just One of Those Things" which is *not* the Cole Porter number. The only song I'd say was safe from (*Continued on page 104*)

"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"

Hear the music from the movie in these new **RCA VICTOR** Records!



Al Goodman and his Orchestra: *Concerto*, based on Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (arranged by Al Goodman). Record 28-0404. 75¢.

Freddy Martin and his Orchestra: *Concerto No. 2*—Rachmaninoff; *I'm Glad I Waited for You.* Record 20-1749. 60¢.

Whittemore and Lowe, Duo-Pianists: *Concerto Themes*, from Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto (arranged by Whittemore and Lowe). Record 28-0409. 75¢.

Prices shown are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes.

Actually, it's RUBINSTEIN who plays the piano on the sound track!



● The thrilling piano music in "I've Always Loved You" is actually played behind the scenes by world-famed Artur Rubinstein. Hear Rubinstein in your own home as he plays the "theme" of the film: Rachmaninoff's magnificent *Concerto No. 2*. Recorded with Vladimir Golschmann and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. Ask for Album M/DM-1075, $5.85.

And don't miss Rubinstein's exciting recording of the "Apassionata". . . the sonata Beethoven called his greatest. Rarely has it been played with such dramatic force! Ask for Album M/DM-1018, $3.85.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

(Continued from page 15)

Edmond O'Brien's first picture since getting out of uniform. . . . O'Brien's and Lancaster's background curiously parallel each other. Both were born in New York City, quit universities there to enter show business, had similar Army careers, and have members of their immediate family teaching in New York schools. Though they play the two top male roles of the movie, they have only one brief scene together—in the morgue when Lancaster lies dead. . . . Sam Levene spent four evenings a week while in production in coaching ex-GIs who are students at the Actors Lab little theater and school where Levene is a director.

THE COCKEYED MIRACLE

Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn, two of the funniest men on the screen, are teamed in this opus about a couple of practical-minded ghosts. Sam Griggs (Frank Morgan), a man in his sixties, has serious heart trouble, and dies as a result of over-concern about his family's financial welfare. He has a right to be concerned—he's invested all their savings in a deal that looks dubious, to say the least.

When Sam dies, he feels just the same as ever, and—to himself—looks just the same. But none can see him or hear him, except other ghosts. His father, Ben (Keenan Wynn), who died from being hit on the head with a whiskey bottle at thirty-five, is an alert and vigorous young ghost. He turns up to escort Sam to their ultimate destination. Sam flatly refuses to go as long as his family is in such a jam financially. He tells Ben with considerable lack of filial respect that anyone who has been dead as long as he has should have *some* influence. So why doesn't he *do* something?

Ben hedges, but finally admits that his only ghostly accomplishment is a dubious ability to cause a rainstorm now and then. This comes in handy when Jen (Audrey Totter), Sam's daughter, is out for a ride with her dream man, Howard (Richard Quine). Howard is a brilliant young geologist, but so absent-minded he seldom notices that Jen is around. When Ben causes a storm to materialize, Howard and Audrey take shelter in a barn and Howard forgets to be absent-minded. However, Jen refuses to marry him because she thinks she should stay home and support her now widowed mother.

By now, Sam is on the verge of having apoplexy all over again. "It's your own fault," Ben points out condescendingly. "Why didn't you leave your dough in the savings bank?" But in the end it's Ben who performs another cockeyed miracle and saves the day.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

During the filming of the picture, Keenan Wynn became entranced with bar bells, and eventually took them on the set where he practiced between scenes. When he wasn't building muscles, he was spouting Shakespeare for the entertainment of the cast, until Director Simon suggested that the cast bring earmuffs to the set the next day. . . . Dick Quine and Susan Peters spent their weekends at his mother's horse ranch, where they watched the time trials in the mornings. Susan's pet was an orphan colt she dubbed Pest, who wandered freely over the ranch and was once found in the bathtub of the ranch house. . . . For a scene in a barn, Audrey Totter wore a horse blanket and a safety pin—and nothing else. Morgan termed it a sarobe.

STRANGE WOMAN

Yes—a strange woman. So beautiful that she pulls men's hearts right into their throats. So wicked that she breaks those hearts in a dozen pieces, and stands over the fragments, laughing. Yet only a few knew of her wickedness, and those few are too enmeshed by it to talk.

Jenny Hager (Hedy LaMarr) has always loved cruelty for its own sake and for the power it gives her. As a child of nine, she persuaded the others to toss Ephraim Potter into the river, and stood watching his struggle against death. But when an adult came by, Jennie ran into the water and rescued him and became a heroine.

Years later, at eighteen, Jenny is still pursuing the same policy of sadism covered neatly over with kindness. She has noticed the way rich old Isaiah Poster (Gene Lockhart) looks at her, so one night when her drunken father beats her—Jenny runs for shelter to Mr. Poster. The next morning her father is found dead of apoplexy and Jenny marries Poster.

Then Ephraim Poster (Louis Hayward) comes home from college, and Jenny's smile of welcome to her step-son is an open invitation. It doesn't take her long, with kisses and promises and even threats, to persuade him that his father stands in the way of their happiness. Isaiah dies, but Ephram bungled the job and there were witnesses. Jenny, her head high, her beautiful face cold and remote, refuses to let him in the house when he comes back. He takes to drink and finally kills himself in bitter remorse over his father's death. Jenny, meanwhile, meets another man, Evered (George Sanders), who is as strong as Ephraim was weak. As handsome as she herself is beautiful. But even Jenny can't conceal her true self forever.—*U.A.*

DECEPTION

It's easy to tell a lie. But then you have to tell another and another. Christine Radclyffe (Bette Davis) lies, as most of us do, from fear. Fear of losing the man she loves, Karel (Paul Henreid), who has at last come to America after years in a concentration camp. She's afraid that if he learns the true story of those years since she left him in Europe, she will never see him again.

You see, when Christine first came to America, she was a young composer. No one cared whether she had talent or not. Then she met Hollenius (Claude Rains) who not only cared, but helped her. He was one of the greatest of modern composers. Their affair developed quite naturally since Christine thought Karel was dead...





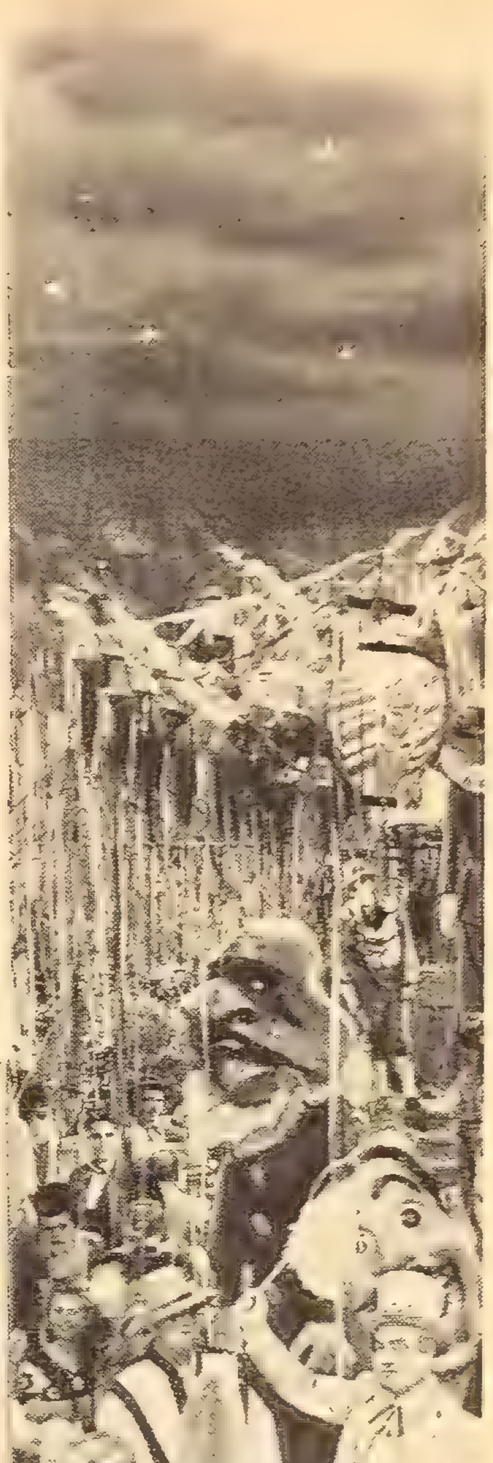
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Sister vs. sister sharing a secret that wouldn't keep!



PRC Pictures, Inc. presents

Nancy Coleman • Margaret Lindsay
Philip Reed • Felix Bressart

in

"*Her Sister's Secret*"

with

Regis Toomey • Henry Stephenson • Fritz Feld • George Meeker
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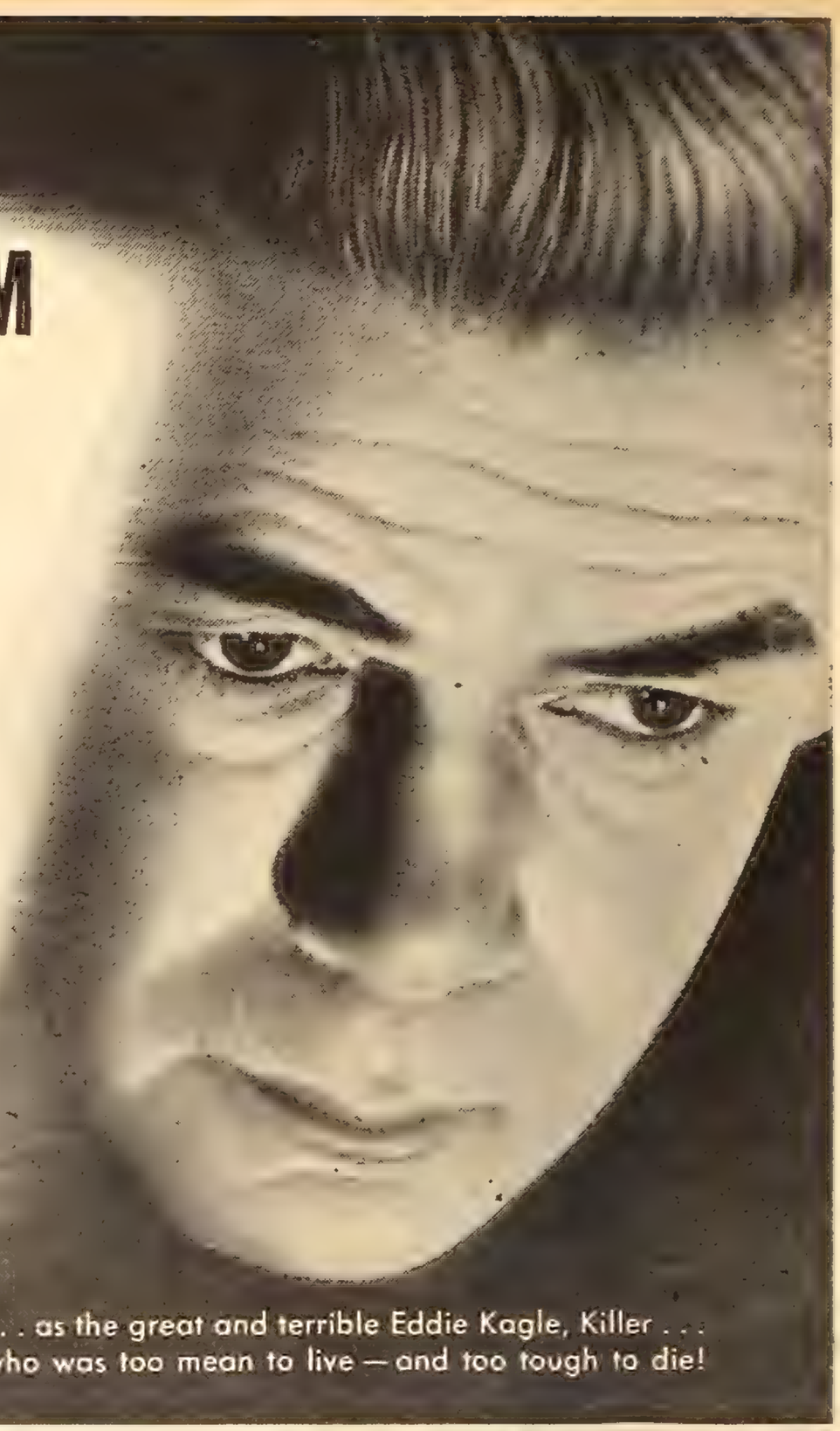
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PRC

AS "SCARFACE"
HE WON A NATION'S ACCLAIM

AS "PASTEUR"...
AN ACADEMY AWARD

AND NOW...
HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH!.



PAUL MUNI ... as the great and terrible Eddie Kagle, Killer ... who was too mean to live — and too tough to die!

Now Karel is here, and must never know what has happened in his absence. Fortunately, Hollenius is out of town when he arrives, and by the time the composer returns, they are married. Hollenius is furious at first. Then he adopts his usual suave manner, and tells them that he knows Karel is a great cellist—he has heard records he made years ago in Europe. Karel shall play Hollenius' new concerto at its first public presentation.

Christine is half delighted, half fearful of some trickery. Perhaps at the last minute Hollenius will withdraw his offer, or somehow cause Karel to fail. Then a new threat arouses panic in her. Hollenius tells her meaningfully that he will have something to say to Karel after the concert. She is sure he means to reveal their past relationship, and she can't bear to think of the unhappiness it will cause Karel. There is a way to end this threat—a desperate way. . . .

Bette Davis and Claude Rains give characteristically fine performances in difficult parts.—*War.*

P. S.

This is the second time Paul Henreid and Bette Davis have played opposite each other. . . . It is Bette Davis' 55th role and 44th starring role. . . . Just before production, Miss Davis announced she would wear her hair down instead of up as the script called for. She pointed out that she could make love better with her hair falling to her shoulders naturally. . . . Like the cigarette routine in their first picture, "Now Voyager" where Henreid lighted two cigarettes, one for himself, and one for Bette, there is a triple-kiss ceremony throughout this picture that is expected to gain even more widespread notice. Bette kisses Henreid on the forehead, tip of his nose, and then on his chin. . . . There are nine love scenes in the picture, entailing 27 kisses. . . . Paul Henreid cut his hand severely as he crushed a champagne glass for a dramatic wedding reception scene. . . . Claude Rains' personal nemesis during filming was his antipathy toward cats and he was required to appear in several scenes with Petey, famous movie Siamese, a bad tempered animal who persisted with his angry yowl, not only to spoil "takes" but Rains' sunny disposition.

THE PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY

Joseph Schildkraut always manages to make villainy singularly attractive. In "The Plainsman And The Lady" he is a very wicked villain indeed, who tries to stop 1859's startling new enterprise, the Pony Express. On the side of the ponies are Sam Cotton (William Elliott) and Michael Arnesen (Reinhold Schunzel). Sam is in love with Michael's pretty daughter Ann (Vera Ralston). Ann hasn't been very happy at home since her step-mother, Cathy (Gail Patrick) has lived there. Cathy has formed an alliance with Marquette against her elderly husband, in the hope that she will gain all her desires through him. Marquette is the owner of the Southern Stage line, and he wants to keep the Pony Express from going through, as it would raise the devil with his business.

He doesn't worry too much about it until he finds that Sam Cotton has been put in charge. Sam is a man to be reckoned with, and Marquette would like to do the reckoning with a six-shooter. But Sam has a way of being somewhere else when a bullet strikes. He has sold his famous saloon, "The Happy Chance," and is now busily organizing riders and stations for the Pony Express.

A few days before the Express is due to start expressing, Michael Arnesen, its backer, falls ill. The doctor says all worries must be kept from him, as any shock would kill him. Marquette and Cathy plan to give him the shock, so she'll inherit his company and can call off the ponies. With this in mind, she tells her husband a dramatic but all too truthful story of her nefarious activities since she's been his wife. As the doctor predicted, the shock kills him. But Sam announces that the opening of the Pony Express will proceed on schedule. He gets help from some friendly Indians, and puts on a battle in the desert with Marquette's men that is something to see.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Associate Producer-Director Joseph Kane took a cast and crew of 120 to Lone Pine to shoot against the scenic High Sierra background. . . . Included in the cast were 50 Indians. . . . Vera Ralston, starring opposite William Elliott, had her first screen kiss in the film. . . . The Lone Pine location presented technical problems; the ground had to be painted brown on account of the unusual mica content of the soil which became a glare when picked up by the camera. . . . The intense heat of the sun induced the entire crew to wear dark brown makeup to protect themselves from sunburn. . . . Associate Producer-Director Joseph Kane utilized a walkie-talkie set for directing action sequences shot from a great distance. . . . The picture was a red-letter film for Vera Ralston because she was granted her U. S. citizenship during production. . . .

HER SISTER'S SECRET

Sisters have a closeness that is like no other relationship. They may quarrel, but underneath is a deep and understanding

affection. It's like that with Tony (Nancy Coleman) and Renee (Margaret Lindsay) although Tony lives in New Orleans while her married sister lives in New York.

During the Mardi Gras, Toni meets Dick (Philip Reed), a young soldier. They spend the evening at a cafe run by Pepe (Felix Bressart) who keeps a fatherly eye on the new romance. The Mardi Gras is a time for gaiety and laughter and reckless loving, and Dick and Toni make the most of it. When he brings her back to the cafe for breakfast at dawn, he asks her to marry him. She hesitates, then tells him to meet her there in six weeks. By then they will both have had time to think things over. But the Army doesn't consult its personel as to whether they have dates scheduled, before sending them overseas. Dick has to go and the letter he writes to Toni, care of the cafe, never reaches her. And Toni is going to have a baby.

She's in a wild panic at first, then she remembers Renee in New York. She takes the next train, and finds Renee just saying goodbye to her husband who is off to the wars as a naval lieutenant. When Toni tells Renee her difficulty, her sister sees a way out. Renee and her husband want a child very much. If she and Toni go away for a long stay, and Renee comes back with a baby, no one will know it is really Toni's. The plan works, up to a point. Toni has the baby, and then forces herself to give up this round, gurgling boy child to her sister. Three years go by and she is unhappy through all of them. At last she can't stand it any longer and goes to New York to see little Billy. She has no idea that Dick is back, out of the Army and in New York.—*PRC*

P. S.

"Her Sister's Secret" is the first million dollar picture from PRC studios. . . . Nancy Coleman, who plays the sister with the secret, felt that the fact that she is the mother of twins, born in 1944, gave her a deeper knowledge and understanding of her role, that of a young mother. . . . Philip Reed likewise felt that he had greater understanding of his role, by reason of his war service in the Navy, during which he acquired the viewpoint of the GI called from home surroundings to serve overseas. . . . Margaret Lindsay in private life has long been interested in the problem of the unmarried mother, and it was this interest which ultimately persuaded her to play the role.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE

At an age when most kids are reading the Oz books, the three Carstairs children are up to their ears in murder. They're used to synthetic murder, of course—their mother, Marian (Lynn Bari), is a mystery writer. Dinah (Peggy Ann Garner), April (Connie Marshall), and Archie (Dean Stockwell) talk about rigor mortis and alibis the way their friends discuss Dick Tracy and double chocolate malts.

Then, quite suddenly, they are involved in a real murder. Mrs. Sanford, their next door neighbor, is found dead, and the Carstairs kids are the only ones who heard the shots. They know the murder was committed at 4:41, but in their mother's books no one ever tells the police the truth about anything. So when Lt. Bill Smith (Randolph Scott) of the Homicide Squad and Sergeant O'Hare (James Gleason) question them, they say they heard shots at 4:15. This tears a large round hole in the police theory that Mr. Sanford (John Shepperd) did the killing and O'Hare, who has children of his own, inclines to the belief that the little devils are lying. But when he gets tough with them, April pulls a nice dramatic fit of hysterics, and he gets hell from Lt. Smith.

Archie discovers Sanford hiding out, later, and offers to keep him supplied with food. The kids like Sanford, and the pretty girl, Polly Walker (Anabel Shaw), whom he would have married long ago if he could have gotten his wife to divorce him. Meanwhile, Lt. Smith takes to making long calls at the Carstairs' home, theoretically to question the children, but actually because he's falling in love with Marian. He's there the night the cops who are guarding the Sanford house all run to the fire down the street. The kids take this chance to enter the house, and discover evidence that Mrs. Sanford was a blackmailer. They get it just one jump ahead of the murderer, who is justifiably irked at being beaten to the punch by kids. He decides he might as well dispose of the whole Carstairs family, which makes for even more excitement than you might imagine.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Peggy Ann Garner wore lipstick for the first time on the screen in this movie. . . . In real life she will not be allowed to wear makeup until she is fifteen. . . . Peggy Ann has a crush on Lon McCallister, collects Dick Haymes and Frank Sinatra records can hardly wait to be sixteen and have her first unchaperoned date, and wants to be an actress when she grows up. . . . Barbara Whiting and Peggy Ann Garner are reel life and real life friends. . . . Peggy Ann's fan mail jumped from 76 letters a month a year ago to 7500 letters a month . . . Randolph Scott is a movie producer on the side and he casts himself in Westerns because he says it's a safe investment.



CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 12)

What are the pro's and con's of going steady? I need some help in making up my mind about Joe. N. M., St. Louis, Mo.

Security is the only real pro that we can think of. It's a nice snug feeling to know that your Saturday nights are all taken care of. The con's are many. Once you've gotten yourself sewn up, you're getting yourself into Joe's groove. You'll wear the clothes he likes, talk about his interests, dance his way, even think his way. You're narrowing your horizons like mad, and while you're in your teens that's sort of silly. Now's the time when you should be like a sponge absorbing all the ideas that you possibly can. That's the only way you'll discover what kind of a person you really are and what sort of man you really want. We'd say, keep Joe for Sunday best, but go out with a whole lot of boys.

I am in love with a boy of a different religion, and my family is opposing our marriage terribly and making us both very unhappy. Should I do as they say and give him up, or follow my own heart and marry him? T. C., Green Hill, N. C.

There are dozens of factors to be considered, T. C. Your age, the length of time you've known each other, your past history as a person of sound judgment. Have you and this boy gone into the various problems that will come up when you're married? Are you really and truly tolerant of each other's belief, or are you secretly hoping to convert each other when you are married? Are you strong enough to endure an estrangement from your family if you do marry him? We'd suggest that you consult your religious adviser or some wise person who knows you both well before you take any steps, then—having pondered the whole thing well—abide by your decision with no regrets.

What do you do about double dates involving one pair of heavy smoochers and one pair that's not even at the good-night kiss stage? I always seem to wind up at the ringside of a colossal necking bout when I'm out with my most platonic fellas. H. H., Syosset, L. I.

A bit of foresight is what you need. When you've more or less wound up the evening's program, movies and pepsi or whatever, ask if they'd mind very much dropping you off at your house, then you and your platonic guy can scramble eggs or talk jazz in peace. You could even devise a bit of a code with the other girl on the date; if they're planning on lover's lane-ing it, she can turn around and casually say, "Nice moon tonight." Then you'll know, and you and the platonic one can blow while the blowing's good.

My younger sister is going around with a heel of a boy. He's attractive as anything, but his character is really bad. She's mad about him; talks about eloping with him. How can I get her to break off with him? W. T., Wichita, Kansas.

Strenuous opposition is the worst possible approach, so try something a little more subtle. Why not induce her to go on a double date with you some time when you have a date with a particularly wonderful man? Let the comparison speak for itself. Could you arrange a blind date with some super guy, and beg her to take it as a favor to you? Expose her to some boys who are charming and worth-while, and if she's ever going to see the light, she'll start seeing it then.

Are pick-ups ever all right? A good-looking boy in a nice car follows me every morning and offers to drive me to work. He looks like heaven on wheels to me, but I keep saying no because I was brought up to think pick-ups were wrong. No exceptions? J. C., Rochester, N. Y.

'Fraid no, J. C. We've no doubt that some perfectly nice guys try to pick a gal up now and then, but by and large they're out for no good. And there's no way of distinguishing the wheat from the chaff. Better stick to the conventional ways of meeting men, no matter how tempted you are. It's not only unconventional to allow yourself to be picked up; it's downright dangerous.

* * *

Got troubles, baby? Men, marks, mom—anything a'tall on your mind? We've got the answer book right on our desk, so write us your worries and let us solve 'em for you. You just need to initial the ones you don't mind sharing with the public, but if it's just a whispered note between you and us, we'll send you a personal reply. Don't forget to include your address. Oh, and here's ours: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16 N. Y.*

3 STEPS TO MOVIELAND

PARENTS: Don't send your youngster to Hollywood untrained. Test his or her ability and interest at home this respected, economical way.



1 "Mary has loads of talent. She should study the Ben Bard system that teaches professional drama right here at home."

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NOTE: You may order the entire course at once if you wish, and save $10. Sent postpaid, complete with all detailed instructions—includes professional audition of your record. Attach check or money order for $50. A wonderful Christmas Gift!

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 12*)

his guy. Chances are he *knows* he's big nd strong, so why not compliment him n less obvious things: His dancing, his aste in clothes, his talk in Assembly. And when you compliment him on his athletic prowess, be specific. Anyone can say, "Wonderful game, Joe," but it takes a little hought to say, "That was a beautiful tackle t the beginning of the third quarter." He'll ppreciate a gal who'll help him keep training, who'll coach him in French so he can tay on the basketball team, and who'll be pal as well as a Gal.

If he's a Shy Guy, he's looking for an wfully friendly, awfully warm sort of girl. One who won't overpower him with harm, and whose conversation is easy ather than violently witty. He wants someone who can draw him out, talk him p to the rest of the gang, make him feel t ease. If you're a little bit of a chatterbox, it's all to the good with this quiet lad, but learn to be quiet when he's in the mood to talk. Give him a feeling of importance by paying practically exclusive ttention to him when you're out. This ellow needs a lot of guidance and a lot of reassurance, but once you have him aunched he'll make a devoted suitor.

If he's a Charm Boy, what he really vants is a stooge, preferably beautiful. He vants someone who'll think he's a card, nd who'll hoot at his quips even unto the enth telling. He's a little bit conceited, his chap, and he thrives on compliments. He'll cut you off yards of his fabulous line, but if you take a word of it seriously you'll hrow him into a panic. He doesn't want o be tied down or to have to account for his doings. He's a gay blade and a marvelous date, so go on out and have fun with him, but don't fall in love with him. He's got the fickle eye!

If he's a Woman-Hater, the only approach is to make him forget you're female. He thinks we're drips because most of us don't know a new Studebaker from a '36 Chevvy, or a Harley-Davidson from a kiddy car. So we're dopes. Ease into one of his conversations some time, and let him see that you speak his language. Motor dynamics, atomic energy—you eat it all up. But you're not *too* smart. You're a bit in awe of him. You want to know more. Once you've convinced him that there's something cooking under your bangs, you can go to work on him with your eyelashes, perfume and stuff like that there.

P. S.'s—Did you know that most lads prefer you in a blue dress? That cattiness is the vice they most detest? That one-fourth of the boys of dating age have under a buck a week to spend on Women? That most boys' ideal girl is the June Allyson type—sweet, merry and un-phony? That —of the two extremes—they'd rather have you chubby than skinny? That they don't like long phone conversations, but generally don't know how to get you to say good bye? S'truth!

NEXT ROUND'S ON US

Come on, give us your candid opinion. What stories did you like best in this issue? Least? We're sending the next three issues (December, January, February) absolutely free to 500 of you who fill out the Questionnaire Poll on page 100 and mail it in to us immediately. Hurry, because they go fast.



Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

CUTE COSTUME, slave girl. And you go so well inside it.

But what good is your masquerade if underarm odor gives you away? Don't ever take chances with your charm. Put your trust in Mum.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing away *past* perspiration. But to *stay* sweet and nice to be near . . . to guard against the risk of *future* underarm odor . . . play safe—use Mum!

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.



SPECIAL THREE-IN-ONE OFFER. Save postage! The following charts are all FREE, and come under our special THREE-IN-ONE offer. That means you can send one LARGE (4½" x 9"), self-addressed envelope (bearing 6c in postage) for your choice of any THREE in this group. Enclose additional self-addressed envelopes (6c in stamps on each) for additional choices of three, OR send ONE 9" x 12" self-addressed envelope (plus 24c postage) FOR THE ENTIRE SERIES OF 15! *New Charts.

***WHAT ABOUT NECKING?—by Jean Kinkead**—So you think you know all the answers to this controversial question? Well, here are some angles we'll bet you never considered before!☐

SKIN CARE FOR THE TEENS—Start being good to your skin while you're young and it'll never become a "problem." Here's a simple, healthful routine for your complexion that'll keep it fresh and glowing.....☐

HAIR DO'S AND DON'TS FOR TEEN-AGERS—The long and short of hair glamor. It's got everything — hair-grooming directions, latest hair styles, charts for facial types.....☐

YOU CAN BE CHARMING—says Jean Kinkead—It isn't always the gal with the smoothest chassis and prettiest face who's perfect date-bait. It's a warm, friendly spirit and that glow from within that really count. Here's how to de-vel-op your per-son-al-i-ty!.....☐

HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by Jean Kinkead—The secret of making the right kind of impression on the nice boys you know. Hold-your-man tactics that really WORK!.....☐

BE A BETTER DANCER—by Arthur Murray, world's foremost dancing instructor—Easy-to-follow, illustrated directions that'll make you a smoothie on the dance floor. Plus dance etiquette—what to wear, how to snag the stags!.....☐

***PLEASE BEHAVE!**—Rusty manners can sometimes make you long for the ground to open up and swallow you whole. Here are simple practical rules of etiquette that'll make you sure of yourself—always.....☐

GUIDE FOR BRIDES—Complete guide to wedding etiquette. Covers invitations, announcements, showers, trousseau, reception, flowers, music, expenses for formal and informal affairs.....☐

DATE DRESS DATA FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—When you're dating, you want to look your purtiest. And the dress that's just right for the occasion—and for your own figure type—makes all the difference!.....☐

SPORTSWEAR FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—Now that sport clothes are worn 'round the clock, you'll want to look your very best in 'em. Here's how to flatter your figure.....☐

ACCESSORIES FOR TALL, SHORT, STOUT AND THIN GIRLS—It's accessories that make your outfit! How to glamor up your clothes with those little touches that mean everything...☐

DESSERTS FRANKIE LOVES—by Nancy Sinatra—Seeing isn't believing! Frankie loves to eat, and here are some of his favorite dessert recipes—especially prepared by the little woman in the Sinatra kitchen.☐

MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE—House-beautifying tricks to transform a drab corner or a whole room into a heavenly setting for you and yours. And it's both fun and money-saving to do it yourself!..☐

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT JOB—Career Chart No. 1—Don't grab at the first job that comes along because you honestly don't know what kind of work you'd enjoy. Select the job that's "made" for you, from our special list.....☐

JOBS AND HOW TO GET THEM—Career Chart No. 2—Once you decide which job is for you, here's how to go about getting it. A survey of scores of career jobs. Also, the job interview, salary information—even your chances of marrying the boss!.....☐

The following group of five charts are also FREE—but over-sized, so that they can't be included in our special Three-In-One offer. Send a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope for each of these. *New Charts.

***GLAMOR FOR THE TEENS—By Jean Kinkead**—The new teen-ager's beauty bible, revised and enlarged to give you the very latest advice on complexion, makeup, hair care, diet, exercise, grooming—everything to make you a glamorous teen!.....☐

***HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL**—A thorough glamorizing course, especially for gals over 18. Last word on skin care, home facials, hair styling, makeup, manicuring, exercises, grooming, etc., for the more sophisticated miss...☐

***HOW TO JOIN A FAN CLUB**—Brand new, re-edited chart, listing over 100 of the best clubs for Frankie, Van, Allyson, Lawford, Ladd, etc. Learn about the Modern Screen Fan Club Assn. Also, how to write good fan letters...☐

***WHO'S WHO IN THE CAST**—Complete cast sheets of over 100 movies that you'll be seeing from now to next spring. It's the perfect guide for every movie-goer who's asked "Who was the guy who played . . . ?" Simply look up the title of the film—and there's the answer, right before your eyes!

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The following five super-duper specials are yours for a few pennies. *New Charts.

***SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART — 1946-'47 (10c)**—A new, better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopaedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pix of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Send 10c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope.....☐

***HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT (5c)—by Dr. Edwin P. Jordan, famous syndicated health columnist and assoc. editor, Journal of the Am. Medical Assn.**—Eat your way to a lovely figure! A recognized physician has prepared—especially for us—a scientific reducing routine that you'll enjoy following. Send 5c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope.....☐

***FASHIONS FOR TEENS (5c)**—Never before have you teen-agers been so clothes-conscious, and because you take such pride in your togs we've whipped up a smart-looking, fashion-wise fall wardrobe of fine-quality, inexpensive clothes that you can buy at your local stores. Send 5c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope☐

***HOW TO USE MAKEUP (10c)**—Too much makeup is worse than none at all. Here's a 12-page booklet, crammed with easy-to-follow directions and diagrams for putting your face on properly. How to blend your cosmetics; camouflage your defects. Send 10c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope.....☐

***HOW TO BE DATE BAIT (5c)—by Jean Kinkead**—How to make the fellers know you're alive—and very much in circulation! How to meet boys, what to say to 'em, how to make them like you and—most important—get 'em to ask you for a date! Send 5c and a stamped (3c), self-addressed 4½" x 9" envelope.....☐

THE FOLLOWING ARE NOT CHARTS:

INFORMATION DESK—Answers to every question that pops into your mind about Hollywood, the stars and movies. If you're hankering to know about casting, musical scores, or who socked the heroine with a tomato in last night's movie, see column on page 120 for details.

CO-ED PERSONAL ADVICE—Want to know how to get him to ask for a date, or when it's cagey to be "hard to get"? Write to Jean Kinkead, c/o MODERN SCREEN. She'll answer your problems in a personal letter.

EXCLUSIVE CANDID SNAPS! These beautiful 4 x 5" glossy snapshots of your favorite stars were taken by MODERN SCREEN's own crack photographers, Gus Gale and Bob Beerman. NO POSTAGE REQUIRED! They're 10c each; 3 for 25c; 6 for 50c; 12 for $1.00, or the entire set of 20 for only $1.50.

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☐ Frank Sinatra
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"This, M'sieur, is what I was made for!" she murmured.

"Love and lusts and greeds, voodoo, pistols at dawn." — ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

The FOXES *of* HARROW

An Exciting Tale of Blood and Thunder, Swashbuckling Adventure, Ardent Romance. "As Sheer Entertainment It Will Take Backwater From Nothing."—*Chicago Sun*

DEVIL-may-care Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold-piece, a pearl stick-pin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Aurore—and finally, the passionate Desiree. A best-seller at $3.00 in the publisher's edition. But now you can read it FREE!

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☐ **Before the Sun Goes Down** ☐ **Strange Woman** ☐ **Black Rose**

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Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada



RADIO AWARD BY ED SULLIVAN

(*Continued from page 8*)

World War I as an infantry captain. Back from the war, he went to work in a southern advertising agency which led to his momentous decision to work for Station KTRH, at Houston, Texas. I call it momentous because it was on Nov. 2, 1932, over that station, that Parks Johnson first aired his Vox Pop formula.

I got to know Parks well in the past three years. He's the sort of guy whose son, Bill, went into the U. S. Marines and won a Purple Heart. (It is more than possible that the son of a radio celeb could have gotten himself a soft spot in some Washington war agency office). He's the sort of guy who, during his Vox Pop travels in World War II, only exercised travel priorities in the event of rare emergencies. "The trains and airlines are carrying troops and war materials," said Parks. "The show will take pot-luck with the rest of the country." He's the sort of guy, who as a southerner, takes a more farsighted attitude toward the Negro problem than most northerners.

Most people you meet are afflicted with a mental "blind spot," a stubborn blindness that is the product of ingrained prejudices. They are all right on all sorts of controversial topics. Suddenly you become aware of that "blind spot" on another subject. It may be religion, it may be the problem of minorities or refugees, it may be the Negro problem, it may be on the subject of labor unions, but there it is, and no amount of reasoning can get them to substitute thinking for "feeling."

There are no "blind spots" in the makeup of Parks Johnson. I have discussed every possible issue with him, and unfailingly his attitude is that of a wise and thoughtful man, anxious to learn all the facts before arriving at any determination. It is unfortunate that America, and the world, hasn't 100,000 more, like him.

So in awarding the MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan gold plaque to Parks Johnson this month, the award embraces more than the show, Vox Pop; it is a tribute to the qualities of the Alabaman who conceived the idea of it, and who has never compromised with his ideals in carrying on that show for 14 years. He has kept it on a high level, because that is the only level he ever has occupied.

Travelling through the country with Parks is quite an experience. In small towns, taxicab drivers suddenly are stirred into a fervor of friendliness when they hear his drawling voice. Suddenly, they clamp on the brakes and swing around: "You ain't—you can't be—why, it's not possible—you're PARKS JOHNSON." This last is uttered in complete disbelief. "That's right, son," mildly says Parks. From then on, it becomes Old Home Week, with the cab driver recalling this program or that, this award or that. By the time the cab gets to the hotel, you are ready for the next development. The cab driver jumps out, hustles over to the bellboy and whispers excitedly. "No," says the bellboy. "It can't be. You're kidding." The cabbie wags his head vigorously. "Kidding, nothing. That's him." The same thing happens with elevator operators, room clerks, room maids, waiters. It never affects Parks. Undoubtedly it pleases him, but his greatest pleasure lies in the fact that these Americans like him and accept him as one of their own.

Question most frequently asked of anyone on the Vox Pop show is, invariably: "Do you do that whole program without a script?" The answer is Yes.

Here is how the 30-minute program is organized and worked out. Four or five days before the program, Parks' aide, Dave Grant, arrives at the locale of the following Tuesday's program. If it is an Army hospital, he sends out a list of questionnaires and on the basis of these questionnaires, he arranges to screen perhaps 60 of the men. Then he reduces this group to perhaps 12 men, selected on the basis of their qualities of enthusiasm, voice, shyness or brashness, their volubleness, their experiences. By the time Parks and Warren Hull arrive, these finalists are ready for a final "screening." The veteran interviewers, from long experience, know the type who will give the best air performance and select six of them, or eight of them.

Parks and Warren use no script. They do write down, on cards so small they can be concealed in the palm of the hand, the key questions which they want the interviewee to cover, key questions which will build a complete program. The whole trick to this type of program is to relax the amateurs. With Parks, that is no trick at all. His interest in people is so real, so huge, that they automatically spill out everything. He makes them feel as though they're talking to an old, kindly friend, and he steers them through their interviews as skillfully as a New York harbor pilot steers the Queen Mary up the tricky channel.

The gifts on the Vox Pop program, ranging from dogs to telephone calls, from pony-and-carriages to bicycles, presents a problem all its own. Louise Johnson and Dave Grant undoubtedly are the most resourceful shoppers in the world. In small towns, where stores offer a limited supply of rare gifts, I've seen these two come up with the most sensational sort of prizes. Once they needed a set of golf clubs, and you know that during the war, they were simply unpurchasable. But Grant had an idea: He bought up all the papers of that area, for miles around, and went through the "For Sale" ads. One of them offered a set of golf clubs. Grant took them, but because it didn't happen in Richmond, I can't repeat the old vaudeville simile, "like Grant took Richmond."

Rogers Brackett is the director of the program and Aubrey Williams is the producer. This Rogers Brackett is one of the drollest and most charming characters ever turned loose in radio. An expert workman, his additional value to Parks lies in the fact that he keeps the Vox Pop troupe in high spirits week after week. Every morning is the dawn of a new and comical day for Brackett, and his bland insanities are responsible for such hilarity that a Vox Pop tour is geared to comedy timetables. The author of most of it is Rogers, with a deceptively grave face and low-keyed voice. I don't know Aubrey Williams, but I'm certain that Brackett has him in the groove by now.

For two summers, I worked on the Vox Pop show, when Parks went on his summer vacations. One summer, when Warren also vacationed, my red-headed friend, comedian Peter Donald, joined me. Throughout those eight wonderful weeks, I dare say that Brackett, Donald and Sullivan had more fun than any three sober guys ever have had, an excursion trip of laughs that did more for my ulcer than all of the doctors of the country.

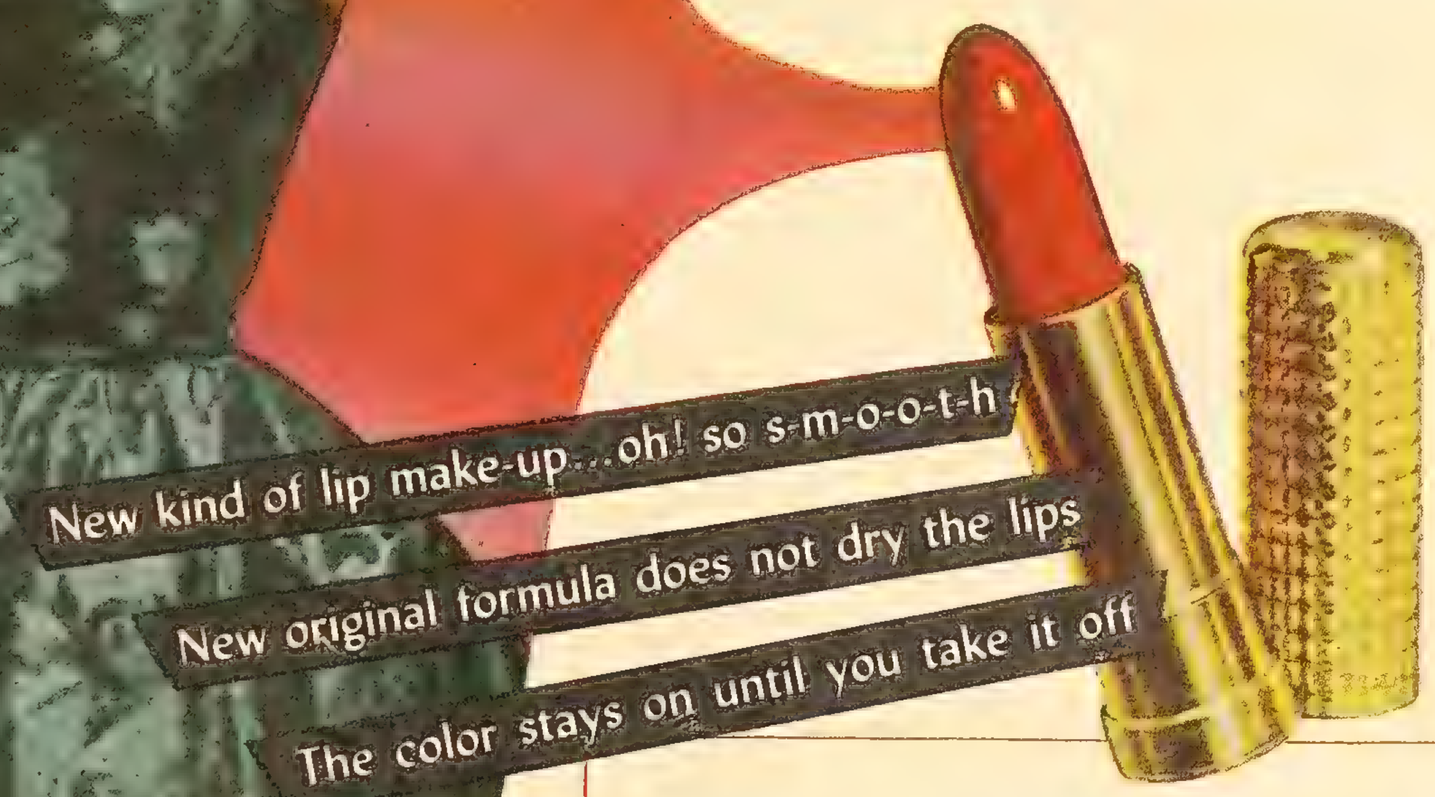
So when I tell you about Parks Johnson, I'm telling of him from personal experience and personal contact, and while it's always a thrill to award this MODERN SCREEN gold plaque, in this case, it's something special to a guy who is something special.

Hollywood's Sensational NEW Lipstick

Introducing a new kind of Lip Make-Up...

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BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 3
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 1

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Face Powder, 1.00*

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TO OUR READERS . . .

If you happen to see us boys stalking intrepidly down Fifth Avenue, armed with anything from an elephant gun to a butterfly net, don't make a sound. We're celebrity hunting. And celebrities are very dangerous game. They hide behind a dense undergrowth of agents and snippy secretaries. Take agents, for instance. You may think you're having a man-to-man chat with one of those toughies—and meanwhile he's palmed your wallet and torn several pages out of your bank book . . . After getting Louella and Hedda and Ed Sullivan into MODERN SCREEN, we figured we knew all the angles—from Shmoo to Shmur. But cute little Dottie Kilgallen gave us the battle of our lives . . . Here's a sample of what we had to put up with. I call her secretary on the phone. "Hello," I say. "Is Miss Kilgallen in?" "Sowwy," says Miss Snippy, whose diction is very poor. "She's to a launchin'." "Luncheon?" I ask. "You mean chicken and rice?" "No," Miss Snippy shoots back irritably. "A battleship." "Good grief, what an appetite," I say—and hang up with tears in my eyes . . . Dottie's one of those pampered glamor girls who—aside from a daily Broadway column, a daily broadcast, two kids, and a couple of dozen fiction stories a year—doesn't do a thing with her life. We finally all got together for lunch (around five p.m.!). Much to my surprise, Dorothy, for all her brains, has the most ravishing eyes and smile this side of my wife. We got down to business. Money, that is. Henry made an offer. I drew a bead on him with my butterfly net. "Double that, amigo," I said. "Or I'll blow you to kingdom come." Henry doubled. Dorothy smiled. And it was a deal . . . Dorothy will occupy the place of honor recently vacated by Fannie Hurst. Each issue, she'll choose our Picture of the Month. Her distinguished series of reviews begins this issue (page 6) with RKO's splendid picture, "Notorious." I know you'll love her writing. My only regret is that you're going to be missing that pert smile of hers!

Hedda Hopper

P. S.: Surprise for you on page 66!

cornel wilde life story

WHETHER HE WAS FLUNKING MATH OR SABER SLASHING OR JUST STARVING, HE ALWAYS HAD AN EXTRA "SOMETHING" TO PULL HIM THROUGH (PART I)

By Kirtley Baskette



Away from the studio, Pat and Cornel are practically "gentlemen farmers," and hope to eventually buy a home with so much acreage that they'll feel lost in the wilderness instead of stifled in the city.



"Cory" is his wife's most enthusiastic booster and made a number of three-day tests with her for "Home Stretch." With his script on Lord Byron finished, he's offering it for sale for $100,000—providing he plays the lead!



When Gene Tierney and C. were swimming on location, he "rescued" her from a snake—later found it was poisonous! (Here with Pat.)

■ Cornel Wilde faced his angry father across the dinner table.

"This report says you are failing mathematics—is that true?"

Cornel braced himself instinctively. "Yes, Father."

His father spoke in short sentences, as if stating military orders like the Hungarian cavalry officer he had been.

"That's impossible. No son of mine is to fail anything, in school or out. From now on you will pass your studies. Is that definitely understood?"

"Cory" Wilde bit his straight lips and his serious eyes clouded under his thick, black curls. He was sixteen and he was in trouble. His father didn't know the worst: That the class he was flunking was solid geometry under Dr. Senftner, the most terrifying professor in New York's Townsend-Harris High School. He'd been called on the carpet that afternoon to face the evidence, shaking in his shoes.

Dr. Senftner was merciless when it came to grades, and he was a stickler for perfection. He



Bright-eyed Wendy isn't quite sure what being a "movie star" means, but she does know that Mom and Pop are "awful pretty."

read the verdict from his grade book: "You have an average of 47 for the first three quarters. As you know, passing is 65. I might as well tell you now, Wilde, you haven't a ghost of a chance to pass."

That was a sentence; it meant he wouldn't graduate, even if, in the things he liked—English, history, political science, literature—he was tops. Solid geometry was required and somehow, because he hated Math, he just couldn't puzzle it out. The professor smiled grimly.

"Of course, if you turn in a perfect examination, you will pass. But it will have to be more than good. It must be perfect."

Cornel couldn't help laughing hollowly inside at that. He hadn't the chance of a turkey before Thanksgiving. And just one week to set a record in a subject that didn't make sense.

But he told his father, "Yes, Father, I'll pass."

That week "Cory" Wilde glued himself to his theorems, coming up only for classes and meals. He didn't go out of his house after school for seven days. He studied until his black eyes blurred. He learned every sentence by heart in the geometry textbook. Dr. Senftner handed him back his graded paper with a silent, puzzled glance. It was marked "100." It was the first perfect mathematics final in the history of the school.

All his life, Cornel Wilde has had an extra something to pull him through in the pinches. Whenever fate has dared him to do it, he has drawn on a hidden well of ability within his taut being, and time and again the extra ounce of effort has turned the trick. That gritty capacity has transformed one hopeless problem after another into a golden (*Continued on page 86*)

cornel wilde life story

At 12, Cornel was completely Americanized, but he still dreamed of his father's native Budapest, where he'd lived until he was 3, with its cobbled streets and dashing riders.





As a kid, Cory was ailing and undersized. Then, because a bully kept teasing him, he took a mail order course in body development and at 16 became the neighborhood Superman.



he Wildes say they don't expect a cook to be an actor—so why should *they* ɔe expected to be cooks! As a result, they eat out on cook's night off and ɔnly wander into the kitchen for midnight snacks or to test a foreign recipe.



Dana caught the sailing bug when his stand-in invited him to his 20-foot sloop. Now D. and Mary have 3 boats at Terminal Island.

SAILING, SAILING, OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN—WITH ALL OF THE ANDREWS FAMILY, WHO'D WANT TO COME HOME AGAIN?

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO SEA

Bill (left) is the kid brother just out of uniform. Charles is 14 mos. older than Dana and a principal at Polytechnic School.



Cathy A. played "stowaway" by hiding in a lifeboat. Then the boat rolled, a wave splashed and Cathy jumped out shrieking.



MORE PICTURES >

Dana helped Cathy pack her duffel bag, comforted her when she wept at leaving Michael, her cocker spaniel. To apologize for desertion, Cathy left him a whole box of puppy biscuits!



David didn't want to come along and had to be dragged away from the morning funnies. He's a radio bug, with a workshop in the garage where he sends and receives, and claimed the day was perfect for transmitting





"Soup's on!" sang out. Mary, and hid behind piles of sandwiches to duck the rush. Part of the time she had to feed Dana who was busy balancing himself in rough surf and steering.



Salt air had everyone famished. Even after a huge lunch, the gang went out for steak dinners afterwards! Dana got a fine suntan on the trip, which photographed well for his scenes next day in Technicolorful "Canyon Passage."

MODERN SCREEN GOES TO SEA

Dave changed his mind about sailing when Dana let him take the helm until the boat was out of the harbor. Dave's big job is pumping out the bilge water; he was disappointed when there wasn't enough.



Cathy bites her tongue while handling another "Cathy," which is the cutter's name, too. A good sport, she didn't cry when the boat lurched and conked her head on the deckhouse, tho' it left a bump.





It's not the picture that makes Cathy's feet so big; she's wearing Dana's boots! Cathy's a shrewdie, haunts David when he's with a girl, asks, "Would peace and quiet be worth a quarter?"



Kids passing by in a rowboat stared, then asked, "Say, are you a movie star?" Soon Dana was busy signing, with photographer Gus Gale delighted at snapping first picture of autograph hunting in the middle of the Pacific.

"Me, and my big Mouth"

When our Hedda, who talks
and writes as she pleases,
swept into England, she curtsied to royalty,
swooned before Mason—and shocked a waiter!

by hedda hopper

Slick, sophisticated Hedda Hopper curtsied out of respect to Princesses Margaret Rose (left) and Elizabeth on their visit to the Elstree Studios.





Charming Patricia Roc pulled the English equivalent of a swoon when Hedda whipped out gifts of nylons and lipstick—unheard of luxuries in Britain since the war.



W. G. Fay, one of England's grand old men of the theater, tea-ed Hedda, regaled her with stories of his 56 years on the stage and of the famed Dublin Abbey Theater, of which he was one of the original co-founders.



Hollywood and Universal Pictures snagged tall, blonde Phyllis Calvert for some fall productions. Phyl looks rather dubious at Hedda's mad millinery *mélange*.



Glamor girl Deborah Kerr couldn't wangle a party dress for her last picture because of war rationing, so she "made do"—and came out looking stunning anyhow! Here, she hostesses Hedda at her home in Kent.

■ Well, you might know I'd pull a boner my very first morning in London. Me and my big mouth! I was dog tired after my flight from New York, and I woke up hungry as a wolf. I rang for room service at the Savoy and a sedate, dignified waiter came for my order.

"Let's see," I began. "I'll have some fruit, toast, coffee and two eggs," as I handed him two I'd picked up at the Shannon airport in Ireland.

"Oh," he inquired, "then it will be breakfast for two, Madam?"

I didn't get it. "No," I said, "just one. Just me."

He coughed.

"But *two* eggs, Madam?"

I still didn't get it. "That's right," I repeated, "two eggs."

"Very well," he said, but as he left I got a scolding look like I haven't got since I left third grade. Then I realized, too late, that a lone woman just doesn't have two precious eggs—not in England you don't, not today.

Luckily, my secretary arrived for breakfast so I shared the eggs, and saved my face, but I'll never forget the look that waiter (*Continued on page 72*)



1. Isabel (Gene Tierney) discusses her fiance, Larry, with her uncle Elliott (C. Webb), decides she won't marry because Larry's quest for life's meaning is too impractical. She loves him, but Isabel wants security.



2. Larry (Ty Power), still searching for Truth, learns from Kosti (Fritz Kortner), as they work in a coal mine, of an Indian mystic who preaches, "The path to salvation is as hard to travel as the edge of a razor."



4. Larry and Isabel do not meet again until the stock market crash ruins Gray's health and business. His is also the tragic task of telling Sophie that her husband and child have been killed in an auto accident.



5. Years later, the Maturins and Larry meet, and to celebrate their reunion make the rounds of the Paris *bistros.* They end up in a low dive where they are shocked to find Sophie has become an incurable drunkard.

STORY Isabel surveyed herself in the long mirror. Her smoky black hair was piled high on her head, and her emerald earrings matched the deep, glowing green of her eyes. She knew she was beautiful—after all, people had been telling her so since she was sixteen. Now she was twenty, and engaged to the handsomest man in Chicago, and life was wonderful. At least it would be, if Larry would only make up his mind what he wanted to do. It wasn't as if he couldn't get a job. Why, the very day he got back from the war he'd had several offers. That was in December, 1918, and here it was March of the next year and he was still (*Continued on page 130*)

PRODUCTION Twentieth Century-Fox bought film rights to the book for $250,000, whereupon author Somerset Maugham came to Hollywood for two months to make suggestions on the script. Lamarr Trotti wrote the screen play, and in it, tried to keep the dialogue exactly as Mr. Maugham had written it. Maugham kept suggesting changes. "But, Mr. Maugham," said Trotti, "this is the way you wrote it." "Who is this Maugham fellow," came the reply, "who goes around terrorizing people so that they're afraid to change his words?" . . . The picture cost four million dollars to produce and took more than one hundred days (*Continued on page 107*)

THIS IS THE STORY
OF LARRY, WHO SEARCHED THE
WORLD FOR LOVE
AND FOUND IT IN NO MAN'S
HEART BUT HIS OWN—AND SOPHIE'S.

by Maris MacCullers

the Razor's Edge



Meanwhile, Isabel marries an old suitor, wealthy Gray Maturin ohn Payne, left) and is congratulated by their best friend, Sophie nne Baxter), who is already married to Bob (Frank Latimore).



5. Trying to save Sophie, Larry proposes to her. But jealous Isabel tricks her into drinking again and days later, Sophie is found—dead.





7. Isabel cannot face Larry when he accuses her of Sophie's death. He leaves France to find happiness in America. Isabel goes on, bitter, but comforted by Gray's enduring love.



"COME AND SEE US IF YOU'RE EVER IN N. Y.," JEAN KINKEAD HAD SAID TO PETE LAWFORD—AND IMAGINE HER JOY WHEN THAT LONG, LEAN DREAM TOOK HER UP ON IT!

HERE COME THE BRITISH!

By JEAN KINKEAD



1. Pete slept most of the way up in the car, then woke up and jittered the last two miles. Under that terrific smile, he's just a shy guy.



2. When he's on the giving end, Pete says it with chrysanthemums or roses. (Orchids are too steep on his $25-a-week allowance, and he thinks corsages are corny.) On the receiving end, it's daisies, presented by Jean's boy, Layng.



. He breaks all the rules for staying slim, but never gains
n ounce. Got roped into small fry's party for the dog,
ang "Happy birthday, dear Diamond Jim" 27 times.

4. A very fancy photographer himself, Pete kibitzed something awful when the kids took his picture. Gals had the prints of this shot blown up to practically life-size, could have sold 'em for two bucks apiece, but instead they gave 'em away.



I'll never forget the day I met Peter Lawford. It was over a chocolate malted in Hollywood two years ago last July, and it was love at first sight with me. Let me tell you . . .

Layng (that's my fella) had just gone overseas, leaving me and our little boy (he's Layng, too) homeless and friendless on the West Coast, with a thirty-day wait for tickets back to New York. We'd just been ousted, bag and baggage, from our hotel, having reached the five-day limit, and had slunk into the nearest drug store to marshal our forces. Layng yowled for a chocolate malted, I upped it to two, and we proceeded to talk things over.

"Look," I said to him. "Everything's going to be dandy. These things always have a happy ending." He gave me the old fish eye that said as plain as day, "Yeah?" And then apparently everything went black, for he dumped his chocolate malted, which

—wouldn't you know it—was a *jumbo* malt, all down his front. No doubt it was an accident, but wouldn't you think he'd have kept his wits about him just that once when he knew I was frantic? I said, "Oh, for the love of Pete," whereupon Layng began to bawl, and then *he* appeared. Pete Lawford, that is.

He had a big white smile and a big white handkerchief, and when he said, "Here, mop up with this," believe me, it was Christmas in July. He jerked a thumb at Layng and said, "Who's your friend?" So I told him. And then somehow I was telling him about The Old Man (that, too, is my fella) and the hotel and the thirty-day wait; and before we knew what was happening, he had herded us into a taxi, with our three suitcases, one typewriter and one teddy bear, and was taking us to his house. It was a crazy thing, when you think of it. I had no idea who he was (he wasn't a household word, then), but he was so kind of cute and friendly that he made me feel as if I'd known him forever. His mother opened the door when we got to his house, and she was as charming as he was and completely unamazed by the whole business.

"I would suggest," she said in her sweet, Mrs. Miniver-ish voice, "a nice glass of milk for Layng, and then how about a long nap?" She hypnotized that child. From a Katzenjammer (*Continued on page 123*)

5. Remembering halfway to Stamford that he'd left his bathing trunks at the Waldorf, he bought a new pair from a blase lady who called him Sonny. He swims like a trout, never loses that mahogany tan.



6. Female mob scenes aren't new, but still fun. In H'wood, gals camp on his doorstep; pay 75c for his phone no. in the black market. Call up just to hear that divine voice.



7. He's a full-fledged star in the horse film "A Star from Heaven," and is now an authority on horses. Told Davie, "They all like apples." Found this one preferred chocolate.





8. Smallest kids half-expected Peter to be a rabbit. Were quite relieved when he turned out not to be. "Two Sisters from Boston" was playing at the local movie house while Pete was there, and the minute he left, the gals dashed off to see it.



9. Music-wacky, he played "Beat Me Daddy" endlessly on the vic, volume turned 'way up. Likes jump music better than sweet; knows all the dance steps. Between dances, sang "I've Got the Sun in the Morning" in a nice boy-next-doorish voice.



HERE COME THE BRITISH!



10. Had a big date in N.Y. that night; asked Jean to turn him into a smoothie again by pressing those rolled-up trouser cuffs. Didja know all his suits are custom-made?



June Allyson, *age five, ventured forth one dark and windy night to join the group of older kids who were hatching mischief. She was hampered by a black hood and a robe so long that she tripped over it with every second step.*

"What can I do?" she piped hopefully.

They waved her away as too young for the rough stuff. "Go ring Mr. Simon's doorbell," they told her.

She dutifully hobbled off to do their bidding, and finally, by the light of a thin moon, made out the outlines of the old house. Hitching the robe up around her knees, she proceeded to tiptoe across the side lawn, and was suddenly pitched headlong into a deep black hole.

Well over an hour later, her piercing screams finally penetrated to the ears of a furious Mr. Simon, who had spent the entire day with a shovel preparing a shallow well in his back yard. Lamenting his aching back, Mr. Simon went outdoors and rescued a miserable and muddy Miss Allyson from the abyss.



Roy Rogers *grew up on an Ohio farm which was situated well into the sparsely settled country. Roy lived there with his mother and aunt while the men of the family worked in the city. When he was twelve years old and Hallowe'en rolled around, he did what was the accepted custom in those parts. He collected the corn shocks in the fields, placed them at intervals all over the highway, and started for home in high glee at the thought of the inevitable trouble for motorists.*

Down the road, he heard his mother calling him frantically.

"Saddle the horse!" she called. "Your cousin is being born! You've got to get the doctor—quick!"

Roy flung himself on the horse and galloped desperately down the road, easily skirting the corn shocks. He found it a woefully different story on the way back. He had to dismount and remove every one of the cumbersome shocks, while the enraged doctor wheezed along in a quivering flivver behind him, cussing out all boys in general, but particularly practical jokers.



Lizabeth Scott *figured she'd be a little different with her Hallowe'en invention, and she was. She bought a large, strong gas balloon and smuggled one of her mother's sheets out of the linen closet. The sheet was then crayoned with the weird features that Lizabeth imagined a ghost would possess, and then draped over the balloon.*

With the balloon's string wrapped tightly in one fist, Lizabeth went down the street with her ghostly companion bobbing in the air beside her. Reaching a vacant lot, she hid behind a clump of bushes and from that spot thrust her apparition into the face of every passerby. Results were hilarious, with the exception of the last one.

A small girl approached, carrying a large basket balanced on her head. As Lizabeth's ghost rose silently out of the bushes, the girl shrieked in terror and tossed the basket high. It came down, and after it, its contents, which Lizabeth discovered to be her own family laundry, being delivered by the washerwoman's daughter.



WITH THE FROST ON THE PUNKIN AND THE LANTERN JUST AROUND THE CORNER, HERE ARE SOME HALLOWE'EN YARNS ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES—MORE FUN EVEN THAN RINGING NEIGHBORS' DOORBELLS!

■ Gene Autry tilted back his ten-gallon hat and swept his eyes over acres of U. S. war planes. The sun-baked Arizona surplus field was crammed with them—all sizes, all types, parked in gleaming rows like ducks on a dusty pond. They were for sale to ex-GIs like Gene at bargain prices.

Gene needed a war plane like he needed a burr under his saddle, but just the same his blue eyes kept coming back to a sleek P-38 fighter, sitting there cockily. Just thirty hours on it—cost $250,000, price, $1,200.

Gene sighed and surrendered. "I'll take that one," he pointed. "Wrap it up."

Ina, Gene's wife, frowned helplessly when Gene came back home to Melody Ranch in Hollywood and busted the news of his new toy.

"Now, Gene," she said, "you've already got one airplane and you can't fly a P-38 anyway!" Gene grinned sheepishly. "I know it, honey," he admitted. "But doggone it—that ship is so darned pretty!"

Gene Autry feels the same way about horses. In fact, when Gene enlisted in the Air (*Continued on page 139*)

Ina Autry is an excellent and ardent rider, but at home she prefers casual dresses to levis, says their valley home looks less like a movie set when one of them is "out of costume."



Champ, Jr. and Champ, two of Gene's six blooded horses, loathe each other, start a vicious free-for-all when Gene tries to get them to "kiss and make up." Junior is intensely jealous, noses his stall door open when Gene shuts it.

Here, Gene and stableman examine one of the priceless saddles that cram the Autry tack room. Gene has 30 pairs of boots, piles them in the stable to be cleaned till they overflow.

THE FLYING COWBOY



Constantly on the go for personal appearances, rodeos and movie making, Gene (in "Sioux City Sue"), operates a private plane.

UNTIL GENE AUTRY CAN FIND A FLYING HORSE, HE'LL STICK TO HIS TWIN-ENGINE JOB. IT'S FASTER—AND WHO EVER FEEDS A PLANE SUGAR? • ***By JOHN CARSON***

■ On their way to the hospital, two things worried Susan . . .

Every time they took a curve, the football they'd taken along on their hunting trip came down and bopped her . . .

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry—" Looking crushed, Dick would pick it up and put it back again.

That was funny, she thought. Why didn't he just leave it there on the floor, where it couldn't hit her? Wait'll she told him, she could see him smacking his head—boy, what a dope! But now she couldn't talk. So every time they went round a curve, she watched for the football.

Under that, gnawed the deeper fear. What about children? She and Dick had always taken a family for granted, they couldn't imagine life without kids of their own. What about it now? Was she hurt so badly that there wouldn't be any children?

Months afterwards, when they were home again, Dick said: "We'll adopt them—"

"How many?" asked Susan.

"How many would you like?"

"Well, one thing's sure. I'd never raise a child by itself."

"Ditto—" (*Continued on page 112*)



Dick's inconsolable at ye olde family album pix of him as a baby, but Susie insists that all the Quines improve with age—'cause lookit him now! Their newest cooperative venture is a crocheted rug which threatens to overflow the house.

JUST WHISPER, "OH, YOU POOR DEAR!"

AND SUSAN PETER'S PRIMED FOR FIGHT. AND WHY NOT? SHE'S GOT

DICK AND FRIENDS AND FUN—WITH ALL THAT, HEAVEN CAN WAIT • BY IDA ZEITLIN

Valiant Lady

During a CBS rehearsal, producer Bill Lawrence (left) and co-star Franchot Tone voted Susan "the thirstiest actress in the business." She needed 8 glasses of water to keep going! Hubby Dick, a singing dancer who refuses to sing or dance for pix, is in "Cockeyed Miracle."





Thunder, the Great Dane who thinks he's a lap dog, once convoyed Dick upstars as he was delivering Sue's breakfast tray, splashed gooey cereal all over the newly painted living room with one wag of his tail!



At six months, Master Timothy is grand rajah of the household, has blue eyes, an even tan and a special smile to show off his brand new front teeth. (That's Aunt Gwladys Barteau, an old family friend.)

GOOD NEWS

■ It's nothing short of ironic that the best break of Linda Darnell's career, "Forever Amber," and the break-up of her marriage to Peverel Marley, came within four days of each other.

Is Linda sad and in the dumps about her coming divorce from Pev? I can't say I get that feeling from her. She speaks beautifully of her cameraman ex-husband—too beautifully, if you ask me. Where there's so much politeness there's usually plenty of indifference. Linda and Pev still have cocktail and dinner dates under the old Hollywood slogan, "We're still the best of friends."

She denies heatedly that he made her leave the fur coats and jewels he had given her during their marriage. "It's true I left them behind," admitted Linda, "but it's only because I wouldn't feel right wearing them now that everything's over. Pev didn't ask me to." Now THERE'S a big-hearted girl for you.

Maybe one reason—and the best one—that she doesn't seem depressed about the separation is that she's walking in the clouds over getting "Forever Amber."

And if you have heard that there is a big feud between Linda and Gene Tierney over this sensational role—forget it!

Certainly this sudden switch in glamor girls is Hollywood's main topic of conversation for the month—but it has not brought on any hard feelings between the 20th Century-Fox belles.

I happen to know a little "inside" on why Gene isn't doing it—and Linda is—that has nothing to do with the official excuse that Gene's doctor thought she needed a rest after the long shooting schedule on "Razor's Edge." That may have been one reason. But another is that Tierney's contract hasn't a great deal longer to run at 20th—and Linda's has.

You can't blame the smart bosses for wanting to make sure the star of a picture that has attracted as much attention as "Amber" is tied up for a long time, now can you?

* * *

While Harry James was away on a band tour a couple of weeks ago, Vickie James brought down the house every time someone asked her where her Daddy was.

"Daddy's on twip bwowing bwains out," reported the debutante of the James menage, and Harry swears Betty (Grable) taught her every lisp of it.

* * *

The nursery Betty Hutton's planning for her baby has the cutest idea. It has pictures of Walt Disney's best loved little animals painted walking down the wallpaper, across the floor and up the side of the opposite wall. It's just as though Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck et al had come to pay a visit.

* * *

Rex Harrison's beautiful actress wife, Lili Palmer, knocked me cold when she said, "Hollywood is too conventional!"

"CONVENTIONAL!" I fairly yelled. I've spent years sticking up for my home town, but this is the first time I've ever heard it called too strait-laced. (*Continued on page 70*)

PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

■ In all the years I've lived in Hollywood I've never seen such a social whirl, yes, even in the years before the war. It's pretty tough on a girl who has been an invalid for four months, but don't get me wrong—I really love these parties.

The first big one I attended after I was well enough to be up and around was the soiree Sonja Henie gave at the Crillon. The Crillon is the private cafe adjoining the Mocambo and its décor is très lush—all terribly dramatic deep red, silver, crystal and mirrors.

There were 200 guests and Sonja attempted the almost impossible by seating everyone instead of going in for the popular buffet idea. I was supposed to sit next to Clark Gable, but I knew in advance that Gable wouldn't be there with his current heart, Millicent Rogers, the Standard Oil heiress. I had talked with him on the telephone just before I left for the party and he told me he was leaving then and there on a fishing trip.

I asked him about "The Hucksters" which so many columnists said he turned down.

"I didn't actually turn it down," he said. "I said I wouldn't play a role in which an ex-soldier makes love to a woman whose husband is still overseas. That just didn't set right. But," he amended, "if M-G-M changes the ending and the script turns out well, I may make it. After all, we have had a lot of newspaper stories, but very few with a radio background."

Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, were others who accepted Sonja's invitation and then didn't show up. Probably Ingrid thought, as did several others, that it was a buffet and it didn't matter. But it taught me a lesson. I'm always going to let my hostess know if I can't come to a party, big or little, at the last minute. An empty place card is a poor dinner partner.

But—Clark and Ingrid were about the only stars in Hollywood who did not come to Sonja's dinner dance. Cary Grant and Betty Hensel—yes, she is still very much his favorite girl, danced every number. Sitting next to Cary and Betty were the Gary Cooper. Mrs. Cooper is one of (*Continued on page 68*

by
LOUELLA PARSONS





At the "Night and Day" premiere, fans closed in on Lana and her latest "steady," Bob Hutton, gurgled over her new hair shade—dark platinum blonde.



Mrs. D. Kaye beams as her fella, here in the RAF togs he wears in one of the dream scenes in "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," exults over their coming Kaye.

Linda Darnell loses a groom and gets a lead; Frankie's the cab men's delight; Tyrone Power's singing "South America take it away!"



When Richard Greene received his medical discharge from the British Army, he and wife, Pat Medina, promptly went on a camp tour of France.



Being a new mom herself, Judy Garland got all misty at a Command Performance when Frank Sinatra told her about the house he gifted his folks with in Hoboken.



Ronnie and Ron Reagan (here at a Screen Guild broadcast) are planning a new "Mr. and Mrs." screen series, will start after R. finishes "Voice of the Turtle."



The still honeymooning Johnny Coys recently received a baby carriage from Bob Hope with a note saying, "Please don't name the first one Bing." So they won't!

Nobody who was anybody dared miss Sonja Henie's soiree—not even Van and Peter, the meanies, who came late—and alone!

The Glenn Fords are never happier than when they're surrounded by horses. Next best is riding equipment. They spend most of their time in western duds, only get dressed up for "formal." When Glenn took Eleanor to see "Gilda," E. phoned the theater for reserved seats to avoid the crowds. But kids mobbed 'em anyway!







ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

THE BABY CALLS

ELEANOR "DADDY" AND GLENN'S

TOO SCARED TO DANCE,

BUT WHO CARES? IT'S NICE BEING

MR. AND MRS. GLENN FORD

by Milt Phinney



nn and Eleanor ride the range together to keep Glenn thin for his "Gallant Jour- " role. He'd gained 24 pounds in service, but lost most of it soon after, while se-hunting. Earrings Ellie wears were a gift from Glenn when their son was born.

■ Early 1945 was a big time in the lives of both Fords. Glenn was getting out of the service, and Peter Newton Ford arrived. The two big events occurred at almost the same time. Peter Newton is now a blond, blue eyed bundle of year-and-a-half-old dynamite, the center of the Ford world, who someday, they hope, will be joined by a little sister.

Now for the first time, the Fords have settled down to married life à la civilians, but with a few more problems than most young couples have.

Ellie had made up her mind about one thing before the baby arrived. She was retiring for a while. She had liked those visits to San Diego while Glenn was in the Marines. She had adored the simplicity of being just Mrs. Glenn Ford.

"But Glenn," she explained, "I've been (*Continued on page 79*)



■ Mother thought the last thing in the world they needed was a collie. So it may or may not surprise you to learn that Margaret is now the owner of a collie.

It all started with Lassie. Margaret loves every dog she meets, but when she looked at Lassie, her face would fill and overflow like a cup with tenderness. On Sundays, her favorite occupation was going out to the Weatherwax ranch to see Lassie. Night after night she'd pray for a collie of her own . . .

"But Margaret, collies are so big! And

MARGARET MAKES YOU

THINK OF LOCKETS AND LACE WITH HER DIG-

NITY AND OLD-FASHIONED

CHARM. BUT DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU—

HER LAST NAME'S NOT O'BRIEN FOR NOTHING!

By Abigail Putnam



Her ballet costume's the real thing, because Margaret can twirl a mean pirouette. Mrs. O'Brien, fixing Marge's hair, likes to watch as M. rehearses for her new pic, "Ballerina."



Runner up for the championship in playing jacks is Mary Morales, stand-in to the champ, Maggie O'Brien. Whenever anyone on the set can't find the girls, they're usually off in a vacant corner, sprawled on the floor, deep in a game of jacks.

what about Maggie—?" (their six-year-old cocker spaniel). "You wouldn't go back on Maggie, would you?"

"Maggie wouldn't care, Mummy. She's *your* dog. She likes you better—"

And there the matter would rest for a while. Margaret didn't tease. Teasing's not her way, and besides it wouldn't do any good. But every night from the small white-clad figure by the bed came the same patient plea. "And please, dear God, some day please let me have (*Continued on page 126*)



those little ordinary things

■ The living room was large and cheerful, and the man sitting in the middle of it was large but not cheerful. In the circle of light given out by the table lamp, he sat listening to the sound of the waves breaking on the beach in front of the house. Suddenly he rose to his feet, ran up the steps two at a time, and burst into the bedroom. His wife was sitting in front of her dressing table, glaring at herself in the mirror, a comb in one hand and a score of hairpins in the other.

"Gloria," he said, "for the love of Pete! We're due at the party in ten minutes!"

Over her shoulder, she threw him a pleading look.

"It's my hair, John. I can't do a thing with it." She had a sudden inspiration. "Wait a minute—I'll fix it in an up-do."

John Payne grunted to himself, went downstairs and resumed listening to the waves. He waited until the clock over the fireplace showed exactly seven o'clock, and then he went upstairs again, one at a time.

"It's no good up," reported Gloria. "I'll try it in buns."

John left the (*Continued on page 108*)



Hubby John Payne (now in "Razor's Edge") is always amazed at his fragile Gloria's "truck driver" appetite.He hates desserts, she adores 'em—result: Johnny eats desserts! Glo's in "Summer Holiday."

Funny how, when you're Johnny Payne and Glo's your gal, burnt toast and comfy slippers mean more than pink champagne and orchids . . . by Jane Wilkie



PLENTY of EVERYTHING

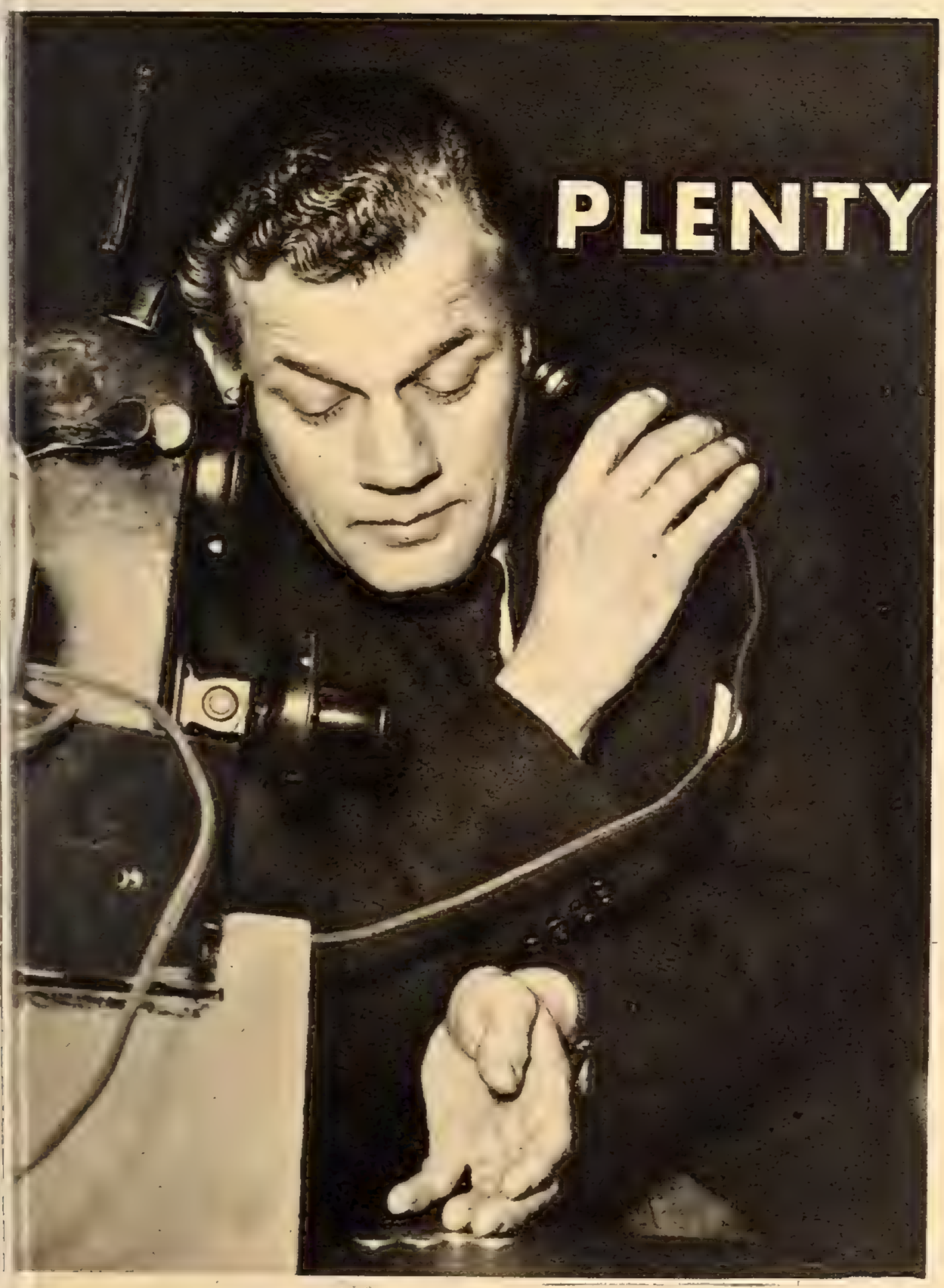
OPEN HOUSE AT THE COTTENS'

MEANS GAY TALK, PALS SWARMING AT THE

POOL, TEN EXTRA FOR DINNER—

AND JOE BUILDING WALLS BETWEEN BITES!

By Howard Sharpe



As a rule, Joe totes a deck of cards to the broadcasting studio, plays a passionate game of solitaire right up to air time to keep calm. But here, at a CBS show, he dials Mrs. C. for a fast "hello."

■ Mr. Orson Welles had finished his coffee and brandy at the table of his host, Joseph Cotten, and was relaxing (in his fashion) in the living room with Joe and Mrs. Cotten.

Orson, it appeared, was not relaxing any too well tonight. He was restless, he was absent minded when spoken to, he allowed at least three obvious openings for quips to pass him by. Eventually, Lenore Cotten said, "What is it? Bored?"

Good lord no, he was not bored. He was distraught—that was all. So much work to do, and no typewriter to do it on. But in any case he could go to his room and make notes, Lenore and Joe being willing . . .

"But *I* have a typewriter!" (*Continued on page 83*)



First suspended for refusing to do a movie with Shirley Temple. Joe then signed a contract with David Selznick. (Here, with Ingrid B. at a Selznick party.)



Margo and Dane Clark are both comics connoisseurs and batty about baseball. A B'klyn boy, he's a rabid Dodgers ball team fan.

■ I'd known Dane for weeks before I ever saw him smile. Falling in love was a terrible blow to him, and he got so mad at himself for proposing that all through dinner he sat and glowered at me. To the folks at large, he's known as a tough egg. But when our cat had to be put away, he wept for three hours. A he-male by any standards, he likes to buy my clothes, and he's so darn generous that if I didn't keep my mouth shut and pretend not to want things, I could fracture his bank account in nothing flat. But when I asked could I please have a mink coat, he hit the roof. His vitality is fantastic. Yet he never runs when he can walk, nor walks when he can sit, nor sits when he can lie down. Calls it conserving his energy, but if he conserved any more of it, they'd have him standing in for the A-bomb. He makes like a cynic, but sets women up on a pedestal, and bleeds every time he discovers a clay foot. He's a very smart guy, but not smart enough to remove the little paper baskets when he steals my chocolates, so I always know exactly how many he stole. He can't stand liquor, and wallows in ice cream sodas. He's crazy, but I love him. . . .

I love him, but I'm telling on him. "All or nothing at all," I bargained, when they asked me to do this.

Publicity looked at me cross eyed. "Whaddaya mean, *all?*"

"You know Red," said Dane. "She can't be bothered evading. Let her tell, who cares? My life's an open book—"

"And I'm the gal who can read it. Besides, it's my chance to get even—"

"With who or whom?"

"I dunno. Whomever looks at the pictures of wives in fan mags and says it shouldn't happen to a Dane—"

So here goes. His real name's Bernard Zaneville, Bernie to his friends and to (*Continued on page 117*)

"HE'S CRAZY, BUT I LOVE HIM!"

HE STEALS HER CHOCOLATES

AND LEERS AT LADIES AND INSISTS SHE'S

NOT PRETTY. BUT MRS.

CLARK CAN TAKE RIBBING—'CAUSE

SHE'S GOT DANE!

By Margo Clark

as told to Nancy Winslow Squire



Any rabbit who dares nibble at Margo's victory garden promptly gets peppered by her trusty .22—and she's a swell shot! The Clarks are antique hounds, often pick up beat-up pieces of furniture and repaint them into elegant furnishings.



SHE DIDN'T KNOW

ANYTHING ABOUT ACTING

AND SHE COULDN'T

EVEN WALK IN HIGH HEELS—

BUT GAIL RUSSELL

HAD A CONTRACT!

by George Benjamin

Gail's parents are no end pleased by the way she's remained so unsophisticated, what with her no drinking-no jitterbugging-no staying up late routines, but they *cannot* understand how come she can act all day—then traipse off to the movies every night!





Dark angel



Painfully shy, she has to know people well before she "opens up," but then watch her scintillate! Right before bedtime, Gail (in "Calcutta") perfects pencilled caricatures she's made during the day of her fellow actors, then reads herself to sleep with poetry

■ In the living room of the little house in West Los Angeles, young Miss Gail Russell turned uncomfortably on her side, waited a moment, and flopped on her back again. Beneath her, newspapers rustled. She ached in every muscle. It was four o'clock in the morning.

From where she lay she could look up at the windows and see the rain outside. It had been falling for hours in a steady grey downpour; she could hear it in the palm trees. A little wind might have given it inventiveness and imagination, swirled it around to match the minor cyclone of emotions which —aside from the fact that she was lying on a copy of the Times and a hardwood floor—were keeping her awake. Enough light from a street lamp filtered through the rain so that she could see, like long bundles, the sleeping figures of her father and mother.

And she thought, if I live forever I'll never be as depressed as this again. She was only eighteen, of course, and her perspective on the meaning of tragedy was pretty meager. She had never been close to death or genuine heartbreak.

But a week ago They had come for the family car; yesterday They had moved a big van up to the front door and cleared all the furniture out of the house; and (*Continued on page* 135)

RADIO GOSSIP by BEN GROSS

(Continued from page 9)

Stuart, who came to big time prominence as a singer on the Danny O'Neil show, might never have become a radio personality if Sammy Kaye, the orchestra leader, had sat in a certain chair. Some years ago, Sammy was auditioning voice recordings to find a vocalist for his broadcasts. There were more than 400 disks to be judged and it required many days of listening. One evening, exhausted and jaded, Sammy decided to quit for the night. He was discouraged, for none of the voices he had heard so far came up to the mark. So he was about to drop into an easy chair, when someone shouted "Look out!" Kaye caught himself and saw that another recording lay on the seat. He picked it up and decided to play it—just one more. The platter happened to be Sally's and—you've guessed it—the very next day, she became a featured member of Sammy Kaye's orchestra.

Personality Paragraph . . . "You'll ruin yourself, kid. You're a showman, an entertainer. Your job is to please everyone. So you'd better keep your thoughts to yourself." That was the advice some folks gave the battling crooner, Frank Sinatra, when he embarked on his campaign for racial and religious tolerance. But these people forgot one thing: Frankie Boy used to be a prizefighter and he carried his never-say-die spirit from the ring into the broadcasting studio. That is why, long after other singers will have come along and displaced him among the bobby-soxers of the future, these words of Frank Sinatra, spoken in Carnegie Hall, New York, will be remembered: "We can't wipe out intolerance ourselves, but we can make a dent. We can be a real friend to every kid we meet, not caring whether he is black or white or whether his name is O'Brien, Martinelli or Goldstein."

Gags of the Month . . . Lulu McConnell: Listen, Tom Howard, if you keep on tormenting me, I'll forget I'm a lady.

Tom Howard: Why not? Everyone else has!

* * *

Georgia Gibbs: Jimmy Wallington last week put his arms around me and tried all afternoon to teach me to swim.

Tony Martin: Is he going to give you another lesson next Sunday?

Georgia: Definitely not. As far as Jimmy's concerned, I've learned my lesson.

* * *

Brother Julius: This morning I had a piece of phenomenal luck.

Billie Burke: Oh, I'm awfully sorry! . . . What happened?

* * *

Harry McNaughton: If it weren't for one of my father's discoveries, I wouldn't be here today.

Tom Howard: What was it?

Harry: My mother!

The Program Book . . . With the crisp air of November tinting the leaves scarlet and gold again, it is time to remind ourselves that this is an historic month in the annals of radio. For it was on November 15, 1926, that the first network broadcast went on the air from the grand ballroom of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, over NBC. And what a program it was! Walter Damrosch, Mary Garden and Will Rogers were among its featured personalities, appearing in a divertissement that could hardly be duplicated even today.

As November is generally regarded as the natal month of broadcasting, it might be worth while for some of the youngsters among my readers to ask their mothers and dads about the radio stars of fifteen or twenty years ago. They'll probably rave over the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks, the A. & P. Gypsies, the Ipana Troubadours, Harry Reser's Eskimos, just as the generation of 1946 goes into ecstasies at the mention of the Benny Goodmans, the Tommy Dorseys and the Harry Jameses of today.

Now, while we are in this reminiscent mood, is a good time to recall some of the famous "firsts" of radio:

June 21, 1923—The first radio address to the nation by a President of the United States (Warren G. Harding).

March 4, 1925—The first presidential inaugural ever broadcast (Calvin Coolidge's).

Feb. 1, 1929—The first scheduled short-wave broadcast heard in this country. (A concert from London.)

April, 1931—The first time an announcer was ever used as a speaking member of a radio cast. (James Wallington became a straight man to comedian Eddie Cantor.)

But enough of the past. Let's come back to today . . . and consider a new band that within less than a year has landed among the topnotchers of radio. It is the crew of Elliot Lawrence, a 21-year-old youngster of Philadelphia. Through its novel arrangements and the use of unusual instruments, it has captivated the popular music world. Of course, the fact that it was launched with a considerable amount of money behind it hasn't hurt its chances . . . And speaking of financial backing for orchestras, did you know that, regardless of the quality of its music, it requires an investment of from $20,000 to $50,000 to put over a new band? That's because the music business is Big Business today, and one must spend plenty of lucre to hire first-grade players and to buy outstanding arrangements.

More and more of the network shows are featuring famous motion picture names this season. The latest is the CBS series, "Hollywood Playhouse," which has signed such dignified stars as Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Paulette Goddard, John Garfield and Gregory Peck. Yet, just a few years back, picture companies were frowning on the appearances of their precious luminaries on the air. How times have changed!

Letter of the Month: "The other day I received a circular from some well advertised school offering a radio course. They promised to make a radio actress out of me and guaranteed me a job after I completed my lessons. Should I risk my money on such a course?"—Elaine H., Atlanta, Ga.

Answer: Take my tip, Elaine, and investigate further. There are a number of legitimate colleges, universities and privately owned schools which give recognized courses in various phases of radio. But not one of these institutions, so far as I know, guarantees employment to its graduates. It simply can't be done. Even their most talented students must obtain their engagements on their own, and as any professional actress will tell you, that is about the most difficult part of the job.

Some schools buy time on the air for advertising purposes and pay their graduates nominal sums for appearing on their programs. Technically, this covers them, for it is a fulfillment of the guarantee of employment. But this is not the same as being signed for a regular commercial or sustaining show.

So my advice to you and all others faced with a like problem is this: Consult your Better Business Bureau or your Chamber of Commerce, right in your home town. They'll tell you readily enough whether a school is a legitimate enterprise or merely a small time sucker trap for your hard-earned money.

Loudspeaking . . . If you have been one of the faithful readers of this column, you know that this section is usually reserved for that pastime known as giving the "Bronx cheer." But this time, boys and girls, I'm going to fool you.

Instead of moanin' low over the faults of American radio, I'll just remember that Thanksgiving's coming and go into a joyful paean of praise. And that isn't so difficult, considering that there are many things to like and appreciate in our native scheme of broadcasting.

This kindly mood was probably induced by my many recent conversations with former GIs, who had a daily diet of foreign radio programs, mostly BBC's, while overseas. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them agree that the American air diet is superior to that of the British. In some ways, of course, the foreign offerings may be culturally ahead of ours. But when it comes to a plentiful supply of good music, comedy and news . . . and uncensored discussions of public issues . . . we still lead the parade.

By all means let us continue to be critical. But, at the same time, we should remember that the broadcasting menu is not comprised exclusively of long sales talks, singing commercials and bad comedy. We also have our Jack Bennys, Fred Allens, Kate Smiths, NBC Symphonies and Town Meetings of the Air.

MODERN SCREEN

CLEOPATRA KELLY



"But I can't inhale all the time!"

We point with pride to . . . Miss Cleopatra Kelly, the Little Miss Missfit who might be your own kid sister—or might even be you!—except that she's not *quite* real. Cleo lives only on the pages of MODERN SCREEN, but we're sure she'll live in your hearts now that you've met her. Watch for Cleo in future issues!



***HER RING*—Five star-bright diamonds set with distinctive beauty in white gold.**

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" **Marjorie Carolin uses for her smooth complexion will give your skin**

____an instant clean-sweet look
____an instant softer, silkier feel
____and bring up a charming blush of color

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face just as Marjorie does.

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "*cream-cleanse*" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "*cream-rinse*" with a *second* thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! . . . "And my face feels so soft, looks smoother, glowier, right away," Marjorie says.

***Every night*—give your face the complete "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's, tissue off, then a cold splash. Dip your fingers deep in a *big* jar of Pond's night and morning—every day.**

Miss Marjorie Carolin

Charming Long Islander, Marjorie Carolin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Carolin, and a great-granddaughter of the famous surgeon Valentine Mott. She is engaged to Lieutenant Richard Russell Galt of the Army Air Corps. Another Pond's bride-to-be, Marjorie's exquisite complexion has a warm translucency—perfect with the pearls she loves to wear.



"I love this Pond's new Blush-Cleansing," says Marjorie



Diamonds and Pond's! These 9 diamonds, valued at $20,000, are destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls.

AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF SOCIETY WHO USE POND'S

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke
Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle — **Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney**
The Duchess de Richelieu — **Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.**
The Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott
Gladys, Countess of Winchilsea — **Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle**



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Ease of use, too?
Ask for Meds-Slender—
Made just for you!

Internal protection in a new extra easy-to-use size, with regular absorbency—that's Meds-Slender! Cheering news, for they offer security, comfort and convenience of a kind you never dreamed possible. Free you from pins, belts and pads; from chafing and embarrassing bulges. Give you a new outlook on life!

If you need super absorbency, choose Meds-De Luxe—already so popular with so many women. Both sizes have these Meds' advantages:

- "SAFETY-WELL" for added protection
- COTTON for soft comfort
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

Meds

IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

PARTY POSTSCRIPTS

(Continued from page 52)

the most stunning women in our town. I was greatly amused to spot Van Johnson sitting at the head of this same table.

I sat at Sonja's table next to her good looking current "heart," Stuart Barthelmess. He is a fine looking boy and when I commented on the excellent dinner, he proudly said, "I ordered it."

Also at Sonja's table was Tyrone Power, who was the first real romance in her life. But that was years and years ago. Annabella was not with Ty because she was on location with "13 Rue Madeleine" and so he sat next to Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, his boss' wife.

Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer were two others at the Hostess' table and at this writing these two are closer than Amos and Andy. But I won't go on record as saying they will be as much in love when this appears in print. Joan looks amazingly younger every day and has many admirers. As for Greg—well, he doesn't do badly himself. He was Lana Turner's first romance, and he still keeps an eye on the unpredictable Turner girl.

I heard him say to Lana, who had just darkened her hair, "You positively must diet—and I like your hair blonde much better."

Richard Ney came with Greer Garson, who looked stunning in pale green. The William Powells, Mary and Jack Benny, Norma Shearer and just about everybody was there.

• • •

Remember when Kay Williams, beautiful, blue-eyed blonde, was an M-G-M actress and getting reams of publicity as Clark Gable's favorite dancing partner? Well, Kay is married now to wealthy socialite Adolph Spreckels and they gave their first big Hollywood party a few nights ago.

What a beautiful affair it was. A canvas top covered the dance floor, built down by the pool, and ropes of flowers were strung up the four poles supporting it—roses, gardenias and sweet peas. Hidden spotlights played on the dance floor and illuminated the enormous swimming pool on which floated green and white and multi-colored balloons.

Before I start telling you about who was there (who WASN'T?) I want to say something about the hors d'oeuvres—the most unusual I've ever seen or tasted. There were enormous silver platters of delicacies that looked exactly like fruits—but the "strawberries" were really assorted cheeses and the "nectarines" and "apricots" were other appetizers equally cleverly disguised. Certainly looked nice and cool for a summer evening.

Most beautiful girl present was not the biggest star. I heard almost every man present raving about the way Patricia Morison looked. She was really a dream dancing in a pale blue dress, almost the color of her eyes, and her dark hair was swept high on her head.

A fur coat that had everyone gasping was worn by Rosalind Russell—it was white fox, skin after skin of it, wrapping her rose colored gown clear below the knees.

Joan Fontaine's white gown was very formal, making her look much more regal than her five-feet-no-inches usually warrants. Lana Turner, still losing weight, wore black.

I never saw so many handsome "stags." Van Johnson arrived with Peter Lawford and no gals—which is certainly tough on the gals who would love to be with either of those guys. Gary Cooper was alone because his stunning wife had a bad cold. Cary Grant was also solo because Betty Hensel had a family dinner to attend.

• • •

When Dick Powell came home the other night, June Allyson looked like a great big doll in a new pink shantung frock from Howard Greer. "What are you all dressed up for, Toots?" asked Dick.

"I'm, er—going to look at a dog to buy," piped up Junie. "Darling, won't you change your clothes and come with me?" Dick took a look at the sports shirt and blue jeans he was wearing. "Change my clothes to look at a dog?" he scoffed. "I'll go the way I am—" and he did, protest 'though June would.

Of course, what she was trying to do was to get him out of the house so the guests could sneak in for the big surprise she had planned for their first wedding anniversary.

Was Dick's face red when he returned, blue jeans and all, and found Constance Moore and her husband, the Henry Fondas, Robert Montgomery, the Richard Greenes, Jimmy Cagneys, George Murphys, Susan Peters and Dick Quine, Gloria De Haven and John Payne, Claudette Colbert, Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman all on hand, and all dressed up, to wish them "Happy days ahead."

• • •

Loretta Young and I sat in a corner at Louis B. Mayer's dinner for H. T. Keller, head of the Chrysler Motor Company, and chattered like magpies. Her gown was something out of this world. Loretta told me that the blouse, of handmade lace, had been brought over from France and sold to her in New York. I noticed her hair is much blonder. "You'll get raves from the South Americans," I told her, as she and Tom Lewis were heading for a month's vacation in a few days.

Lauritz Melchior sang, and as many times as I've heard him, he was never so wonderful. He sang, "Because I Love You" as it's never been done. I caught a glimpse of Van Johnson out of my eye—looking very soulful and Keenan Wynn reached for his wife's hand. Jane Powell, the little girl with the big voice, sang "One Fine Day" dedicated to me—a very sweet "glad you're well" gesture.

I sat next to Walter Pidgeon and my host at dinner and it was a very gay, happy affair. Frank Sinatra was there with his pretty little wife. I told her she should be in pictures. "Heavens forbid!" Frankie yelled, "One of us is enough." He sang, and as always, held the audience breathless. My! What an evening's entertainment.

North Star "Regal" Pairs in Gold adorn each bed . . . $45 a pair at fine stores everywhere.

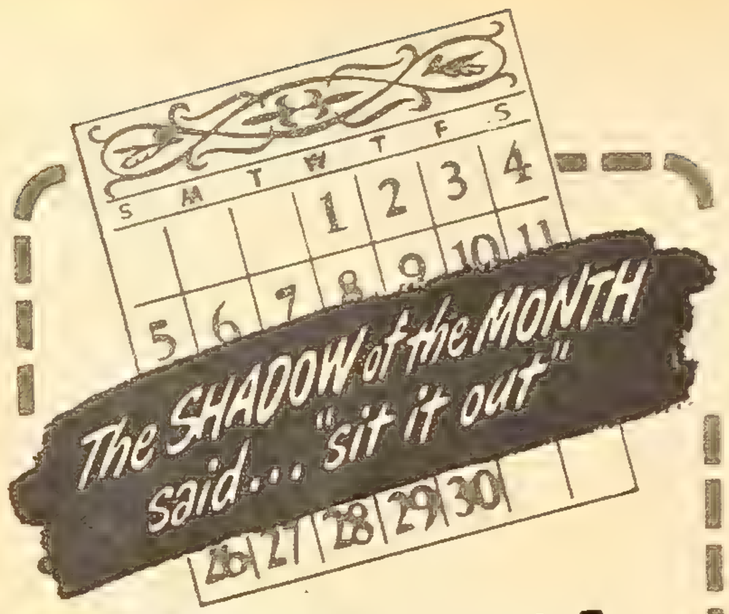
Setting and accessories by B. Altman & Co.

Good things come in pairs . . . books, beds, companions—and North Star Pair Blankets. And make it a pair for each bed if you please! Because two of those soft lovelies (plus North Star's sheer, light Nocturne) make a Blanket Wardrobe from which you dress your bed to match the weather—something no *one* blanket can possibly do. All North Stars are live, resilient virgin wool to the last fluff . . . to give you warmth-without-weight, washability, years of wear-like-new.

Free! "Decorate your Dream Room." Decorating is fun when you follow the friendly advice in this practical little book—quick tricks to make any bedroom gayer, brighter, livable, lovable. Write to North Star Woolen Mill Company, 222A South Second Street, Minneapolis 1, Minn.

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100% VIRGIN WOOL . . . $14.95 TO $145



MIDOL said... "Dance Tonite!"



SHE: It *is me* dancing tonite! Carefree. Comfortable. And to think of the nites—and days—I wasted because I didn't try Midol sooner! Didn't realize that Midol could relieve the pain and discomfort I accepted as inevitable on certain days each month!

Millions of women and girls know that convenient, *easy-to-take* Midol tablets can bring quick relief from the cramp-like pain of menstruation, and its attendant headache, backache and "depressed feeling".

Midol was developed especially to meet women's particular need during a particular time of the month. Midol is not harmful, not habit-forming. It contains, besides a pain relieving agent and a mild stimulant, an *exclusive ingredient* directly effective against the cramp-like pains many women experience during menstruation. Get Midol tablets at any drugstore.

Midol

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
Write Dept. C-116, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS • MENSTRUAL HEADACHE • "BLUES"

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 52)

"What I mean is this," went on Lili, who had dropped by my house for a chat and a cup of tea, "Hollywood married couples are too jealous, too nagging and too watchful of one another at parties. In Europe, a husband or wife may flirt with a dinner or dancing partner without wrecking a marriage. Here, if the husband of a glamor girl looks at another glamor girl across the table—boom, they're separated the next day. Marriage is far too serious and too real to be wrecked by the inconsequential things that have brought on many Hollywood divorces."

I admit Lili makes out a good case. I have actually known cases where couples have parted on just the slender pretexts she mentions. But somehow, I suppose it's only human to be jealous, particularly if you're married and in love.

* * *

Stork Notes:

The Errol Flynns are expecting their second child in January.

Ditto—the Mickey Rooneys.

The Gregory Pecks have named their second boy Stephen.

* * *

Heard the funniest story of the month on Sonny Tufts.

The Tufts had a tree in their front yard that was very messy and troublesome, so Sonny planked out $30 to have it hauled away.

The next morning a truck pulled up with the same identical type of tree—a gift from a pal in Boston who had been the Tufts' house-guest and wanted to send them a matching tree for the one in their yard which "they loved so much."

* * *

Frank Sinatra rides around in taxicabs almost as much as he does in his own car and he's becoming very well known to all the Hollywood and Beverly Hills drivers.

"S'funny thing," one of the boys told me not long go, "I haul a lot of movie actors from time to time—and most of them get in my cab, want to relax, and have hardly anything to say.

"But Frankie,—he's as talkative as my wife. He asks lot of questions about what we do when we aren't driving the cabs and if we're married and how many kids we have and if we were in the service where we did our fighting and what we think about politics and everything. And he always remembers what you told him, because the next time we pick him up he'll say 'How's the chicken ranch' or 'Did your kids get over the mumps?'

"One trip I said to him, 'Frankie, you're a regular Quiz Kid. How about us talking about you for a change?' And do you know what he said? He said, 'I get sick and tired of talking about me. I have to do that for a living. Say, is your wife still dancing at the Florentine Gardens?'—and he's off again. I like that guy."

* * *

I don't get the idea!

The two most conservatively dressed girls in Hollywood these evenings are Lana Turner and Marie MacDonald! For some reason or other they have gone in for very tailored, almost severe evening gowns. Saw Lana, just recently, almost buttoned up to the throat in black satin and Marie, also, has decided to park her "The Body" label when she leaves the set each night.

* * *

Two sleepy-eyed gents showed up at Lockheed Terminal Airport the morning of Monday, the 19th of August, to step into a twin-engine Beechcraft plane with "Saludos Amigos" painted on the sides. It was six o'clock in the morning and the two heroes were sleepy because they had been honored at a party the night before wishing them bon voyage until the wee hours in the morning.

Suddenly, the propellors started up, a pair of hands fluttered to the ground crew scurrying away from the privately owned plane—then zoom, Tyrone Power and Cesar Romero were up in the air on their way to South America.

This is a dream Ty has been nursing ever since he was with the Marine Corps in the South Pacific campaign. For two months he and Cesar and Bill Gallahan, John Jeffries and Jim Denton will wing around Mexico, South America and Central America. One of the main stops will be Costa Rica, since Cesar, who served in the Coast Guard, just finished starring in "Carnival in Costa Rica."

They'll plane down the west coast of South America, cross the Andes into Argentina, then hit Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands.

Ty is doing the piloting for the entire jaunt—and girls—how would you like a trip like that—up in the clouds for two months with Tyrone and Cesar?

* * *

Want to hear about the new house Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman are planning to build on a hilltop in the beautiful Outpost States? (That's in Hollywood, son.)

The walls on the "view" side will be entirely of glass, with the living room fireplace set right into the glass. "The effect takes your breath away," Jeanne told me. "It's like watching a cozy fire and all the comforts of home set against a background of the great outdoors."

The swimming pool will be a large, irregular oval, "sort of lake shaped" and the newlyweds will be able to step right out of their bedroom into the pool.

A divan in the living room is Jeanne's own special design. There are eight sections that can be put together and make the world's largest divan, or separated into chairs and placed anywhere in the room. As for colors—Jeanne loves greens and she's smart to concentrate on its varied tones—I mean, with her lovely red hair. A woman's home should be a perfect setting for her—and here's hoping it looks good on Paul, too.



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72 NATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

"ME AND MY BIG MOUTH"

(Continued from page 38)

sent me—fresh from rich, spoiled Hollywood, America, fresh from plenty.

But I was glad it happened. It was lucky for me. It set me right at the start for the movie making lesson I learned in three weeks in England.

The first set I visited was "Black Narcissus," Deborah Kerr's new picture, and I'm not kidding when I say there was hardly room to squeeze in. In fact, the sound man was beefing as I arrived. "I need a platform," he said, "I can't hear the voices." All he got was a good-natured razz. "Where do you think you are—in Hollywood?"

I talked about clothes to Deborah, as sweet, pretty and natural a girl as I'd want to meet.

"I spent three weeks," she laughed, "looking for three yards of silk to make a party dress for my last picture. In England there just isn't any silk, and if there is you don't have the coupons to buy it. Paris? Oh, yes—but you can't take money out of England to do any shopping!"

the play's the thing . . .

For glamor, the British substitute driving professional pride which we never seem to attain in Hollywood. To British actors—the good ones—playing's the thing. They never stop acting; never stop learning; never stop improving. Laurence Olivier's Old Vic company was a sensation —sure—because it was the best Shakespeare Broadway had ever seen—but it made barely a dime—all the money went into the show.

I learned all about Larry's fame and success abroad. I'm looking forward to this next January when he'll bring Vivien to Hollywood and make a picture at long last with his pal, Garson Kanin, in the director's chair. That foursome are inseparable—Larry, Vivien, Gar and his sparkling wife, the actress, Ruth Gordon. It dates from away back to the time Vivien made "Waterloo Bridge" with Bob Taylor in Hollywood. She met Garson then, fell for his genius and that's the link that holds them all together—mutual admiration.

Well, I worked up a two-way mutual admiration society of my own over in England and maybe I sound conceited as a pussy cat—but I'm quoting my favorite swoon guy of the moment, James Mason. If you saw "The Seventh Veil" you'll know what I mean. The boy really sent me and maybe if you came right down to cases, that's a major reason I flew to the tight little isle. I'm a Mason fan. And I can act just as nutty as a bobby-soxer, thank goodness! But I didn't dare dream it could be even faintly vice versa. Now, wait a minute—I'm too old a chick to get romantic, especially when a dream man's safely married, as Jimmy is, to a lovely writer-actress wife, who's emoting with him in "They Were Sisters," his new film, as I write this.

In fact, it wasn't until after we'd had lunch and I'd sopped up the hypnotizing Mason personality in person that he confessed he's always been terrified of columnists.

"Miss Hopper," Jimmy said, "you know, you've taken the fear of columnists out of my life. I didn't think you'd be so charming—I thought you'd be terrible! I'm relieved and delighted. I want to see you in Hollywood." Because he's coming over, too, in the fall. Well, I walked out of there on fleecy clouds!

Next, I looked up Sidney Box, the wizard producer of 'The Seventh Veil." He is typical of what I found all over movie making England. A dauntless guy who is proving that pictures and dollar signs don't necessarily mix. Sidney made "The Seventh Veil" in an old garage by the seashore when the buzz bombs were still falling. He spent $375,000 (what Hollywood sinks into a "B") for a masterpiece.

There's a mutual cooperation and trust throughout their "Hollywood" that the original in America could well copy. Binding contracts are rare. Most stars, writers, directors skip them. Everyone is independent, but all are banded together to make Britain a big league movie producer. They make a movie like an open forum. Meet at lunch, discuss stories openly, help each other, lend ideas, and stars, too. Perfection's the goal.

I met the queen of English movies, Margaret Lockwood, twice, and it was typical of British acting to find her playing a glamorless old woman in "Hungry Hill," the film she was making at Denham when I dropped in. Denham's the biggest lot, the M-G-M of England with six—count 'em —sound stages, while Heaven knows how many M-G-M has now—around thirty the last time I counted.

English fans are as loyal as American star rooters and Margaret is a tried and true favorite. I went to the banquet when Margaret got her award. So different from a Hollywood Academy banquet, and I'm a veteran of dozens of those. First place, the industry doesn't pick its own winners in England. The judge is a newspaper, the London Daily Mail, and Lord and Lady Rotheremere, the owners, take their respsonsibility seriously. They stood at the door of the ballroom in the Dorchester Hotel and greeted each one of the 300 invited guests in person, including me.

wardrobe woes . . .

But the big difference that struck me was the absence of expensive glamor. In Hollywood, you can bet, every female star would have spent days and heavens knows how much money getting a divine new creation whipped up by our most exclusive designers before she dared show her beautiful body at such an event. But in England a star can't swish into a studio wardrobe and pout, "Give me this and give me that," and they can't order them, or buy them or beg them.

But England can still find a way to do an occasion up right, even though times are hard and housewives are scrubbing their floors with sand instead of soap and there aren't any matches, so you carry a lighter or you don't smoke. I saw the best example of cooperative courtesy the day the royal Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose visited the set of "Nicholas Nickelby" at Elstree. When I looked at the tea spread for their next Queen and her sister I thought for a minute I must be in America. It was laden with delicacies and goodies that I know the stars and crew on that set hadn't seen for years. Meat sandwiches, cookies, ice cream, cake, tea, strawberries. Nothing but the best for their darlings, although the whole company would go hungry for a week. You see, they had chipped in all their food coupons to do the honors properly.

court etiquette . . .

I was just lucky to get invited to Elstree the same day the Princesses made their studio tour. They'd been only once before; Lord Louis Mountbatten took them on the set of Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve" during the war. So they were just as excited and thrilled as any girl from Osh-

(Continued on page 76)

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HERE'S NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD

ON WAYS AND MEANS OF ACQUIRING HAIR

GLAMOR. YOU SURELY WANT TO OWN LOVELY LOCKS!

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

TOPKNOT TACTICS



■ Mayhap you've been thinking that Noah Webster was a pretty stuffy old fellow when he whipped together his dictionary? Let's correct that false impression right now. Listen to how he defines one of our title words: "Tactics," says he, are "adroit devices for accomplishing an end." I ask you; have you ever heard a better description of really glamorous hair-do's? And here we have Paramount's luscious Joan Caulfield modeling three very adroit devices, all in the interests of accomplishing some topknot glamor.

Joan, as you can see, believes that no girl should limit herself to one hair style. Joan's way to beauty is that of variety and interest. Away with monotony! Of course, there's another viewpoint. One psychiatrist claims that a woman who changes from long bob to pomp to chignon is most certainly neurotic. Says that her nature is vacillating, uncertain and fickle. The Beauty Department disagrees, emphatically. In fact, I say that a girl who never tries to change and im-



Pretty Paramount-ite, Joan Caulfield, shows how wonderful the soft, long bob can be!

Joan models two versions of the "up" coif: one with plain waves, one with front-swept curls.

prove her appearance is one who is lazy, careless and unimaginative. So there!

However there are certain rules you should know before you re-do your coif. If you are tall and slim, don't add to your height with a towering pompadour. If you are plumpish, don't broaden your silhouette with a fluffy bob.

Now let's squelch, once and forever, the persistent myth that it's harmful to wash your hair often. *It isn't so.* Study Joan's photographs. Doesn't her hair look soft and shimmering? It's even more so when you see it in real life. And you should know by this time that those movie girls have their hair washed anything from twice a week to once every day. Your hair doesn't require a daily dunking because it escapes the close inspection of the camera's eye. The frequency of your own shampoos depends on whether you live in dusty city or clean country, whether you're addicted to hats or love to go bare headed.

There are grand all 'round shampoos and special ones for problem hair. A dry pate will appreciate an oily base shampoo. Everyone can use with benefit an especially fine liquid shampoo that has a hair conditioner added. New on the market is a special glamor, date-night shampoo that is smoothly homogenized. And I am particularly keen about a shampoo in powder form, packaged in "powder-packets," encased in a glistening transparent cover. Highly economical, too, because you add the water and get a full bottle or glass with each powder-packet.

Comes your particular hair-washing day, you can thoroughly enjoy the delightful shampoo ritual. First, with an immaculately clean brush, sweep out tangles and surface dirt. This brushing is important because it loosens old skin, dandruff and dust, so that they can be readily sudsed off. Then dip your locks in warm water. Apply your cleanser and massage your scalp briskly so that you stir the shampoo into a creamy, heaped-up lather.

Rinse your hair thoroughly and repeat the sudsing process a second time. Then rinse, rinse, rinse with clean water until your hair literally squeaks as you run your fingers through it.

Even the mousiest colored locks have hidden lights that can be brought out by a delicately tinted after-shampoo rinse. It's as easy to use as looking at Sinatra's smile. All you have to do, after the shampoo, is to dissolve an envelope of rinse powder in clean water and brush or pour the solution through your hair. A rinse is really a must in some districts where the water is hard, for it cuts the film caused by a combination of soap and minerals. These inexpensive rinses sparkle the hair without coloring it permanently.

A good wave-setting lotion is almost as helpful as a third hand, for it enables the novice to manage difficult waves and pin curls in a really professional manner. Too, it combs out with not a trace of powder or stickiness. When the setting is finished, tie up your handiwork in a bright net. Much more fun than a black one, and makes a better impression if you get caught by an unexpected doorbell ring!

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1 APPLY FITCH'S directly from bottle onto the hair and scalp before any water is added. Massage well with hands, making sure shampoo reaches each part of scalp.



2 ADD WATER gradually, continuing to massage. Remove the cleansing lather as it forms. Then continue to add water until no more lather forms.



3 RINSE THOROUGHLY with clear water. Since Fitch's is completely soluble, no after-rinse is required. Set the hair and dry.



4 FINISHED HAIRSTYLE is soft and lovely. No trace of dandruff or dull soap film left to cloud its natural, sparkling highlights.

After and between Fitch Shampoos you can keep your hair shining and manageable by using a few drops of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic every day. Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is not sticky or greasy, yet it gives your hair that well-groomed look.



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(*Continued from page 72*)

kosh who gets a studio pass in Hollywood. But I learned the good news the day before and I happened to be with my old friend, Noel Coward then. I needed advice.

"In case I meet the Princesses," I asked him anxiously, "how do I address them—as 'Your Highness?'"

Noel grinned. "Rot. Just say, 'M'am.'"

"At my age?"

". . . and curtsey—don't shake hands."

"At my age?" He just laughed. Then got up and showed me how. I wish I had a picture of that for you.

Everyone was pretty excited on that set, even the star, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, when the royal pair walked in, with an entourage of five—governesses and equerries and chaperones. The princesses are lovely and sweet. Both wore white coats. The Royal Family always dresses in light clothes, so the dark-clad London subjects can spot them when they make a public appearance. But Princess Elizabeth had a hat on too old for me to wear—and that's something! "Chips" Rafferty, the Australian comedian whom the British regard as their own Will Rogers, was on the picture set and being a plain, outspoken man from Down Under, he busted out when he met Princess Elizabeth with, "Why, you've got on a hat just like Hedda Hopper's!" Now, was that nice?

I couldn't help speaking my mind, too, when it came my turn to be presented (Yep, I curtsied, even if my knees did pop!) I said to Princess Elizabeth, "You, of course, don't know it, but we made our debuts in London on the same day. Twenty years ago I made my first visit to London. It was the day you were born and the city made a terrific fuss. Whistles blew, cabbies tooted their horns, bells rang. It couldn't have been all for me!"

Princess Elizabeth laughed—and just as she did they snapped us. That's the picture you see on these pages of MODERN SCREEN, and I hope you like it as much as I do. It's one I'll always keep. It's not often I get a laugh from a princess.

Princess Elizabeth is pretty and animated—but she's more conservative and quiet than her sister, Margaret Rose. There's a cutie pie with a terrific twinkle in her eye. I told her, "I suppose you saw the crowds of people waiting at the gate to see you."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Sometimes it's just a little boring."

I couldn't help it. I said what came to my mind. "Oh, just like a movie star!" And she laughed. We had a fine time.

On another set, I saw Bill Eythe, busy making a picture, and while he hated London at first, he's nutty about it now and hates coming back to Hollywood! There was Jeanette MacDonald, too, singing concerts, and did the British love her! Madeleine Carroll I missed; she was making a picture on location in Spain, but you can't knock her to the British after her wonderful war record.

The girl Noel Coward thinks has the most talent in America is—guess—Mary Martin. Seems he'd seen her in New York at the opening night of "One Touch of Venus." Mary was a sensation; she took twenty curtain calls and then Noel chased around to her dressing room to congratulate her. Mary was awed. "Oh, Mr. Coward," she breathed. "Do you suppose I'd ever be good enough to do a revival of your 'Bittersweet?'"

"Revival, my eye," said Noel, impressed no end that a girl with all New York at her feet should be so impressed with *him*. "I'll write a new operetta, just for you." And that's what he's up to now. "There's no one in this country, or America, either," he told me, "who can touch Mary Martin." So Mary—my best hat is off to you!

let's be serious . . .

Somehow I feel like ending this report on a serious note. I felt it coming over me the first week I returned to Hollywood and took in a party. I like parties, but after what I'd seen, the tables groaning with food, the drinks flowing like water, the jeweled stars in their new gowns—well, my head buzzed and I thought, "Gosh, where am I—on Mars?"

I thought, too, that this Hollywood world doesn't know enough about the rest of the world, a world where they're fighting for bread instead of fighting for swimming pools. How can we in Hollywood make pictures for that world unless we know and understand it? When will we learn?

I love Hollywood and I hope Hollywood wakes up—soon. If it doesn't, there's one thing sure as shooting (and that's no pun). The British films are going to give Hollywood a merry, merry chase for world leadership in motion pictures. The competition is already terrific, and I believe it's a good thing. In fact, maybe it's just what Hollywood needs!

MODERN SCREEN



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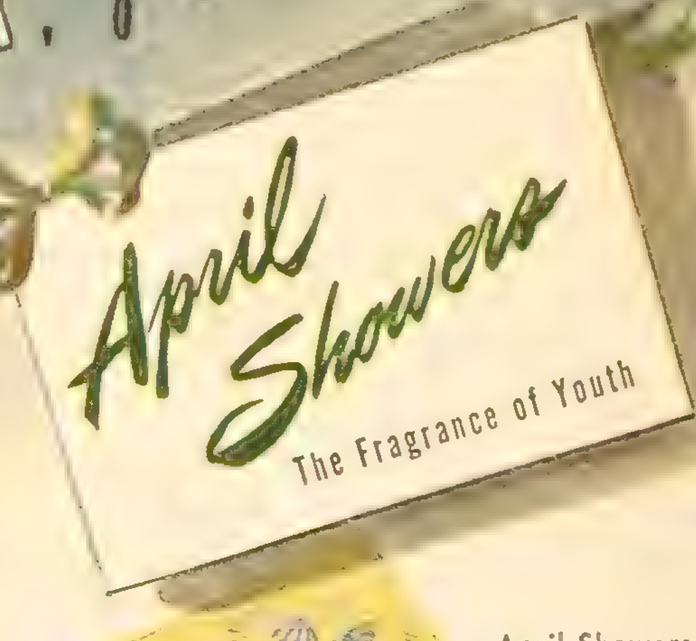


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$6.50; 3.50; 1.10



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and Eau de Cologne, $2.25.

All prices plus tax

ADVENTURE IN CONTENTMENT

(*Continued from page 55*)

in the theater all my life, for more years even than you have. And I can't just retire and do nothing. I've got to feel important. I've got to feel that I'm in on things. You'll just have to keep me in touch with what happens."

Glenn promised, and he honestly tried. But Glenn is not the talkative sort, particularly when it comes to talking about Glenn Ford.

'tweren't nuthin' . . .

"What happened at the studio today, honey?" Ellie would ask at the dinner table.

"Oh, nothing much," Glenn would reply.

"Weren't there any visitors? There are always visitors. Important visitors. Didn't you have any today?"

"None worth mentioning."

"Well, didn't you have any conferences?"

"Oh, just the usual."

Weeks later they'd be out riding and Glenn would spot a billboard advertising a new picture. "Let's go see it," he'd suggest.

"The reviews on it are terrible. Why do you want to see that?" Ellie would ask.

"Because they wanted to give me the lead in it."

"Why, Glenn Ford, when was that?"

"Oh, a while ago."

And then Ellie would have to point out to him his promise.

"But it really wasn't anything, honey," he'd protest.

"It's something to me," Eleanor would reply. "Hereafter, you tell me these things. I read in the paper where Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan talk things over, and if they can, we can."

These incidents were problems which the Fords met, and licked. But it was their general behavior which Hollywood couldn't understand, that led to whispers. Glenn shook his head and wondered where people got such ideas, but merely commented, "I guess that's an indication I'm getting somewhere in the movies."

Eleanor liked occasionally to mingle with people, which is not one of Glenn's favorite pastimes. So she took to going alone to a "salon"—which is Hollywood language for "hen party"—in Beverly Hills each week. Glenn's fun ran to a night at the Hollywood Legion stadium each week with Bob Walker for the fights.

Yet, what Hollywood didn't know was that the Fords never have more fun than when they are in each other's company, and preferably by themselves, or with some old cronies. Their old cronies don't come from the movie set, though they see quite a bit of John Payne and Gloria DeHaven and a couple of others.

Sometimes, Eleanor frankly admits, she likes to go places.

"Glenn," she said one day, "I met the most interesting woman today. She's really interesting. And she invited us to dinner."

"Oh, honey, you know how I am about that formal crowd," said Glenn.

"Well, we'll go, just this once," Eleanor decided.

"I just wish you'd get a little of that drawing room polish," she tells him.

She doesn't make him take her dancing any more. They learned right from the start that it was simply no go. Glenn is a good dancer, but not an expert. When he and the famous queen of the dance, Eleanor Powell, stepped onto the floor, the crowds sort of faded back to give them room and expected something special.

"I just get nervous and shake all over and then break out in perspiration," Glenn told Eleanor. "I have the best instruction in the world available, but I'm afraid I haven't made much use of it."

"But honey," Eleanor told him, "you're really a very good dancer. Honestly."

"I'm sorry, but I just can't go to those places."

Recently Eleanor had the time of her life. Edgar Buchanan had a real old western party at his ranch, with square dances, a big barbecue, and even a hay ride.

"I've always wanted to go on a hay ride, all my life!" said Eleanor. "This party is super!"

When the dancing started, Glenn and she both entered it wholeheartedly. Under his breath, Glenn even called the dances.

"Why, Glenn, where did you learn to call square dances?" she demanded.

"Oh, I picked it up in pictures I was in," he smiled.

"This kind of party can't be very exciting to you," Edgar said, as they left. "We sort of fold up around here by 10:30."

"You'd be surprised!" Glenn laughed. "We're the 10:30 folding kind, ourselves."

When Glenn's making a picture, he takes the characterization home with him, too. During the making of "Gilda," in which he was a hard young gambler, he came home and sat glowering into his newspaper.

"Glenn, for heaven's sake, take that scowl off your face," said Eleanor.

"I can't. I've got to keep in character," said Glenn.

"I hope your next character is less tough," said Eleanor. And it was—a nice, likeable character in "Gallant Journey."

"Why can't you just go on playing parts like this all the time?" asked Eleanor. "You're so nice. I hope they never give you a gangster part. You'd probably come home and murder somebody."

even-stephen . . .

One night Glenn came home and announced he would have to be away for the weekend. They were sending him to San Diego for the premiere of "Gallant Journey," one of the few times the Fords had been separated since the war. When he returned from the trip, he was all smiles, like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"Glenn Ford," said Eleanor, "what have you been up to?"

"Well, hon, I got even with somebody," he laughed.

"How?" she demanded.

"During the war," he said, "when I was stationed down there, Bill Lundigan and I went to a certain big suburban hotel, which is very famous, for dinner. Bill was a private, and I was a sergeant. When the waiter took us to the table, he said we'd find the service pretty poor, but we decided that was just because of the war. You see, before the war, I'd been there, and that hotel had been anxious to have me around.

"But this time, we just sat there, while everybody all around got waited on. Pretty soon a waiter came over and whispered, 'You won't get waited on here, bud. This is an officers' hotel.' Bill and I tried it a couple of times after that, just to be sure, and every time they shunted us off to a corner table and gave us bad service or none at all.

"So this weekend when I went down, that hotel insisted that I stay there. So I did. But when it came time for dinner, I went over to the Marine base, and I

(*Continued on page 82*)



Wonderful to know about!

The two blocks of sterling inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 including chest.

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His first live-action feature... a great musical drama in Technicolor including animated tales of

UNCLE REMUS



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LUANA PATTEN
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For the first time Walt Disney turns his talents to the creation of a romantic live-action picture. Photographed in Technicolor, it's a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and a host of others—you'll hear 10 new song hits, including "Everybody's Got a Laughing Place."



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Delightfully woven into the real-life story are the famous tales of Uncle Remus—told
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At all Cosmetic Counters.

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(*Continued from page 79*)

rounded up four of the rawest, red shoe recruits that you ever saw, and I took them over to that hotel, and I took them to the best table in the dining room, and I made that hotel serve them everything in the house. Someday I'm going to tell that manager what I think, too."

The Fords like to do things which they can share with Peter.

"What I can't understand," Eleanor complains, "is how he has learned to say 'daddy,' but he hasn't learned to say 'mama.'"

"But Ellie," Glenn explains, "all kids do that. They say either 'daddy' or 'mama,' and they call everybody by one or the other. It doesn't mean a thing."

"It does, too," says Eleanor. "Here I spend all my time with him. I don't have a nurse for him, or anything. Then I go out calling on one of these mothers who sees her child only 15 minutes a day, and he calls her 'mama.' And then I ask my offspring, 'What's my name, honey?' and he says, 'Daddy.' There I stand with mud in my face. I can't understand it."

They like particularly their riding trips, because Peter can go with them.

"Let's go to the stables today," Glenn will suggest, and Eleanor's all ready.

tomorrow is forever . . .

"We'll take the open car," says Glenn.

"What, again?" Eleanor demands. "Here I spend an hour getting this hair straight, and you always take the open car. When we get any place, I always look like I've just come out from under a shower."

When they discuss the future, Eleanor's are the big plans. Most actors have an idea of becoming a director or producer or something of the sort.

"I just want to be an actor," says Glenn.

"And you will be," says Eleanor. "But someday I want you to go to Broadway and do a play. I want you to feel the thrill of a first night. I want you to feel the thrill of a big audience, and of appearing in a success. Someday you'll go to Broadway. And then to South America. I want us to go to South America together. I could dance at the Copacabana in Rio, and you could make personal appearances."

"Aw, now, bless your heart, Ellie, you shouldn't. . . ."

So ends the big dream of the future—for the moment. But for the immediate future, Glenn dreams of going east with Eleanor, and of meeting her family up in Springfield, Mass. Particularly grandpa. Glenn has never seen him, but because Peter looks like grandfather's pictures, Glenn calls Peter "Grandpaw."

Too, he thinks that he and Eleanor will develop a new mutual interest. He wants to go trout fishing. Up in Quebec, where he was born, people want to take them fishing. Maybe, if Eleanor gets interested, they'll take up surf fishing, too.

"I used to fish," says Eleanor. "As a kid, I used to fish for trout. I'd like to try it again."

Meanwhile, Hollywood and the night spots may see little of the Fords, but that's simply because a couple of small town folks are managing, somehow, to live their own lives without outside advice.

DECEMBER ISSUE

On the stands in time for Thanksgiving (November 12), the December MODERN SCREEN talks turkey in a story about Jeanne Crain—who's on the cover, too!

PLENTY OF EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 61)

cried Lenore, happily. "In my bedroom. I do the laundry lists and menus on it. I'll get it for you when you go up. Right?"

"Oh, fine," said Mr. Welles, glumly.

Upstairs, Lenore gave him the typewriter, followed him as he shuffled down the hall with it, and helped him set up a table, get paper and pencils arranged, and a proper light. "Now you're all set," she told him. "Genius can burn undisturbed."

"You're a dear to understand. These deadlines—"

"Of course, darling. Good night."

She found Joe in his room, standing beside a bureau with a look of intense concentration on his face. "Did you see what he did?" asked Joe, scowling.

"Poor Orson. Sometimes I think he works too hard even for him."

"My eye! As we left the living room he picked up those two murder mysteries I brought home today. He'd had his mind on them ever since dinner. He just wanted to get away so he could go to bed and read them."

"Why, the skunk," Lenore said affectionately. "And me making all that fuss about the typewriter—what are you going to do?"

"Wait here." He fumbled for a moment in a bureau drawer, and then went softly out. Presently he returned grinning. "All fixed. He was in the bathroom and I found the books on his bed-table. I put a booby trap between them. When he picks one up . . ."

At that moment there came a sharp report from Orson's room, followed by a bellow of fright; then silence. Then, ringing through the house, peals of laughter.

Life at the Pacific Palisades house had been relatively quiet for the past month, because Joe had been working on "Duel in the Sun." But it was finished now, and Lenore was awakened at eight the next morning. New York was calling.

"Darling," said the voice of a very old and dear friend, "I hear Joe's out of work, and I've been wanting to come out there anyway, and will you put me up for a few days?"

"My dear," Lenore said, "I've promised three people already. They're all arriving today by plane and ox-cart, and my daughter's got a school chum who's already here, and so is Orson Welles, and I simply can't do it—unless you want to move in with Orson."

"Orson would hate that, darling. *Please* let me come. I wouldn't think of staying anywhere in California except at your house. *Everybody* stays at the Cottens'."

"Yes, I'm aware of that," Lenore said. "All right, you can have my room and I'll go into Joe's. But there's a new cook, and she's in a foul temper because day before yesterday I ordered dinner for 10 and we all went to La Rue instead."

well-dressed man . . .

Lenore hung up and raised her face for Joe's morning kiss; he was already dressed, and she observed his garments—stained levis, cement-covered shoes, a sweat shirt and a peaked flier's cap—with dismay. "But you finished the wall," she said. "You said it was all done, to the last pebble."

"This," Joe told her, the light of a fanatic in his eye, "is going to be a patio. Up under the trees above the pool, where the clothes line is now. The clothes line," he added, "will have to go."

"How nice for the laundress."

"Naturally before the patio goes in there

Mrs. Anthony Drexel Duke

A member of the old Colonial family from whom Rutgers University takes its name, Alice Rutgers Duke is active in the education program for wounded veterans. Busy young Mrs. Duke is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. "Results show right away," she says. "My skin feels softer . . . looks clearer and more alive!"

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Smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave the Cream on. It helps banish "shine" for hours!



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will have to be a retaining wall so it won't slip into the pool."

(A guest had once said to Lenore, "You'd really think Joe would have that work done. Simply back-breaking, and it takes him forever."

"You don't understand," Lenore had said. "That is what Joe does, it's his life work. He just takes time out occasionally to make a living in pictures. But with the walls he's really creating something.")

"Three cars just stopped. They don't look like—Oh."

little army . . .

Lenore bounded out of bed and came to peer over his shoulder. Up the driveway a little army of girls and older women ranging in complexion from light to dark, was marching toward the service entry. "That wonderful Ruby!" cried Mrs. Cotten, ecstatically. "She's psychic."

"Ruby?"

"You remember Ruby. How do you think I keep the house going, with everyone quitting every two days and the help shortage? Tomorrow morning there'll be 7 breakfast trays to go up, and all day long trays to you at the new wall, and iced coffee to Orson by the pool, and drinks to the tennis court, and snacks to everyone in the house."

"Yes, but Ruby. How—"

"Ruby was a cook here about a year ago. The one who got married. I told you about it and you sent flowers and we dressed to the ears and went to the wedding, remember? So Ruby has loved us like her own kin ever since. She keeps a finger on the pulse of this household and when she hears I'm in a spot she says to her friends, 'You just go right on out there and give the Cottens some help.'"

"I see. I wondered why some of them called you 'madam' and some of them 'honey.' Do you ever get to know their names?"

"Of course. I keep bumping into them in bathrooms and halls and I say, 'Hello. What's *your* name?' And they say, 'Evangeline, madam,' or 'Harriet, honey,' as the case may be. And we all love each other."

"Do you love all those people dearly who are piling out of that cab in the driveway?" Joe asked.

Lenore dropped her hairbrush and came again to the window. "Why, do you know, I completely forgot. I asked them for breakfast when I was so certain we wouldn't have anyone else this weekend."

Joe paused at the door. "Send me a tray down at the new wall, will you? If I stay to meet them I'll never get started."

"Tell one of those new people as you go out. It'll be quicker."

Joe and Lenore smiled across the room at each other, and there was shared humor and contentment in their eyes. The day was beginning as a madhouse, which was right and proper.

Lenore was just ordering a second cocktail for the gang of fifteen people who had just dropped by for one drink on their way home from the beach, when Pete, the gardener, appeared at the French doors leading to the west terrace.

She excused herself and slipped through the door. It was almost dusk. "Mr. Cotten," said Pete, "would like you to come down and look before it gets too dark."

She glanced back at her party. It was going beautifully on its own momentum.

Joe was waiting by the pool. His face was streaked with dirt and sweat, his hands were caked with cement, and he smelled like a gymnasium, but his face was beatific. "You won't believe this," he said, "but it's God's truth. The cement came out just right. I don't mean to the shovelful, or even to the *hand*ful. There was just exactly enough to fill in that last chink. I had to smooth it in with my fingers. What do you think of that?"

"A miracle," said his wife. "Darling, this is really museum stuff. The use of the big square piece there was sheer inspiration. *I'd* have put it in the center."

"Better subordination of space in the red stone this way," Joe said.

"Yes, and I can see there's probably an engineering principle involved. It bears all the stress, doesn't it?"

Joe looked at her with admiration. "You are a very satisfactory woman," he said.

Three hours later she glanced at her wrist watch. It was nine o'clock and the fifteen people who had dropped in, augmented by her regular house guests plus the ones who had arrived that afternoon, were delightfully engaged in the living room. It was a charming party, and Joe had never been wittier, she thought, or handsomer in the tan he had got that day.

Then the butler caught her eye. "The cook," he murmured. "Could you see her for a moment, madam?"

In the kitchen she took one look at cook's face—almost beige with rage—and turned her head. "The people will be leaving very soon, I'm sure," she said. "Then we can have dinner."

"*How* soon, madam?"

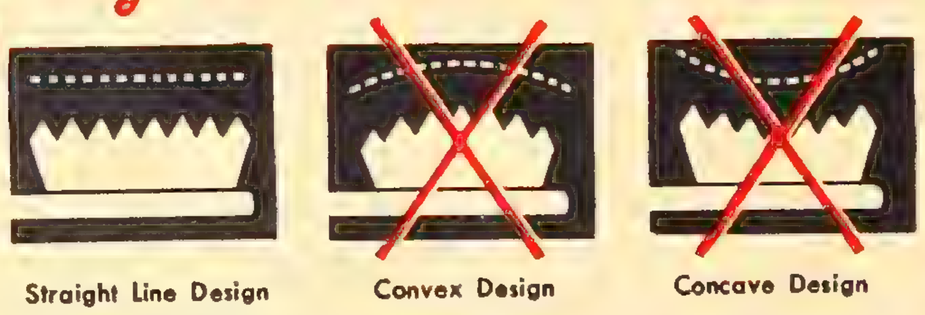
perennial madhouse . . .

Lenore made her decision. "I'm sorry, Stella, but it's always like this in our house. I'm sure it will never make you anything but unhappy. Perhaps you'd better go."

"Gladly, honey," said Stella, and flounced from the room. Sighing, Lenore stood looking at the stove, covered with steaming pots and kettles. She had just finished turning everything off when she heard the bell ring at the service en-

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wood. He loved action and adventure, and the fact that his strict parents forbade it, only made him seek it more. The continental Wildes returned to New York when the Bela Kun rebellion was finally crushed, and Louis Wilde tried to pick up the strings of his abandoned importing business. But they still raised their boy with upperclass Budapest standards in the apartment on Convent Avenue. He was supervised and sheltered—and discipline was the keynote.

Cornel was strictly forbidden to play in the streets, like the rest of the kids. Sometimes, when his father was gone, he would sneak on to the pavements and join the neighborhood stickball game, but those delightful opportunities were rare.

a dreamer . . .

All Cornel's early excursions into the throbbing city that beckoned him to explore its mysteries were carefully guided and aimed at instruction. His mother took him to the Bronx Zoo, where his eyes sparkled at the awesome caged beasts he imagined himself hunting in the jungles. The Museum of Natural History, down by Central Park, was a gala treat, too—especially the stuffed animals from all over the world. He learned something from early gleanings. But the dreams that whirled in his brain were not statistical. He draped every simple thing that actually happened to him in dreams.

Like the place on Staten Island owned by friends of his family, where Cornel and his sister, Edith, sometimes were trusted to spend the summer. It was just a vacation cottage on a big lake surrounded by a green park, all very quiet and safe, with the city's skyscrapers rearing urbanely across the harbor. But Cornel's imagination made the place into a wilderness. Once he came flying back from the little stream that gushed through the meadow. "I've been hunting crocodiles," he announced importantly. "I caught two. I had an awful fight." And he went into gruesome detail of a struggle to the death. But Edith only scoffed. The story finally got around to the grown-ups. They investigated. The "crocodiles" were frogs.

But these actual adventure treats were rare for Cornel. Most of the time, kept close to the apartment, he fed his yearnings for excitement on books. Books were things the elder Wildes approved of and the little public library card they got for Cornell was purple with date stamps in no time at all. He read everything they'd let him have in the children's department, but his favorites were action tales in faraway lands—Kipling's "Jungle Book," Dumas' "Three Musketeers," and, most of all, "King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table." It wasn't by chance that the books he treasured most were full of lunging, thrusting, slashing sword battles. Sabre fencing is the national sport of Hungary and Cornel's father, Louis Wilde, was an excellent swordsman in his day. Cornell's black eyes would pop as his father told of the great Imperial army fencing bouts. "King Arthur," too, was tailormade for Cornel's inherited love of singing steel.

Of course, steel wasn't for boys of six and seven, but even in cramped Manhattan, you could scare up a stick or two from the grocery man. Cornel Wilde's first sword was a blade he whittled from the slats of an orange crate. His first duel was with the kid next door. As was to be usual with Cornel Wilde, he won, although it was a costly victory. He was using his mother's best pot top for a shield in the armored clash and it got all bent to pieces with mighty smites. He got kept in the house that time for three days.

But even that was a minor tragedy, because Cornel was used to devising enter-



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Contains Lanolin

tainment for himself at home. Although his urge always was to break away and explore, the public playground on Riverside Drive was his most distant safari for a long time. He'd go there with "Bill," whose real name was Wilhelmina, because she was a female pup. It took a good deal of fast talking by the Wildes to keep Bill in the apartment, but after he came back from Budapest without his big collie, Leo, Cornel wailed until a new pup arrived. She was an "Italian greyhound," or so Cornel firmly believed. She wasn't really—just a mutt—but somehow he imagined her that royal breed (if one exists) and to Cornel it was very, very real.

One day, of course, Bill wandered away and the Big City swallowed her up. Cornel threw caution to the winds then and raced up and down the sidewalks of his neighborhood, stopping everyone he saw and tearfully asking, "Have you seen an Italian greyhound around here?" People laughed. They thought it was a funny joke—who ever heard of an Italian greyhound? Cornel never found Bill, but that verboten excursion opened up new vistas and from then on Cornel broke the family stay-home law more and more often.

The Wildes tried to keep their children busy at home. Renée played the piano beautifully, and Cornel's dad played the violin. Sister Edith was deep in piano lessons and Cornel studied with her teacher. They organized family concerts in the evenings, but it didn't work with Cornel. He was far too fidgety to sit still on a piano bench and plug away at the too, too mathematical scales. Soon the teacher explained to Renée Wilde that she was an artiste and a teacher, not a jailor. Cornel's lessons were dropped. The set of paints and the easel were more successful. They were a birthday present, the most thrilling present Cornel remembers as a kid. For a while he was firmly convinced he'd grow up to be a painter. But that soon gave way to dreams of being a doctor although Cory Wilde never tired of painting pictures and if paint and easel weren't handy, he could paint them in his mind. But he still itched to get out and away off the block.

School, and particularly a pair of roller states, helped emancipate him. With the ball-bearing jobs he could scoot over plenty of sidewalk cement, explore side streets and alleys on his way to and from the 141st Street public school. Cornel's first buddy in these exciting adventures was a Turkish boy he met at school. He was older and sophisticated, and like Cornel, with a foreign way of looking at things. It was with him that Cory Wilde

(*Continued on page 96*)

Diana Lynn

. . . currently appearing in "Our Hearts Were Growing up"—a Paramount picture—wears a colorful plaid sport outfit by Boreva. It consists of slacks and vest in the American Woolen Company's magnificent white background plaid, worn with a black wool jersey open neck shirt. Diana had just bought the bright red bag and belt, and refused to be parted from them even for a minute, so here they are in our photograph, even though you can't buy them!

To find out where to buy this outfit, as well as the other fashions in the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Section, turn to page 95.

Modern Screen

Favorite

Work or play in high style

wearing these sturdy but

beautiful sport clothes.



The girl on the left wears a Jitterbug sweater from Spuncraft—$4.00, and a plaid wool skirt, about $9.00, from Juniorite. Her companion wears plaid pedal pushers and jersey shirt by Boreva, $8.00 and $6.00 respectively.



Cut full enough for the most strenuous game, ye beautifully tailored is this bright wool jumper out fit by Sporteens. It's about $15.00. Wear it wit a long sleeved blouse by Jerry Gilden—$6.0



Stunning for work or play is this superb wool skirt from Sporteens. About $8.00. It's shown here with a black jersey blouse by Juniorite—about $8.00 That terrific sport shirt on the boy is by McGregor.

indoor sports

by Toussia Pines

Left—red flannel shirt, grey and red pedal pushers by Juniorite—about $8.00 each.
Right—grey skirt. red vest by Sporteens—about $15.00, blouse by Gilden—about $6.00.

Photographs taken at the Roxy Bowling Center in New York.





Spuncraft puts the well-known "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" right over your heart in this luscious pullover in pastel shades. Price: About $4.50.

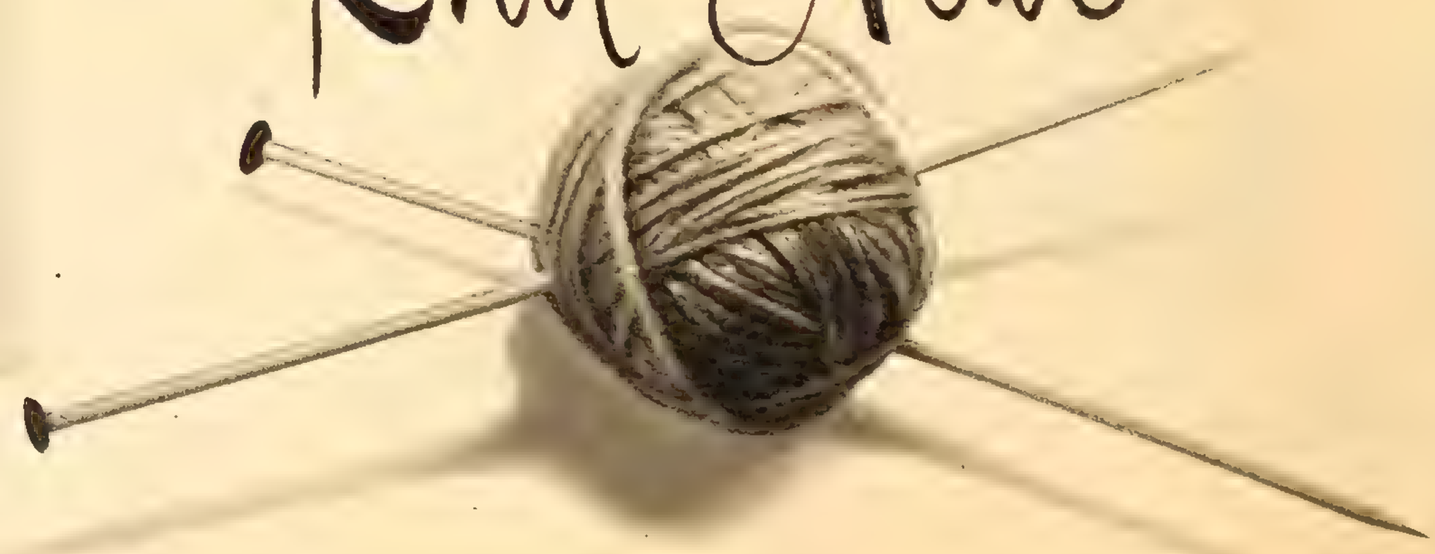
Another Spuncraft lovely, in pretty pastels, has appealing bunnies painted on one side. The manufacturer says the process is washable. About $3.50.



A beautiful basic sweater to wear with all your suits. Spuncraft—about $3.50. The tiny banjo and mandolin are by Alpha-Craft, called "Hum 'n' Strum." They're $3.00 each.



Knit News



SPORTSWEAR MIX TRIX

With sweaters, jackets and skirts the mainstay of your wardrobe, you'll never be at a loss for a smart outfit to wear! Buy all your separates in coordinated colors, and mix-match 'em all the way down the line.

On our fashion cover and spread this month, we feature just such a collection of mixables. Of course you don't need them all—just three or four items will keep you well dressed, from school hours through informal dates.

Suppose you start with the grey and red striped pedal pushers from Juniorite, the grey skirt and red vest-jacket from Sporteens, and the black jersey shirt from Boreva. The pedal pushers go with blouses, sweaters, and your black shirt alone, or plus the red vest-jacket. The grey skirt is a knockout with the black jersey shirt and your new wide belt—and it goes with the red jacket designed for it.

Now how about another set—Take the Boreva pedal pushers, a Spuncraft sweater, the white bow blouse from Jerry Gilden and the stunning royal and black plaid skirt by Juniorite. Pedal pushers plus blouse, same plus sweater, the black and royal skirt plus blouse, ditto plus sweater. But in this case we'd cheat just a little on our rule of four, and add the lush black jersey blouse by Juniorite. It's a knockout with the bright plaid of the p.p. and it makes a smooth outfit with your plaid skirt.

Well, getting into the spirit of the thing, let's take the 2-piece jumper outfit from Sporteens, the black blouse by Jerry Gilden, the grey skirt already mentioned above and the red jacket that goes with it. Here we have the jumper outfit as pictured, the green skirt with a white blouse and the red jacket, the green skirt with the black blouse and red jacket, the grey skirt with black or white blouse and green top.

And all this, of course, doesn't even mention the odds and ends, and mix-matchables that you undoubtedly have in your closet—like that old pair of grey flannel slacks. Let's take—oh, you do it—I've run out of space!





Double Dater

RIGHT: A perfect, *perfect* date suit dress by Petti, in a crisp wool and rayon mixture, done to a turn in the best dressmaker tradition. Note the pretty peplum on the jacket, the easy skirt, the way the jacket buttons onto the blouse in front. The sleeves are three-quarter, to do right by your bracelets.

BELOW: We love this suit so much, we've shown it to you in two views—here it is without its perky jacket. The blouse is shantung, in multi-colored stripes, and it makes a charming dress when worn with the skirt alone. The jacket and skirt cost about $15.00, the blouse is separate—about $5.00.





BUYING GUIDE

BOREVA SPORTSWEAR (pages 89 and 90)

Akron, Ohio—Polsky's
Baltimore, Md.—Hecht Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
California, Hale Stores
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34 St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer and Fuller
Washington, D. C.—Woodward and Lothrop

OR WRITE TO BOREVA SPORTSWEAR, 318 WEST ADAMS ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

JUNIORITE (pages 90 and 91)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Dallas, Texas—Titche Goettinger
Detroit, Mich.—Ernest Kern
Los Angeles, Calif.—I. Magnin
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Milwaukee Boston Store
New Orleans, La.—D. H. Holmes
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Lord and Taylor
Saks-Fifth Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer and Fuller
San Francisco, Calif.—I. Magnin
Seattle, Wash.—I. Magnin

OR WRITE TO JUNIORITE, 1359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

SPORTEENS (pages 90 and 91)

WRITE TO SPORTEENS, 1359 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

SPUNCRAFT (pages 90 and 92)

Akron, Ohio—O'Neill's
Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Dallas, Texas—Titche Goettinger
Denver, Colo.—May Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer's
Los Angeles, Cal—May Co.
Madison, Wisc.—The Emporium
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson's
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger
New Orleans, La.—Maison Blanche
San Francisco, Cal.—Hale Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous & Barr
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche

OR WRITE TO SPUNCRAFT, INC., 141 W. 36TH ST., N. Y.

PETTI SPORTSWEAR (page 94)

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Boston, Mass.—Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F & R Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Co.
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker's
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
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96

CORNEL WILDE

(Continued from page 88)

first learned about women—and oddly enough it was at his very first movie. He certainly had no idea he'd be making them himself one day. In fact, after his first exposure he was pretty thoroughly awed and shocked.

They were racketing down the sidewalk on skates one afternoon after classes had been dismissed unexpectedly early. Cornel knew he should head straight for home but the chance to explore at the side of the worldly wise Turk was too much. They passed a neighborhood movie house, gaudily decorated with alluring posters. "Let's go in," said the Turk.

Cornel was game. But the ticket taker merely snapped, "Beat it, kids. Adults only!" Obediently, Cornel turned away, but his Turkish pal wasn't dismayed. "We'll sneak in," he said confidently. So they stashed their skates and the minute the usher's back was turned, shot through the door. The movie was an experience Cornel Wilde still remembers, and it still shocks him. It was something with Adolphe Menjou and a flock of beautiful girls and the scene that made Cory's eyes jump was a lavish harem set, full of a dozen naked girls. Cornel still swears they were absolutely undraped—Hays office or no Hays office—but even if they were partly draped, he was horrified. He rolled home that evening nursing his dark secret. He never told his parents, of course.

Maybe that terrifying sight was what made Cory Wilde shy of girls. Or maybe it was the fact that his first infatuation was a mad crush on an impossible love. She was his French teacher, oddly enough, named Miss Sullivan, and Cornel thought she was divine. All he could do to prove his devotion was to shine in French, which started him with a sound basis for the host of tongues he was to learn later on. A smile from Miss Sullivan was enough to make Cornel study all night. But the skirted moppets his own age left him shy and tongue tied. He stuck with the boys, although sometimes it was rough going.

Cory Wilde wasn't a husky kid. The steel muscled torso he owns today was developed by determined, persistent body culture and unending fencing in his high school and college days. When he started school he had recurrent bad tonsils, flu and colds. He was skinny, a strip of bones and bacon underneath the black curls that covered his top like a Raphael cherub. And he was no politician or peacemaker. He rarely passed a day at recess without a fight. He usually won, but sometimes he got his ears knocked down, too.

big business . . .

A craze for punchboards was sweeping Alexander Hamilton School around that time. Kids were buying boards from vendors and peddling punches around under desks and in the halls between classes—and Cornel could see with half an eye that they were cleaning up. He decided to get in on the easy money. Again he saved up enough allowance to put down on the punchboard and then dragged it out at school. Unfortunately, Cornel sold all his chances to one boy, and unfortunately that boy lived in the same apartment building as the Wildes. Cory came home with the $6 profit he'd made—and the kid had lost—congratulating himself on his financial scoop and wondering why he hadn't thought of the racket before. But that night the phone rang and the man downstairs yelled, "Louis Wilde, you come right down here this minute and bring that kid of yours with you!" The bilked school-



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chum had not only lost his own allowance, but also a few dollars of his mother's money with which he was supposed to do shopping, and Cory had to give back not only the money he'd made but take a sound licking to boot. He decided right then that fast finance didn't pay. From then on every cent Cornel made, he made the hard way.

a reflection on pop . . .

Louis Wilde could forgive such moral misadventures of his son, but there was one thing he would not tolerate—scholastic failure. That he considered a reflection on his own brains and breeding. There were no excuses in the Wilde home for a sorry report card. The family pressure, and his natural craze for reading made Cory Wilde a star pupil. Languages were a breeze, and literature was pure fun. History, civics, art, mythology—everything but math, which he could master only by sweat, stuck to his brain like glue. He was such an all-around pupil, in fact, by the time he was out of junior high, that he decided to compete for entrance in Townsend Harris, a public high you could only enter by passing competitive exams, the toughest in New York. Cory tackled that with a purpose. At Townsend Harris the regular four year high school course was breezed through in three, and Cornel Wilde was impatient to get going.

He took them in a big hall with dozens of others of Manhattan's brightest. They lasted all day, with time out for lunch. The only thing that scared him was math, as usual. But Cornel knew he wouldn't fail and he didn't. His marks registered in the top ten. He was thirteen then; and he was sixteen when he graduated and entered Columbia University. There every fraternity on the campus rushed him. Because, by then, Cornel Wilde was a marked man. Except for a few near trip-ups in math, he was an honor student. He was captain of the Townsend Harris fencing team—with a huge purple and gold "H" on his black gym sweater. He was city high school foils champion. And he was one of the best looking freshmen.

All of that had been a fairly soft touch for Cory Wilde. His looks came naturally, from the blend of European blood and handsome ancestors. He had no trouble with fencing opposition. Josef Vince, an Hungarian sword instructor, had taken him under his wing and polished him to near perfection. His arms were like whips now, although he was still light. He was naturally studious and no hey-hey high school cut-ups diverted him from his lessons. Because Cornel still stayed clear of girls and dances and puppy love. There was a good reason. He didn't have

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While on K.P. in Camp Roberts, California, I was on my hands and knees scrubbing the floor when the platoon corporal came in and said, "I have a new rookie for K.P. with you." I looked up at the guy and we smiled at each other. He was redheaded, so I just said, "Okay, Red, let's get to work," and we became very friendly. It wasn't until several days later that I discovered my "pot-wrastling" companion was also my favorite comedian, Red Skelton.

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the money; the Wildes were having a stretch of hard times as Cornel grew into young manhood; his father's health began to fail. Shell shock and cholera in the war had their aftermath and made it increasingly hard for him to work. From what he managed to make there was nothing left for Cornel to fling around on foolishness.

That was one reason he turned down all the fraternity bids that swamped him at Columbia. He couldn't afford to join; and also, to the continental upbringing of Cornel Wilde, secret collegiate mumbo-jumbo didn't make sense. Financing his college education he knew was his show. Fortunately he had a little stake.

In high school his fencing had brought him in contact with New York public recreation directors. Summers, he'd grabbed jobs as counselor at public city playgrounds, assisting athletic direction of under-privileged boys' groups. It paid only $8 a week but, after his punchboard experience, Cornel was satisfied to earn honestly what he could. The summer before he went up to Columbia he won a counselor's job at a summer camp in New Jersey, which paid more, and he saved every cent. His fencing fame shot him right over to the Columbia Employment Office the minute he registered. Like all colleges, Columbia saw that their varsity material managed to eat. And Cornel didn't have to fill a token job. He could really earn his way, because he was no dumb hunk of beef but a top student. He bagged a job tutoring a rich invalid boy. It paid him $18 a week, which was plenty for his tuition and book expenses.

He wasn't too sure what he wanted to become, so he signed up for a B.A. The courses he picked were stiff, but the elective system let him off the hook which had pained him since childhood. Carefully, Cornel avoided any kind of math. That gave him time to plunge into athletics, and he went out for every team on the campus, notably fencing.

His success with swords had made him believe he could tackle any sport and win. He hadn't tried teams in Townsend Harris, because he was too busy completing four years of high school in three. But now he went out for football. Being too light for that he picked the prize back-breaker of collegiate sport for his next athletic try. Cornel didn't count fencing. He made the freshman team the first day and in a week was elected captain. He could fence rings around anyone there, and that winter he won the championship cup of the Amateur Fencing League of America in a tournament at the NYAC. It was a one-point dead heat at the finish, but Cornel scored the final *touché* to win a prize pair of French foils which he treasured until—just the other day—he left them in his dressing room and somebody copped them.

Fencing was fine for winter months, but when the spring breezes blew, Cory Wilde had the audacity—with his short-weight body, to try out for freshman crew.

featherweight . . .

Cory Wilde lasted on the squad until the stroke got up to 33. He could take the freezing blasts of the East River. He could hoist his shell with the rest of the squad and pull a steady oar without catching a crab. He beat his thin body to the limit, because a husky giant named Sykes was stroking the eight (Sykes later made varsity stroke)—but there was a limit. One day, quickening the stroke past 33, the coxswain noticed Cornel wobbling in his seat. He stuck out the heat, but when he'd climbed on the dock Cornel thought his insides would surely spill out. He lost his dinner and his place on the crew at the same time.

Cory Wilde was always trying to outreach himself that way at Columbia. He didn't believe anything could lick him and it was always a surprise when it did.

His father's condition had waxed progressively worse. New York doctors shook their heads and fell back on the tried and true out, "A complete change." Louis Wilde had enough experience to know they were as baffled as he, but his shell shocked nerves were getting out of control and he had to do something. He decided to go to Europe.

search for health . . .

Cornel had a counselor's job lined up at a boys' camp in the Adirondacks. He had planned to save another stake in the vacation months and return to Columbia in the fall, but his father's illness changed all that. Louis Wilde wanted his family intact, so that spring they sailed—Louis, his wife; Cornel and sister Edith on an Italian steamer. It was cold when they docked in Trieste and so stormy that they had to be landed in bobbing motor launches. The icy winds set back Louis Wilde's condition. He travelled south to Naples, but he didn't improve. The search for health wound through the Mediterranean, Switzerland, Vienna and finally his home city of Budapest where the Wildes settled down and nerve doctors did their best to restore the ravages war had wrought on Cornel's dad's health. Cornel couldn't have been in a more heavenly spot. Budapest was the fencing capital of the world. He took up the sabre, a new weapon, and one which only Hungarians had really mastered. His father found an expert instructor among his old army friends. In between gym sessions Cornel kept busy. He studied French, German and Italian, took a course in typing and shorthand and entered classes in his first love, painting. He paid for what he was learning by teaching English in the Berlitz School.

Hungarians had little respect for American swordsmanship, and despite the fact that Cornel was the son of a Hungarian officer, they pooh-pooed his ability. He wanted to test his skill against Budapest experts, so when a regional foils tournament came up, Cory walked to a select sword club's rooms and asked to join.

Cornel couldn't miss the smiles and raised eyebrows that shot around the room when he said, in Hungarian, that he'd like to try for their team.

"You are American, yes?"

Cornel nodded. He didn't have to say he was a Hungarian's son; they knew that.

"I think it best you go home so you will not get hurt," said an older member patronizingly. Cornel seethed. Maybe he was no European master at swords, but he swore if it was the last thing he did, he'd show that arrogant bunch. He entered the tournament unaffiliated. He didn't win, but he reached the finals and one of the fencers he whipped soundly was the champion of the club that had turned him down.

When the Wildes finally sailed back to New York, the pressing issue was a job—any kind of a job. The Wilde family funds had melted in Louis Wilde's vain search for health. He was still too ill to plunge back into business. College for Cornel was out of the question. He was 18 and a man. He had to earn his way from then on, that was plain. He read the want ads and hit the pavements.

Cory Wilde answered everything and tried everything. Only the thing he was after—a paycheck—was a will o' the wisp. There were plenty of sales jobs "on commission." He tried these. He peddled electric refrigerators, washers, cookers. That is, he offered them for sale, from door to door. But he didn't make any sales. Cornel was no peddler, for one thing; for another, the depression was swinging low and people were turning their installment plan electric gadgets back, instead of



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contracting for more. Cornel switched to real estate. The results were just as sad. By then, Christmas was approaching and it didn't stack up as a very merry one for Cornel. But Christmas brought him his first job—at Macy's, helping out in the holiday rush. They parked Cornel in the toy department, squeezing toy accordions for hopeful moppets, buzzing electric trains and popping jack-in-the-boxes. Cory didn't mind. He liked kids, always had, and more important, the job was a steady check—$25 a week. Of course, he didn't know then what a real break that Christmas clerk's job was. How could Cornel Wilde ever guess that a motley shopping mob would steer him into his life's work?

He sold accordions with another Christmas sales clerk and in the slack seconds Cornel would mimic the customers, frantic, tousled—a hundred different types, jabbering away in a hundred local accents.

His counter pal was a perfect audience. "You know, you're good!" he marvelled. "You're a natural born actor. Ever try anything that way?" Cornel shook his head. "Oh, I took a dramatic history course in Alexander Hamilton," he grinned. "School plays and stuff."

"What do you do nights?"

"Read and rest these," laughed Cornel, wiggling his aching feet.

"Theodora Irvine has an evening class in acting. I'll bet she'd take you on."

"Who's Theodora Irvine?"

She ran a dramatic school, his colleague explained, in an apartment house on 67th Street near Central Park West. Lots of actors now on Broadway had got their start with her; many still came back to iron out footlight kinks. Miss Irvine could tell right away if Cornel had real talent.

"But I don't want to be an actor," argued Cornel. He thought he meant it. The values he had been brought up with always made an actor's life seem vain and gaudy. But still, Cornel remembered, much of the reading he liked best had been plays. He knew hundreds of them, almost by heart. He even liked to read them aloud in his room. Why, he'd been acting by himself plenty—and enjoying it! One evening he found himself catching the bus to 67th Street.

Cornel was frank with Theodora Irvine. "I haven't any money," he told her. "I can't pay tuition. But I'd like to study acting." She pretended she hadn't heard that. "Here," she said, "read this for me."

"I have a feeling you sincerely want this, whether you're sure of it or not," Miss Irvine said later. "I think you should have a chance. Do you want to enroll in the evening class?"

"But the tuition. . . ."

"Never mind that. We'll find a way. You're a fencer, aren't you? Maybe you can help out teaching that. Fencing's very important to an actor, you know," she smiled.

That was the beginning of Cornel Wilde, actor. In the hands of Theodora Irvine he was guided to techniques that were instinctive, purged of beginners' faults that were minor. And he loved it.

Finally, all Cory Wilde's thoughts focused, day and night, on the activities at the Irvine school. At first he was mildly terrified at actually stepping out on a stage before lights and acting. But soon it fascinated Cornel. Among the students were a girl named Marsha Hunt and

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"The Razor's Edge" (Production Story) ☐
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"He's Crazy, But I Love Him" (Dane Clark) ☐
She Gets Away With Murder! (Margaret O'Brien) ☐
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What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

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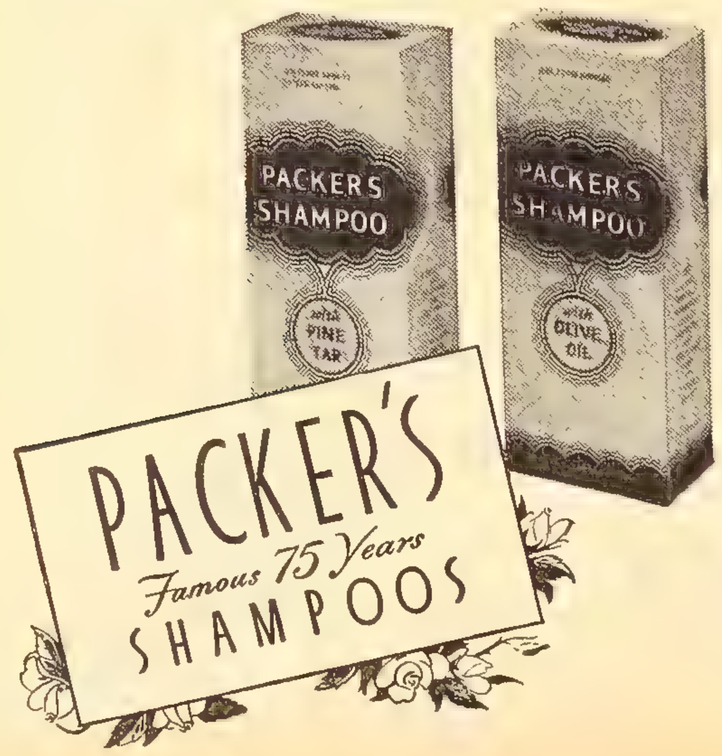
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two boys named Jeffrey Lynn and Jess Barker who were to make their mark in Hollywood—although Cornel had a Hollywood nibble before either of them. In fact, it came after the first full-length school play he did. It was "The Last Mile," the gusty drama that started Clark Gable off to Hollywood from Broadway. Cornel had a good part of a condemned killer and one of the ever-present Hollywood studio scouts, who made the rounds of the drama schools to catch promising youngsters, spotted the tall, dark guy with the tumbling curls and the flashing eyes. He said to drop by the Twentieth Century-Fox casting office and interview the boss.

deep secret . . .

By now, Cornel had sold himself completely on the idea of being an actor, although it was still his dark secret. He didn't dare tell his family yet. But he chased over to the TC-F New York office with high hopes. Right then was when his first acting desire began to fade.

A man who shall be nameless sat behind his desk in a swivel chair. He had his feet propped on the desk and was reading the racing form. When Cornel was introduced, he dropped neither the paper nor the feet. He didn't offer his hand, say "Sit down" or even "Hello." He just stared at Cornel rudely and barked, "No. If you looked like James Dunn, maybe. Butcha don't—so it's 'no.'" He waved his cigar indicating the interview was over. That was Cornel Wilde's first brush with Hollywood and he wasn't impressed. James Dunn was very hot then and that's all the short-sighted New York director was interested in—another Jimmy Dunn.

By now his parents knew what Cornel was up to—and they didn't like it, not one bit. He could draw no sympathy from his family, who thought acting was frivolous. The thing to do now was make some money and show them it wasn't.

So, although he was still learning, Cornel set out to land himself a paycheck on Broadway. He heard about a play being cast with the part of a Russian prince. It turned out the only Russian word he used was "Da," which means "yes," but he got the right accent and he got the part, which wasn't as lucky a break as it seemed.

At the time, however, Cornel was all steamed up—so much so that he ran a temperature every night at rehearsal. The grind of trying to make a living and study at the Irvine school at night had been going on over a year and Cory Wilde's body was beginning to show the strain. Maybe that's why he took "They All Come to Moscow" too seriously, expected too much. The director wasn't any help. He told Cornel ominously right before opening night curtain, "You'd better improve tonight—or you get two weeks' notice!"

But the critics beat him to it. Nobody, including Cornel Wilde, made an impression on them and they razzed the play to pieces. It closed in ten days.

Cornel's virgin experience with show business left a bitter taste. His hopes were dashed and that climax to the nervous strain he had lived under for over a year left him weak and wobbly. In this state, he viewed everything connected with acting very dimly. A doctor he consulted advised him to get away in the country and get his health back. Again, Cornel looked up his old contacts and begged a job as counselor in a boys' camp in the Poconos. That summer Cory Wilde had lots of time to think things over and make up his mind. He would go back to college again and study medicine. His parents were right.

His choice this time was City College of New York. He couldn't possibly afford Columbia. There was no tuition at CCNY, although, like Townsend Harris you had to pass competitive exams to get in. Cory hadn't cracked a textbook for two years. But he lodged in the top bracket and then feverishly loaded up on courses—half again as many as he should have taken—because, even though CCNY was free, he still had to earn his living. But he was determined to finish his pre-med in two years and win admission to Columbia's Physicians and Surgeons College. He knew only top grades would do it. Again he was voluntarily putting himself on the spot and daring himself to come through.

The best night job he could find was in a famous old German apothecary shop, Bendiner and Schlesinger's, way down on 10th Street and Third Avenue. Cornel was cashier from 5 until 11 o'clock every night and every other Sunday. It wasn't a hard job, but there wasn't time to study, so Cornel would tackle his lessons on the long subway rides and after he dragged into his room at night.

His only possible exercise, which his athletic body demanded, was his first love—fencing. It took little time and Cornel was so superior that again he was elected captain of the CCNY foils team the first year and trusted with the most important bouts.

Winning tournament after tournament, even against the best that other colleges had to offer was glory enough to make up for the long grind, but Cornel soon collected another kind of glory. He won, not only admittance to the exclusive Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, but a scholarship. His medical education seemed assured. His parents were happy. So was Cornel, or so he thought. He paid his enrollment fee, matriculated and was all set to begin his medical studies in the fall. Then for some bizarre reason he still can't explain, he cut class one wind-up day of summer school at CCNY—and wandered over to Broadway. Just for a lark, Cory told himself, he'd stroll into the agents' offices and see if there were any acting jobs.

Two men sat in the office. The first looked up at the familiar sight—a good-looking, obviously hopeful young actor standing before him with the age-old question in his eyes. He growled,

"Nothing today, Bud. Goodbye now."

Cory Wilde smiled. It was brutal, bu somehow it was familiar and something inside him responded—even to a kick in the pants like this. "Okay," he turned to leave. Then he heard another voice.

"Wait a minute! Hey, Bud—can you d an Italian accent?"

Cornel smiled again—and nodded.

"It's a gigolo—see? The play's castin now for tryout in the sticks. No road t riches, but—well, are you interested?"

Cornel should have laughed right ou loud by all rights. He should even tal about a bit part in a shoestring straw ha circuit play that would probably never ge within shouting distance of Broadway! H had other serious, worthy matters on h mind. He was going on to medical scho to be a great doctor.

make up yer mind, bub . . .

Or was he?

Well, he was a cinch for a Columb M.D. with the prize start he had. Acting he had flopped at it.

"Okay, Bud, okay—snap out of it. Wha the answer? Want the part—yes or no?"

Cornel grinned slowly. Something lik a warm wave seemed to pass over him a he went down and down. Four years mo grinding day and night on medicine, bri liant prospects or not, seemed like a lon barren, uninteresting road. He knew was crazy, but he knew also he would an actor now or else. He stretched lazi

"Sure," he answered. "Sure I do."

(Cornel Wilde's life story will be co cluded in our December issue.)

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"Exquisite!"



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"Dazzling!"



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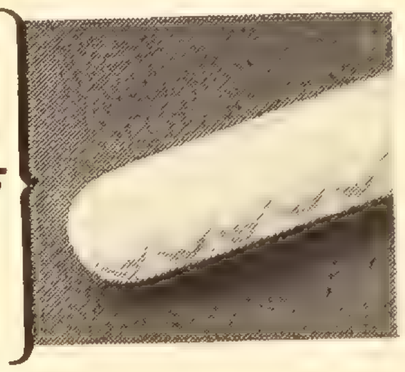


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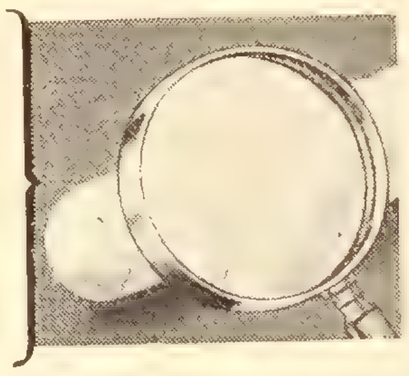


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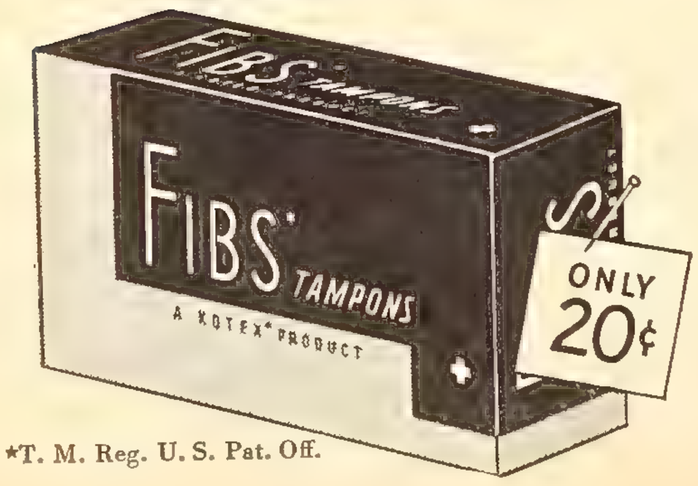
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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

duplication at the moment is "I Guess I'll Get The Papers And Go Home." If another one by *that* title comes along, I guess I'll just stop getting the papers altogether.

I GUESS I EXPECTED TOO MUCH—Harry James (Columbia), Dolores O'Neil (Cosmo)—The Cosmo recording of this tune marks the re-emergence of Dolores O'Neil, a very popular vocalist of a few years back. She used to work with Bob Chester, and she also appeared regularly on the Basin Street show. She married Alec Fila, the trumpet player, and went to live in Philadelphia (yep, Philadelphia again) and had four handsome children, and now she's gone back to work. As for Alec, he's playing with Elliot Lawrence (yep, Elliot Lawrence again).

RUMORS ARE FLYING—Betty Rhodes (Victor), Saxie Dowell (Sonora)—There's one big thing the matter with Betty Rhodes' version of this number, and that is that you can't see Betty Rhodes. She's the most beautiful girl making records at the moment (not counting movie stars who make records, although she can hold her own with them too) and you really ought to listen to her discs with a big picture right in front of you. "Rumors Are Flying" and the number on the other side, "How Could I?" were both written by the authors of "Oh, What It Seemed To Be," and I'll stick my neck out and say that by the time you read this, they'll be on the Hit Parade. If they're not, you have my permission to write nasty letters. To Al and Henry.

WHICH WAY DID MY HEART GO?—Teddy Walters (Musicraft)—I've talked about Teddy Walters before. He's the boy who's sung with Tommy Dorsey's band, and Jimmy Dorsey's band, although originally, he was a great guitarist. I'm glad that on his new Musicraft releases, he's doing a little playing as well as singing. Incidentally, record labels are getting sillier. Teddy's listed now as Teddy Walters, His Voice and His Guitar. And the other day, I got a new record with the label to end them all. It read, "Claude Lakey, His Saxophone, His Trumpet, and His All-Veteran Orchestra!"

BEST HOT JAZZ

ROSE ROOM—Benny Carter (De Luxe)—Any time Benny wants to, he can bill himself as Benny Carter, His Compositions, His Arrangements, His Saxophone, His Clarinet, His Trumpet, His Mutes (a fine assortment) and His All-Star Orchestra. He's really a genius, and plays everything wonderfully. His big all-star band for "Rose Room" (the other side is "Digga Digga Do") includes Flip Phillips, Don Byas, J. C. Heard and Emmett Berry. The fellows turned out the records at a four to eight a.m. session.

GONE AWAY BLUES—Mezz Mezzrow (King Jazz)—Mezz Mezzrow, at forty-seven, is one of the most fabulous characters of the century. He's played the clarinet for years, off and on. He likes old-fashioned, simple blues, and hates bebop music. (He's what some musicians call a moldy fig.) Although he doesn't claim to be a great musician himself, he's made records with the great ones—Fats Waller, Benny Carter, etc.—and he's been more of an influence on jazz than a jazz artist. He's been a sort of general hanger-on and personality. Now he's written a book for Random House (he collaborated on it with Bernard Wolfe) and it's one of the most fascinating jazz histories I've ever read. Interwoven with Mezz' personal experiences are the stories of the musicians he's known, and he's known them all. The book's called "Really The Blues" (the name of a Victor Record Mezz made in 1938) and it ought to make him some money, too.

TENOR SAX ALBUM—Ike Quebec (Blue Note); TENOR SAX ALBUM—Volume III (Savoy)—Suddenly, everybody wants tenor sax records. Suddenly the tenor sax is the fashionable instrument, and suddenly Ike Quebec, the very able sax player with Mr. Calloway, has a whole album out under his own name. Not only that, but the Savoy people have put out a tenor sax album in which Ike appears too. Other tenor saxes featured on the Savoy records are Vido Musso from Stan Kenton's band, Charlie Ventura, who was with the Gene Krupa trio, and Allen Eager, who sounds more like Lester Young than Lester Young. And what I want to know is, whatever happened to the clarinet? Nobody puts out an album of clarinet music. Hardly any of the big bands feature clarinets.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

NIGHT AND DAY—Cole Porter Album: Artie Shaw (Musicraft); Title Song: Claude Thornhill (Columbia); Selections from Rosalie: Frankie Carle (Decca); I've Got You Under My Skin: Lee Wiley (Decca)—I bumped into Lee Wiley the other day. She was walking down the street with her husband, Jess Stacy, the band leader, and I asked them what they were doing. They said they were playing at this place out in Jersey, and I asked Lee if she'd made any records lately. "No," she said, "but I've heard that a re-issue of an old 12-inch Cole Porter number I did is going fine." She couldn't even remember what tune it was, but she did remember how she came to make it. Victor Young had asked her to, and she wasn't especially keen on the deal, and then the morning of the waxing, she didn't show, and Decca called up and asked howcome, and she got herself over there finally, and made the record. Then she forgot about it. Louis Armstrong met her a couple of years later, and told her

ARE YOU TOO BEAUTIFUL?

Of course, if you're *too* beautiful, we don't presume to be able to help you. But—if you can stand some improvement (and who can't?), turn to the Super Coupon (page 24) and find the chart that solves your particular problem. Under 18 and graceful like a kangaroo? "Glamor For the Teens" is your meat. Straggly, mousy hair? Try "Hair Dos and Don'ts." Clumsy with your rouge? "How To Use Makeup" will have you patting it on like Elizabeth Arden in a matter of minutes. Just check, clip, mail—and all this priceless know-how will be your own private bag of glamor tricks.

Solid... you said it!



Benny Goodman wows 'em on the dance floor . . . he wows 'em in the concert hall—with his full band, with his sextet, or with his solo virtuosity. There's nobody else in all the world who plays the clarinet or leads a band like our "BG." "BG" records exclusively on Columbia Records . . . as do these other stars who stand alone in their fields of popular music . . . Frank Sinatra, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Frankie Carle, Count Basie, Kay Kyser, Tommy Tucker, Elliot Lawrence, The Charioteers . . .

Why do the top stars choose Columbia? Just listen to the perfection with which the unique Columbia "laminated" record reproduces 'em! Listen, for example, to the sensational Benny Goodman "Sextet Session" album and see why "BG" chooses Columbia . . . and why Columbia's the choice for you, too!

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In 25¢ and 75¢ Sizes, at Drug, Department, and Ten-cent Stores

Beth Farrell, dancing star says, *"Mar-o-All is the Creme Shampoo I've been waiting for"*



he knew her from that record, and she could hardly believe it. She still couldn't remember the name of it the other day, when I left her and Jess. It was, ridiculously enough, "I've Got You Under My Skin," and it's selling like mad right now.

More "Night and Day" stuff: Claude Thornhill recorded the song "Night and Day" in 1942, before he went into Artie Shaw's Navy band, but it was never released before now. Columbia has some records out by Thornhill's new band, too. "Under the Willow Tree," is one, and features Bob Walter on clarinet.

THRILL OF BRAZIL—A Man Is a Brother To a Mule: Andrews Sisters & Eddie Heywood (Decca)—Here's a song all about resemblances between the species male and the species mule. It's recommended for women only, since they will probably sympathize with the lyrics. Men will undoubtedly boycott it, as they should. So, till next month, this is Leonard Feather, His Column, and His Goodbye.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

BEGIN THE BEGUINE—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY, MY BABY—Gene Krupa (Columbia), Tex Beneke (Victor)
FIVE MINUTES MORE—Skitch Henderson (Capitol), Phil Brito (Musicraft)
I GUESS I EXPECTED TOO MUCH—Harry James (Columbia), Dolores O'Neil (Cosmo)
I GUESS I'LL GET THE PAPERS AND GO HOME—Mills Brothers (Decca), Les Brown (Columbia), Hal McIntyre (Cosmo), Ray Herbeck (Four Star)
MAKIN' WHOOPEE—Tony Pastor (Cosmo)
RUMORS ARE FLYING — Betty Rhodes (Victor), Saxie Dowell (Sonora)
THE WAY THAT THE WIND BLOWS—Gordon MacRae (Musicraft), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
WHICH WAY DID MY HEART GO?—Teddy Walters (Musicraft)
YOU KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG—Dinah Shore (Columbia), Bobby Byrne (Cosmo)

BEST HOT JAZZ

LES BROWN—High On a Windy Trumpet (Columbia)
BENNY CARTER—Rose Room (De Luxe)
KING COLE TRIO—Album Number Two (Capitol)
DIZZY GILLESPIE — Oop Bop Sh' Bam (Musicraft)
WOODY HERMAN—Blowin' Up a Storm (Columbia)
MEZZ MEZZROW — Gone Away Blues (King Jazz)
IKE QUEBEC—Tenor Sax Album (Blue Note)
TEMPO JAZZMEN—When I Grow Too Old To Dream (Dial)
TENOR SAX ALBUM—Volume III (Savoy)
MARY LOU WILLIAMS — Sings of the Zodiac (two albums) (Stinson-Asch)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

BLUE SKIES — Irving Berlin melodies: Wayne King (Victor)
CANYON PASSAGE—Ole Buttermilk Sky: Kay Kyser (Columbia)
CROSS MY HEART—That Little Dream Got Nowhere: Bing Crosby and Eddie Heywood (Decca), Dinah Shore (Columbia), Phil Brito (Musicraft)
EASY TO WED—Continental Polka: Henri Rene (Victor)
IF I'M LUCKY—One More Vote: If I'm Lucky: Perry Como (Victor)
NIGHT AND DAY—Cole Porter Album: Artie Shaw (Musicraft); Title Song: Claude Thornhill (Columbia); Selections from Rosalie: Frankie Carle (Decca); I've Got You Under My Skin: Lee Wiley (Decca)
TALK ABOUT A LADY—I Never Had a Dream Come True: The Ink Spots (Decca)
THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—I Like Mike: Helen Forrest (Decca); Somewhere In The Night: Helen Forrest (Decca); Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
THRILL OF BRAZIL—A Man Is a Brother to a Mule: Andrews Sisters and Eddie Heywood (Decca)

"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 41*)

to shoot. Eighteen months were spent in research and preparation before the picture started . . . Although it was his first picture since his discharge from the Marine Corps, Tyrone Power stepped in front of the cameras for the first time in over three years without a trace of jitters . . . Anne Baxter delayed her marriage to John Hodiak a month, waiting the finish of the film, and during that time looked like anything but a bride. She played a dipsomaniac, and went around the studio with no makeup and stringy hair . . . To replace Tyrone's dogs, which had dwindled away during the war, Gene Tierney presented him with a white German shepherd dog which was named Olaf. Olaf spent his days on the set, in company with Butch, Gene's own shepherd. When a dog was required in a scene, director Edmund Goulding suggested using Butch, knowing how well Gene had trained him. But the plan didn't work. Butch was required to bark, and for five years spent on sets with Gene, each time he made the smallest noise, he was tied outside the sound stage. So the scene was set, and Butch walked into camera range, but he wouldn't let go with even a grunt . . . John Payne had his personal worries while working in the picture. Gloria DeHaven suffered an attack of penicillin poisoning, and John had to rush her to the hospital. Then again, there were the pop bottles. Living in a house on the beach, John was in constant fear of the neighborhood kids, who tossed pop bottles through his windows at every opportunity . . . Just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, Clifton Webb left the hospital to play his part in the film, wherein he dies. The death scene took three days to film, and Webb claimed that the studio paid him a bonus to leave his hospital bed, go to Fox and die properly for the cameras . . . Gene Tierney and Ty Power were ribbed unmercifully by the cast and crew when a canvas on the set became ignited during one of their love scenes . . . The prop man had to invent a special trick cigar for the scene where one of a mob plunges a burning cigar into Ty Power's neck. The problem was solved by inserting a lighted cigarette into the cigar, and while smoke can be seen coming from the cigar, the end is not actually lighted.

MODERN SCREEN



"I see the Browns are back from their honeymoon!"

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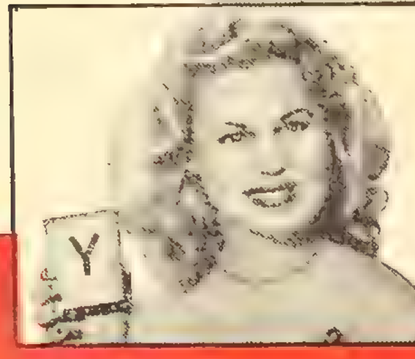
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RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test

THOSE LITTLE ORDINARY THINGS

(Continued from page 59)

room, muttering. At seven-fifteen. he called up the stairs, informing his wife that he was fast becoming too tired to go to the party. At seven-thirty, they left the house. Gloria's hair was done in a sleek and shining page boy.

"You look beautiful," John told her. "But you also looked beautiful at six-thirty when you had it just growing out of your head and hanging down the way gravity took it."

Gloria shrugged. "Men don't understand," she said.

timeless marriage . . .

This inability of Gloria's to be on time has been the only fly in the ointment of their marriage. She tries, sincerely, to correct the fault. But other than that, the Payne household runs on all cylinders. Married only three months after they met, they have been agreeably surprised in the number of ways that their tastes blend. There was the question of eggs. Gloria and John both like them done to the exact second, with a quick flip to eliminate anything tending to stay undone. The Paynes are in perfect accord when a roast is in the oven. It comes out soon and rare. Furniture must be old and mellow, colors must be bright and breezy, friends fun and informal. Bridge is out, and gin rummy is in.

The new house posed a problem which was solved in mutual satisfaction. With the addition of Kathleen Hope to the family, John's Colonial house suddenly became too small and was sold. They moved to the house on the beach, which was to be a temporary thing until they found a home they really wanted. Finding it was not easy. John immediately started working in "The Razor's Edge," which left Gloria alone to do the house hunting. When "The Razor's Edge" was finished, Gloria started work in "Summer Holiday," and John was haunting realtors in a solitary state. Nothing they saw would do, and then one day on Gloria's set Agnes Moorehead let drop a sentence that will make the Paynes happy forever after.

"There is a house," said Miss Moorehead, "next door to mine that is for sale. It's an English cottage and—"

The Paynes bought it, naturally. They both wanted an English cottage, three bedrooms and three baths and servants quarters and a den. The furnishing will be no hurdle, as they have enough already except for the den, and John has in Virginia plenty of colonial furniture to fill the den appropriately. They agree that there will be no decorator to come in and tell them what they want. Gloria is already shopping for antiques, praying while doing so that the dealer really is selling her something two hundred years old, and not a piece of soft pine that just last week was punctured with an awl to produce worm holes. John is planning a workshop to be installed in the rear of the property, where he intends to keep drills and plugs and miles of wiring and all the things people are always needing and never have.

Gloria's first purchase turned out to be a radio, approximately five inches square in size. John hooted with laughter when she brought it home.

"Does it make any noise?" he wanted to know.

"Most certainly," said an offended Mrs. Payne. She plugged it in and out poured a perfect cacophony. "Besides," she added, "I bought it for my studio dressing room."

can't get excited about anything even if he tries, while Gloria has inner earthquakes at the drop of a hat. John invariably commands the situation immediately and Gloria subsides, admiringly. They both prefer staying home in the evenings. By the time they have dinner after getting home from the studio, it is usually eight or nine o'clock (this includes getting Julie into bed), and film stars rise with the roosters when they are working.

Gloria hasn't quite yet adjusted herself to John's love of sports. She is not an athlete in any sense of the word, but living with John, who builds his life around health, has gradually taught her that people who live part of their lives outdoors are healthier for it. She nurses a great yen to be able to do the things that John does, and intends doing something about it.

She did surprise John one day at Carmel. He had decided to initiate her in golf, and steered her to one of the lovely courses sprawled out by the sea. The day was clear and crisp, and the Paynes presented a handsome couple as they approached the first tee.

"I'll go first, and you watch me," said John.

"Okay," said Gloria, leaning on her club.

He swung a mighty swing and the clubhead whished through the air, and connected with the ball, which sidled off to starboard and landed in a clump of bushes. John coughed slightly.

"Now," he said. "That's not exactly the way to do it. You hold the club this way, see? And then do this, and keep your left arm straight. But the object, which I didn't quite make, is to hit the ball straight. Understand?"

Gloria nodded and stepped up to the ball. She swung gracefully, almost too easily, John thought, and when the clubhead had completed its arc, Gloria's ball was heading straight down the fairway.

"You sure," he said, "you haven't done this before?"

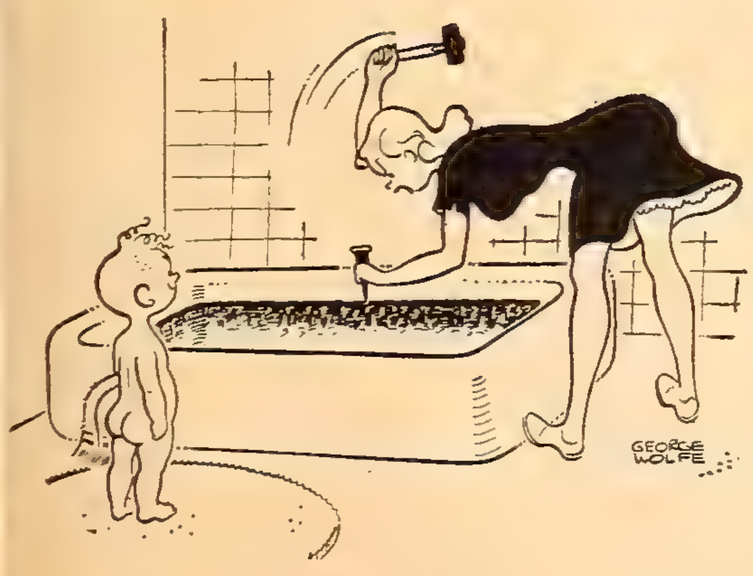
Gloria smiled. "Oh, a few times, maybe."

But then Button Payne is always coming across with surprises. Like the night recently when they were getting ready to go to Walter Lang's birthday party. There was a half hour to go yet before the deadline set for Gloria had arrived, and John was nonchalantly struggling with his tie. The click of heels sounded outside his dressing room and the door burst open. He turned to face a glowering Mrs. Payne, who had obviously gone through her four hair-dos and was completely dressed.

"REALLY, John!" she said. "I've been downstairs waiting for you for fifteen minutes! What in the world are you doing?"

John dropped his tie clasp, then the tie, then the collar button rolled under the bed. He looked up from the floor.

"You know," he said, "you're wonderful."



"For goodness sakes—*Where* were you playing today?"

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A sparkling new wine shade

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at Department and Drug Stores everywhere

VALIANT LADY

(Continued from page 51)

Being an only child, Dick spoke with authority, though for him the curse had been taken off by three cousins—Tom, Dick and Harry Quine—close to him in age, and highly congenial.

So they decided on a minimum of two, and probably three. If it's to be three, they'll keep the girl for last, so she can have two big brothers to boss. If there's any doubt, they'll take the girl second, to make certain they get one of each.

They got their eldest last spring. "As soon as you're strong enough," the doctor had promised Susan. "So it won't matter if you spend more time taking care of the baby than yourself—" Then they had to wait some more for the right one, because modern psychology says that a child of Latin stock, for instance, shouldn't be given to parents who are mostly Irish. When the general backgrounds and coloring blend, the kids are more likely to feel that they belong. . . .

Susan, says Dick, had her labor pains on the phone. Between calls back and forth to the home, she'd chew her nails and say, "Now let's be calm" in a wobbly voice. There was one false alarm when she heard indirectly that Mr. Right had shown up. But in response to her frantic call, they said no, not yet, and advised her in the kindest way to hold her horses. . . .

"All right, let's be calm," said Susan for the umpteenth time. "Let's not even *think* about it for a month—"

Three days later came the wire. "Your baby arrives flight so-and-so tomorrow—"

baby roué . . .

They hadn't bought a thing, hoping things would be easier to buy before the great day dawned. Susan got busy on the phone. Tommy, her masseur, rubbed a couple of sticks together and produced a miracle—1 bassinet, 1 bathinette, 1 pair of scales. Dick chased around and returned under a load of shirts and diapers—

"Two things I didn't buy—a tricycle and boxing mitts—" Susan felt his brow. "No kidding, honey. That's what my dad bought me when I was three days old—"

"And you're planning to return the compliment—?"

"No, I don't have to. I've still got mine—"

The plane was due at 11 p. m. Sid Guilaroff went along to hold the baby on the way back. Other friends came in to wait with Susan. "The minute you see him," she implored, "give me a ring and tell me what he looks like—" But at Palmdale the plane was grounded, and the passengers transferred to a bus—

It was 2:30 before the phone rang. "He's beautiful," Dick reported, "only he's got bags under the eyes from the bus ride—"

For Susan to fall in love with him at sight, he didn't need to be beautiful. He didn't need to be anything but a baby. When Dick pulled the blanket back, all she could see was long black hair and a face. Then the head turned, the eyes opened, and he stared straight up at her.

She took him into her arms. "Higgledy piggledy, our son John," she laughed softly. "One sock off and one sock on—"

They didn't call him John though. Susan wanted another Richard, but Dick said that two Richard Quines in the family were plenty. And after three years they'd given up Kim. . . .

Kim had been Dick's idea. Early in their married life, he'd sold it to Susan as a name for their eldest son. "Kim Christopher. Then we can call him Casey from his initials—"

"Why not Casey to begin with?"
"That would be too simple—"
But they never bothered to put the two names together till all of a sudden Dick said "Kim Quine" one day, and his eyes glazed. "Sounds horrible—"
"Like a kumquat," said Susan—"
In the end they settled for Tim, which wasn't too far from Kim. Timothy Quine sounded good. "Timothy Richard sounds better," said his ma, so that's what it is.
To listen to them, you'd think they were raising their fifth. One day Dick came in to find his mother feeding his son. He eyed them critically. Then he frowned. Then he said: "That's a strange way to hold a bottle—" Then he lifted bottle and baby to his own lap. "You're used to handling horses, Mom—" (she breeds 'em). "Look, here's how it's done—"

go by the book . . .

'Twas not ever thus. Those first nights, before they got a nurse, weren't too restful. Timmy slept in his bassinet between their two beds—
"Now we're not going to spoil this child," they'd tell each other sternly. "If he cries, he cries—"
The trouble was he didn't cry. "Dick. Why doesn't he cry? He's smothering!"
Dick would pile out. "Uh-uh. He's breathing nice. First in, then out—"
"D'you think you should wake him up?"
"What for?"
"Give him a chance to exercise his lungs—"
"Is that what the book says?"
She'd pick it up from the bedside table and start hunting. This theme, with variations, would be played several times a night. . . .
There was also the matter of his head. "Look, it's pointed!" cried Dick, going pale.
"That's all right, they're all pointed—"
"Ooooh, *no*, you don't talk *me* into having been a pinhead—"
"Dear, every baby's a pinhead till this thing on top closes up—"
"Dear, I've seen pictures of myself as a mere blob, and my head was round—"
He got her so scared that she called his mother. From alarm, her expression relaxed to one of perfect content. "Tell *him* that, will you, Mom?"
He picked up the phone warily. "Sonny, you should have seen yourself," said Mom. "You looked like a gourd—"
At dinner one night Susan had a partner whose approach she recognized. He was going to be oh so careful not to hurt her feelings while he prodded to find out everything he could. Finally he said: "Well, at any rate, Susan, you've kept *some*thing of your old self—"
"Yes?" she asked serenely. "What?"
"Your beautiful hair—"
That's the kind of thing that infuriates her friends, but not Susan. She just thinks

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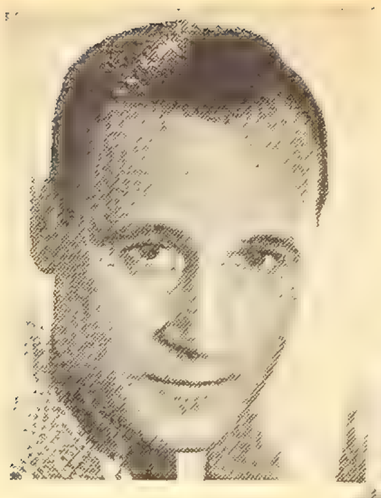
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it's silly. As a matter of fact, there's nothing of her old self that she's lost but the use of her legs. Her eyes are as clear, her head as proudly held, her face as softly molded, giving you the same sense of freshness and fragrance. Her humor rings as true, and she talks with the same direct honesty. She doesn't dwell on the subject of her disability, nor does she avoid it. Nothing distresses her more than people who knock themselves out to be tactful, or go all hushed on her as if she were a stained glass window. The fact that she can't walk doesn't make her an angel or a freak. It hasn't made her a Pollyanna either. Without Dick, things might have been very different—

In a way, it was worse for Dick. In a way, it's easier to bear your own load than that of someone you love. But they feel the same way about facing facts. Refuse to look at them, and you're sunk. Accept them, and you get the stuff to go on with. If Dick had been the type to my-poor-little-wife her, she'd have lost her mind. Okay, there are certain things she can't do for herself, she's got to be helped. But in all other respects, she wants to be treated like anyone, not like something special. That's how Dick treats her. Gets as mad as he ever did when she makes him mad, tells her off just as loud. In the course of one argument, she threw a glass of water at him, so he calmly picked the pitcher up and doused her. Another time as he was carrying her downstairs, she started tickling him—

"Quit that, or I'll put you down—"

"*Yes,* you will," she scoffed, and tickled him some more. So he put her down and left her there till she promised to be good

just the same, but more so . . .

He and her brother Bob are two of a kind. Bob's on the quiet side, a little gruff where his feelings are concerned. They've always been close, but never demonstrative. Susan went to the hospital recently for minor surgery, and a friend was upset because Bob didn't come every day. Susan smiled. She knew her brother, she knew he'd come when he could, stand in the doorway—"How do you feel today? Anything you need?" If he'd changed, if he'd shown any hand-holding tendencies, she'd have had a fit.

She hates being fussed over. On the other hand, she's learned how truly kind people can be. Not only at first when their emotions are stirred, but day after ordinary day. The neighbors, for instance. When she's going out at night, they come in to see if her clothes are all right, to help with her hair. When the living room rug was dyed, she and Dick were marooned upstairs, so one neighbor cooked a beautiful breakfast—French toast and bacon and jelly and coffee—and Dick hauled it up to the second floor in a basket. No will Susan forget those nights when she couldn't sleep, and Dick would run movies to try to keep her mind off the pain. You could hear the sound track all over the place, and though strangers living three blocks away complained, the folks in the court swore they'd slept like babies.

. . . And, for another instance, the studios. Studios get lots of brickbats heaved at them. Susan would like to redress the balance by pointing out that M-G-M has kept her on salary from the day she was hurt, without collecting one lick of work in return. What they'd have done otherwise, with Dick in the service, she has no idea. Thanks to the studio, that was one problem they didn't have to face. What M-G-M handed them on a silver platter was financial peace of mind.

When she started feeling better, the thought of doing nothing drove her nuts. Now she's doing lots of things that they said at first she couldn't do—all of them

more fun than sitting round feeling sorry for yourself. At Malibu she went fishing with the boys off the end of the pier, caught just as many tired old mackerel as they did and made just as big a splash when she threw them back in. If swimmings out, at least she can sit by the water's edge and kibitz—and if she can't dance, she can still enjoy the music and floorshow and gaiety of a nightclub. . . .

She can work. Her last broadcast was "Dark Victory" on the Encore Theater, and it looks as though her radio jobs would be limited only by doctors' orders. She can cook—though with Dick around, she's always played second fiddle in that department. He's the master—no mere steak-and-chop man, but a chef of parts who experiments and uses leftovers, and trusts her with stuff like pies and pancakes.

Driving's a cinch now. She's got one of those new Fords, made specially for vets with spinal injuries, where everything's worked by a single lever. When Dick came home from New York, she surprised him by driving to the airport to meet him. He almost caved in. Now he pays her compliments. "You're a better driver than when you used your feet. Less like Barney Oldfield—" They got so cocky that they overstepped a bit. Dreamed up an idea for a saddle fitted with leather to lace up Susan's legs, so she could ride again—

Chief chef . . .

Bob put a stop to that. "Suppose the horse stumbled, and she couldn't get loose—"

"Well," said Susan, "it was nice while it lasted—"

Dick's just finished "Cockeyed Miracle," his first picture for M-G-M since leaving the service. Till he starts working again, the day's routine opens with breakfast by Quine. That's their first bone of contention. For Susan he produces some masterpiece like baked eggs or fried hotcakes and bacon. For himself, he eats nothing unless it's a dish of ice cream under the staircase. Dick's a solitary ice cream-eater—partly because he swallows it by the gallon, which embarrasses him—partly to keep from being heckled. When Susan heckles him, he calls her Bridget. In retaliation, she calls him Ichabod. Any difference of opinion comes under the head of heckling—

Right now there's a difference of opinion about his moustache.

"I wish they'd put you back to work, so you'd have to shave that thing off—"

"More respect, woman. All the Quine men wear moustaches—"

"It's so blonde you can't see it anyway—"

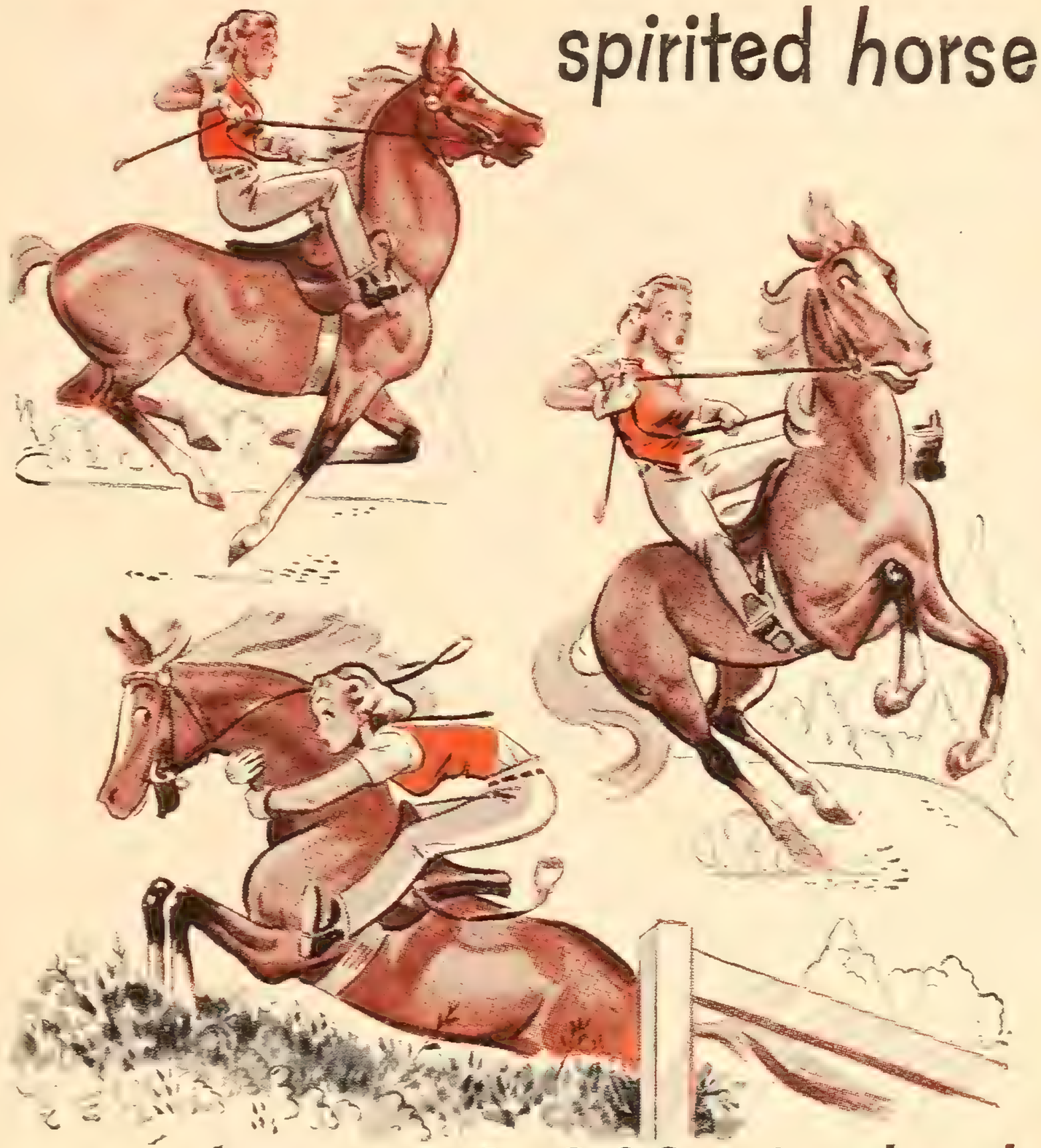
"Where's your mascara?—we'll touch it up—"

"Okay, but next time you go out, buy me a moustache cup. I can't kiss you without something to hold that handlebar up—"

From 10 to 11:30 Susan gets the baby to herself. Not quite to herself, because the dog, Thunder's, there too, but Thunder pretends a lofty indifference to Timothy. Occasionally he'll hoist himself to his feet, amble over, cast an Olympian glance at the object on the rug, and go back where he came from. To regard Tim as serious competition is beneath his dignity. It's all right with him if you play with the baby—just as long as you remember to pet Thunder at the same time.

Once or twice a week they go out to dinner or a nightclub. Friends drop in often—the Charlie Bickfords, the Jackie Coopers, Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks, Cesar Romero, Lucille and Desi Arnaz, a couple of Quines. Susan's crazy about all the Quines. They've got a marvelous cook now who doesn't care how many guests they have to dinner. In a cook, they feel a nice nature is just as important as culinary skill. Maybe more important.

Rita rode off on a spirited horse



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CATHERINE McLEOD AND WILLIAM CARTER, STARRING IN REPUBLIC'S "I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU," A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR

Home alone evenings, they listen to music or play cards. Dick refuses to play for less than ten cents a point. Susan has a nickel limit. This argument goes into endless ramifications and waxes as hot as if either ever paid off. Someone sings a catchy tune on the radio, and Dick whistles along—

"Teach it to me, dear, we've got the rest of the night—"

That's a joke, son. All her life Susan's yearned to be able to sing or dance or play the piano—just one. The piano's beyond her. In the old days she'd say, "Honey, will you teach me a little dance routine?" and it took her six months to learn six steps—

sunlight marriage . . .

"I've got two left feet," says Susan, "or did have. Now I've got four—"

As for singing—"It's not that she can't carry a tune," Dick explains, "but unless you stay right with her, she starts thinking about the rug she's making, and all of a sudden she's in a different key—"

He's collecting stills of the houses built for "Christmas in Connecticut" and "Where Ladies Meet." With these spread out before them, he tells Susan exactly what their own house is going to look like. . . .

It'll be a rambling New England farmhouse, but they'll have to wait for it. Because, the way things are now, they couldn't afford to let it ramble more than two rooms. It'll be one story, because Susan's so tired of stairs. And it'll be in Bel-Air, full of sweet air and sunlight, surrounded by the rest of the Quines, with all the children growing up together. Cousin Tom doesn't have any yet, but the other Dick has two and Harry's rich with three—

There's plenty of sunlight at the Quines right now—courage and health of mind and unforced laughter—

"Of course I have my moods," says Susan, "but who doesn't have them, good legs or bad? Mine often come for what may seem silly reasons—when I'm lying down, for instance, and my book or cigarettes are out of reach.

"Of course we'll miss things. Dick and I wanted to travel. We'll still travel, but some of it'll be a hardship instead of fun. Then, I'd always dreamed of teaching my kids to ride. I can't do that now. But maybe there'll be something else I can teach them instead—"

Yeah, honey, if you don't mind a voice from the blue. Teach 'em to take after their folks, and that's all they'll need.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, several stars were scheduled to appear at the military hospital where I am employed. The stars were to have lunch in the mess hall at a given time, and we civilian employees who were fortunate enough to have a rest period at that time were hovering around the mess entrance, eager for a close-up of the celebrities. A soldier on crutches was standing at the edge of the crowd, patiently awaiting the appearance of his idol. "Gee," he remarked worriedly, to a pretty, dark girl standing nearby, "Dottie Lamour is supposed to be here, but she hasn't shown up yet." "Well," the girl twinkled, "she has now."

"You're Miss Lamour," the embarrassed soldier stammered, looking as though he wanted to pass out—and he almost did! Charlene McCarroll
Penryn, Calif.



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"HE'S CRAZY, BUT I LOVE HIM"

(*Continued from page 63*)

me when I'm sore at him. He's got to watch his weight. He'll work like a dog to get out of working round the house. He leaves the bathroom a mess, and he'll wade kneedeep through haberdashery before he'll pick up so much as a shoelace. You know the story of the kid who met a bear in the backyard, only it was a stray dog all the time? That was Bernie. With Bernie, everything's a bear. He's been known to hang on to a grudge, and when I call him on that, he disarms me by saying, "I won't take any guff from anybody but you—" No matter what he spends on clothes, he always looks like a bum, and I just gave away his last pair of striped socks. For the last five years, he's been singing me the same little love song eight bars long, but to keep it from getting monotonous, he adds verses. He's got a fast eye for neat figures and a pair of trim legs. When he stops noticing those, then I'll really start fretting. Sometimes I look at him, and wonder what the screaming's all about. Other times it hits me. Handsome he ain't, but he's *alive*. . . .

He's younger now than when I first knew him. That was a funny combination, Texas and Brooklyn, and as far as the eye could reach, not a bond between 'em—

He was rehearsing for the roadshow of "Stage Door." A friend of mine in the show had this grand pash on him, but made the mistake of introducing us. I couldn't figure him at all. By my books, if a guy kept asking for dates, he also made some slight effort to be smooth or charming or interested or interesting. Not Bernie. Bernie was dark and dour and frantically serious, and when he proposed marriage some six weeks later, you'd have thought from his face he was tolling his funeral knell. Poor darling had never been in love except with the theater before!

But it was now or never (that's what *he* thought) because I was going back to my designing job in California. If you'd asked me then, I'd have said never. The gent was attractive in a somber way, but not my type. One of these dominating do-it-my-way-or-you're-a-dead-pigeon characters. I'm no Sweet Alice myself, and I didn't propose to take on any Ben Bolts. Still, there was something endearing about him, though at the time I couldn't have said what it was, he clamped the lid on so tight. Anyway, I pulled the big sister act, but kept the door open. "In six weeks," I said, "nobody knows *what* he wants—"

tough hide, tender heart . . .

Then came his letters. I don't say *all* the defenses came down right away, but at least he gave me a peek behind the bars—enough to make me realize that I'd figured him wrong, and that he *could* be cream masquerading as skim milk.

Another year, and I was back in New York. I knew by then what his young life had been like, why his nerves were tied up in knots, why he didn't laugh easy. What's more, I was falling in love. It worked two ways. The surer he grew of me, the more he relaxed. The barriers he'd thrown up against being hurt caved in—for me, anyway. Having made up my mind to marry some unmoody guy who'd coddle *my* moods, one day I found myself marrying Bernie. We sneaked up to Mount Vernon on a trolley, and celebrated by seeing a play from the second row. I forget what the play was. For a year we lived across the street from the Modern Museum in a tiny apartment with a radio, some nice prints, four thousand books (his) and a piano (mine). I look back on that apartment with great nostalgia.

Once he looked me in the eye and said: "I don't care about animals—"

I said: "Since you've never owned one, how do you know—?"

He smiled like a kind uncle. "It just happens I'm a guy that doesn't react to dumb beasts."

So we got our kitten for purely practical purposes, and named her Max before we discovered her gender. She turned out to be death on moths, but let a mouse show the tip of his whiskers and she'd run for her life, and I'll give you three guesses about where she ran to. Sure, sure, straight to the guy who couldn't react to dumb beasts. Lay purring in his lap while he stroked and crooned, and never even had the grace to look sheepish. When she got sick and couldn't be cured, he gritted his teeth and took her to the place himself, to see for himself that she was put away gently. Then he came home, washed out her two little bowls, stuck them in a box, carried them out to the storeroom, and showed up at dinner time with a fine case of pinkeye.

Now we've got a Great Dane. Some friends gave her to us, and a blanket along



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with her. She sleeps in Bernie's room, and it'll be so hot you can't breathe, but she still won't go to sleep till he covers her up. Every night they go through this silly routine. The dog stretches out, Bernie spreads the blanket over her, she throws the darn thing off.

please, no housework! . . .

My husband loves acting and sports. Anything else is ten years at hard labor. The paint had to be stripped from our house, we couldn't get anyone to do it, and I saw no reason why we shouldn't do it ourselves. Bernie'd just finished "That Way with Women," his first starring picture—I swore I'd drag that in if it killed me—and didn't have anything special on his mind. Every day he was going to start next minute. Thinking to shame him, I finally started alone. He thought that was wonderful. Boy, was he proud of me! I couldn't decide whether to blow my top or laugh my head off.

One day I asked him to buy a pickaxe to break out some earth, so we could level it off. Later, I came on his shopping list somewhere. The item heading it, so help me, was "1 very lightweight pickaxe." Also he's got a bottomless thirst for thanks. Say it's his job to water the ivy every other day. Dawns the fateful morning, and my husband appears, looking noble. "Is this the day for the ivy?"

I say, "Yes, dear," thinking how sweet of him to remember.

"Where's the basket?" Still grateful, I go looking for it. "Shall I use the bucket or the hose? Do you soak it good or just kind of sprinkle it? Hey, Red, this hose leaks." By the time I get through telling him what a great kid he is, I could water the ivy twice myself.

He does help me clean house though, and here's how it came about. First, I'd better explain that I'm one of those cranks who'd rather do my own housework than nag a maid to do it my way. And that Bernie's a rabid fight fan and likes to have me along. One night I said no, I'd been cleaning house all day and was pooped.

"Aw, honey, such a little house! How can that tire you out?"

About to do a slow burn, I reversed my tactics. "Let's make a deal. You help me with the house next time, and I'll go to the fights with you."

It worked. I taught him to use the vac, and together we got the job done in two hours and a half. At first it embarrassed him to be caught in the act, but he's nonchalant now. "Out of my way, boy, I got work to do—" Then he sprawls in a chair and beams at his handiwork.

He'll eat anything he can break with his bare hands. To me, food is something you sustain life with. I can cook after a fashion, but loathe it. He thinks he's good and, being no fool, I encourage him. His specialty's leftover omelet—eight eggs garnished with whatever's in the icebox.

Bernie's a lean and muscular guy, so every extra pound shows up where it shouldn't. Therefore he should avoid sweets and nibbling between meals and eating late at night—all cherished habits.

When he's overweight, I lacerate him by calling him Chubby. When he's nice and thin, I call him Mouseface. When poundage doesn't enter, I call him Hon, varied by Honya. From a Texas gal, he thinks Honya is fonya. He calls me Red or Chopper. Chopper's gangster slang for machine gun. In New York before we were married, he'd been having a tough time getting jobs, but wouldn't try radio. Radio was a mishmash and a bastard profession and he'd be a soandso thisandthat before he'd soil the hem of his Art with radio. I finally tore off a few words about people who sat around Walgreen's, telling the world what great actors they were. Instead of swinging back, as I'd expected, he heard me through. "You can sure mow me down," he said when I'd finished, and it's been Chopper ever since.

no greater love . . .

More to the point, he took himself over to radio and did very well. Then we came out here and he started again from scratch. I don't think I've ever admired my husband more than during that period. In order not to have to borrow money, he went on Mary Astor's Showcase, where you had to stand with a placard over your head while the audience applauded. Whoever got the most applause came back the next week. He went back for eight weeks at thirteen bucks a throw. I know he died five slow deaths every time that placard went over his head as if he'd been a prize porker, but he stuck it out. For my money, that took guts.

Neither of us really believed it when Warners signed him, it was much too fabulous. Dozens of times he'd been told

(*Continued on page 121*)



"Not so fast, Harvey!"



4 *thrifty ways to make your windows Beautiful*

1. CLOPAY DRAPES are new, exciting, glamorous! Made of plasticized cellulose, they're miracle-low in price! Exclusive features are: Reinforced edges, automatic French pleats and Lintoned fabric-effect background—looks like linen! Gay, dashing designs: colorful stripes and floral patterns—rich-looking and really gorgeous! Complete with matching tie-backs, to fit any window up to 2⅔ yards in height. At 5 and 10c stores, neighborhood and department stores—as low as 98c per pair.

98¢ pair and up



2. CLOPAY SHADES will make any window sing! Attach to old rollers if you wish—no tacks nor tools required. Also complete on spring roller. They won't crack, curl, fray or pinhole. Amazingly low cost—about 29c for the average window. Priced as low as 19c, others 35c, 49c and up, depending on finish and size.

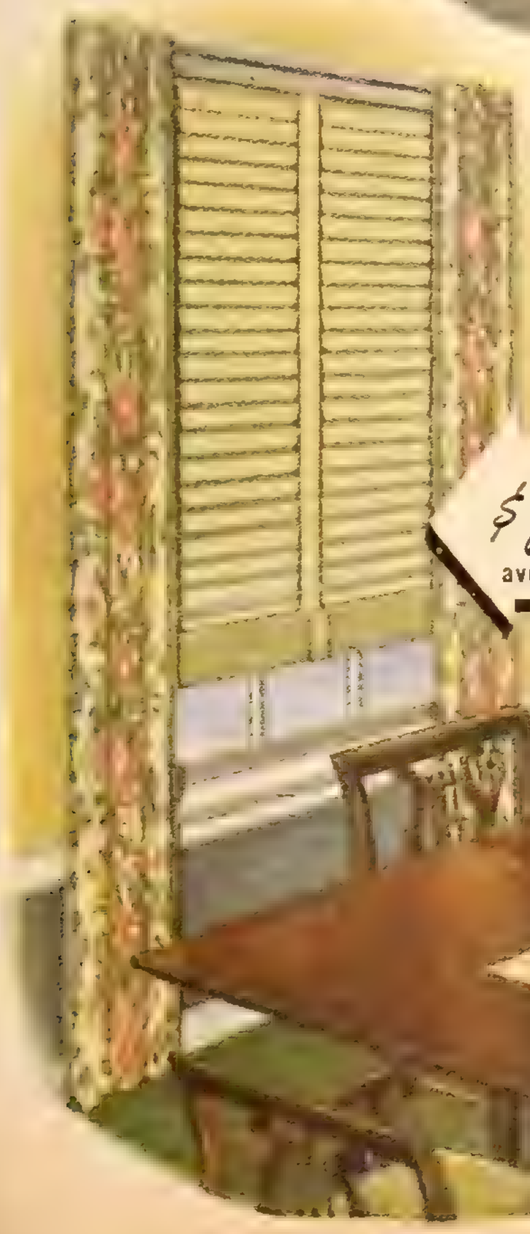


29¢ average window



3. CLOPAY COTTAGE SETS put sparkle into your kitchen, bath or bedroom windows! In fetching gingham patterns—or polka-dots—or gay strawberry design. Like Clopay Drapes, these 6-piece Clopay Cottage Sets are made from strong, plasticized cellulose. You've never seen anything quite so charming. Not yet available everywhere, but try your 5 and 10c store, neighborhood or department store. Only 89c for a set of six pieces—two tops, two sash panels, two tie-backs.

89¢ six-piece set



$2.59 average window

4. CLOPAY VENETIAN BLINDS are an amazing value. They're made of strong 3-ply fibre with a painted finish that's washable. Automatic cord-locks, and a simple, easy-action tilt. And they're so easy to install! For the average-sized window Clopay Venetian Blinds cost only $2.59—at 5c-$1.00, department and other stores.

CLOPAY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Beautiful windows at low cost!

Now available at leading 5 and 10c stores, 5c to $1.00 stores; department, variety, neighborhood and general merchandise stores.

Prices necessarily subject to change without notice.



FOR EVER . . . EVER . . . EVER . . .
You'll hold him with your hands—ravishing, *lovely* hands that use the beauty-bringing NEW HINDS!

NEW HINDS is enriched with lanolin especially to soften your hands—*instantly* make them feel smoother . . . lovelier!

NEW HINDS works like magic—because of this special *softening* ingredient your skin *eagerly* takes in. Is not sticky.

NEW HINDS protects *longer* against work-and-weather roughness. Always use after hands have been in water or after outdoor exposure.

Get this amazing NEW HINDS Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream—at toilet goods counters today! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00 plus tax

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet



KIRK DOUGLAS, who scored in "Strange Love of Martha Ivers," was born in Amsterdam, N. Y., on Dec. 9, 1916. He is 6' tall, weighs 160 lbs., and has green eyes and blonde hair. Is married to Diana Dill, and has one child. Write to him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, California.



Lovely CYD CHARISSE was born in Amarillo, Texas, in 1921. She is 5' 5½", 115 lbs. in weight, and has brown eyes and hair. Is married and has one child. Excels in the ballet. Her latest picture is "Three Wise Fools," and she can be reached at M-G-M.



HANK DANIELS came to your attention as Gavin in "The Green Years," and as Sam in "In Old Sacramento." He hails from Plainfield, N. J., where he was born Jan. 27. He stands 6' in height, and weighs 170 lbs. Has blonde hair and green eyes. Is unmarried. Mary Thompson, Ocean Drive, Bandon, Oregon, has his fan club.

Ada Epstein, Elmira: Richard Benedict was Bernay; Richard Webb, Parker; and Gloria Sauders, Sparky in "O.S.S." All at Paramount. George Zoritch was the male dancer in the "Begin the Beguine" number of "Night and Day." Milada Mladva was his partner. Tom D'Andrea was Tommy, and Dorothy Malone played Nancy in that pic. Tito Reynaldo was the prince in "Anna and the King of Siam."

Jo Taylor, Ohio: Linda Mujer, El Lobo, And Dreams Remain, Someone to Love, Say it Over Again, Les Filles De Cadiz, Ava Maria, Italian Street Song, and The Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto were the numbers featured in "Holiday in Mexico."

Dolly A., Mass.: Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Shirley Frohlich, Fan Club Director, MODERN SCREEN (see address below) for instructions on starting a fan club. Dorothy Fling, 4961 Rubican Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., has Jimmy Stewart's Club . . . Amena Peacock, Rt. 5, Box 287 H, Tampa 4, Florida, has Vincent Price's, and Gloria Pettit, 472 Gramatan Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has Bob Alda's.

Be back next month . . . but in the meantime how about those questions you've been storing up! Send them, and a SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 118*)

"You're off the beat in appearance, you're not the movie type, your voice is fuzzy—" I loved his fuzzy voice, I'd always thought it an asset, but I wasn't a studio. When things started popping, I was in Texas where I'd been called by my father's death. By the time I got back, Bernie was Dane Clark with a black-and-white contract and a case of arrested hypertension.

The first thing we did was sign a three-year lease on a fleabag in the Valley. Houses were hard to get, and on an April day this one looked charming. The trouble was, little creatures shared our fondness for it. We were wakened out of our first night's slumber by what sounded like a terrific soccer game. "Country noises," said Bernie, the kid from Brooklyn. Getting up to make the coffee next morning—he always makes the coffee because he thinks mine stinks and he's right—he looked around for the doughnuts he'd brought in the night before. No sign of a doughnut, no bag, nothing. Just a gnarled, mothеaten cabbage on the kitchen floor. The sound that came from his throat I could hear in my bedroom, and by the time I arrived, he was past speech. I couldn't help giggling, him and his country noises. . . .

"Trade rats," I told him. "Cabbages for doughnuts—"

he birds and the bees . . .

Well, neither would I have elected to hare my home with field rats but, stuck with a lease, what could we do? The next risis came when we got home late one ight and found the living room occupied y bees. Their hives were in the wall, but ur landlady had thoughtfully hung a pic-ure over the hole, and everything would ave been fine except that the picture had allen while we were out—

"Bees," said Bernie, "I am not familiar with at all. Let's go to a hotel—"

"If you don't fight a bee, he won't fight ou—"

"That's in Texas. In California maybe ey've got different rules—"

"We'll have to build a smudge pot—"

"What for?"

"To get 'em drunk—"

With garden gloves on my hands and a wel over my mouth, I was too busy for while to pay much attention to Bernie, it never have I been closer to hysteria an when he next crossed my line of vi-on, holding a tea strainer over his nose ith one hand and stalking bees with a fly vatter in the other. . . .

It was six o'clock before we picked up e last bee, and tacked a cardboard over e hole in the wall. Bernie was real eased with himself. I was pleased with m, too. Now that he'd been initiated, I ped we'd have no more trouble with id life. But I was wrong. One day a rmless little snake slithered in to steal ax's food. and my hero jumped thirty t into the air. "It's either the snake or ." he said, so I killed the snake.

We've got our own place now—three rgeous wonderful acres in the Riviera tion above the fog. I've been thoroughly fish about it and Bernie's been a dar-g. He's much more gregarious than I . loves being with people. But me, there times when for two or three weeks at retch. I don't want to see people at all. rnie understands and indulges me and hink that's pretty wonderful.

Our house is small. and some day we're ng to build one. Meantime we dote on The living room's warm and comfort-e with vivid colors—the kind you don't nt to get out of, once you're in. Bernie's ponsible for its charm. His taste is per-. The one flaw I ever detected in it to do with striped socks and sweaters, I suspect it was a planned eccentricity.

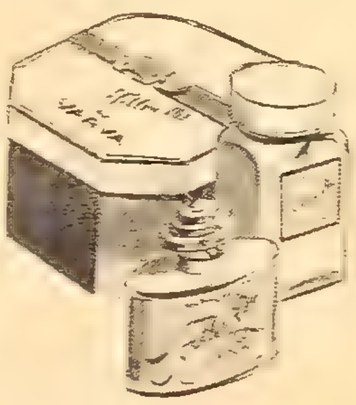
"Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ-MOI)



Ever been knee-deep in wolves? Use Varva's inviting fragrance Follow Me— and see what happens! Follow Me Toilet Water is especially wonderful to make every day super-super.

It's luscious—and lasts and lasts!



Follow Me Perfume $1 to $15. Same fascinating scent in Face and Bath Powders, Talc, Bubble Foam, Sachet, Soap.



Treat yourself to Follow Me Toilet Water today. Use it liberally; you *can*—three ounces are only $1. Also $2.50 and $4.50 sizes.

VARVA

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

can steal away a woman's beauty!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets.

THOUSANDS of women have lost the fresh glow of youth while they're still young. Thousands look "washed out"—frequently feel "ready to drop." And so often, the reason may be a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

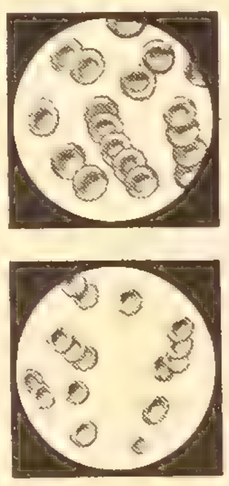
Results of medical studies show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. Their red blood cells are too pale and puny to release all the energy they ought to have. They need to build up their red blood cells—their supply line of healthy pep.

Ironized Yeast Tablets to Help Build Up Blood, Energy

So if you look and feel "old before your time" due to a Borderline Anemia, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are formulated to combat this Borderline Anemia, to help bring red blood cells back to normal size and color and in this way to restore the energy and the appearance of health.

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy and good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. Let them help you build up your red blood cells—win back your natural vitality!

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast
TABLETS



Besides, for himself he can't be bothered. He'll buy good clothes and go to a good tailor, but if two garments match when he gets them on, it's an accident. "So they won't ask me to pose for Calvert's," he says lightly.

It's *my* wardrobe he's really interested in. A month before my birthday, he'll come staggering in under boxes, and I've got to put on a style show in advance. He's a wizard, because I'm 16 in the arms, 14 in the shoulders, and the rest of me's 10, but whatever he buys me fits. The first time he brought home a dress was in New York, and my jaw dropped all the way down to there—

"You mean you walked into a shop and *asked* for it—"

"Yeah, like a thief in the night—" he boasted.

mink à la mode . . .

I rarely ask for things. First, with Bernie you don't get a chance to ask, he's always ahead of you. Then, possessions don't mean a great deal to me. So I thought he'd be enchanted when I asked for a mink coat. But the man's full of surprises, he bit my head off at this normal female request.

"What're you trying to do, impress the Joneses?"

When I convinced him that it had nothing to do with the Joneses, that I loved little pussy for herself alone, he relented. I now have a mink coat. Every time I put it on, Bernie revolves around me twice, lost in admiration.

He revolutionized my clothes habits. As a designer, I used to wear things that were extreme. He hated them. "You're not the most beautiful girl in the world, Chop, but you've got one distinctive feature—a head of red hair. Use that for decoration, and keep your clothes simple—" I have listened to him with great success.

No, I don't mind being told I'm not beautiful. He'd have to be an awful liar to say anything else. I know he *likes* the way I look, and that's enough for me. Incidentally, he seldom calls a girl beautiful. "That's a very handsome woman," he'll say in measured tones. High praise from my fella.

His one serious ambition is to realize himself as an actor. Compared with that all his other wants are pikers. In his lighter moments though, he'll plan a pool or a "horst"—for his own good reason that's what he calls a horse. The pool is so he can lie in the sun and say, "I could swim if I wanted—" The horst is to get square with a cop who doesn't know he's on earth. . . .

In New York once in a while he uses to hire a nag and go galumphing along. What he knew about riding was practically zero, but the spirit of knighthood-in-flower appealed to him. One day the saddle slipped. Bernie slid off and couldn't hoist himself back on again no matter how he tried.

Along comes this cop, cantering like a whole herd of Errol Flynns, and reins up beside him. . . . "Oh, a wise guy, huh? One o' them trick riders. Well, you keep your hi-jinks for the rodeo, bub, an' get back on that horse before I runya in for obstructin' traffic—"

revenge . . .

"Yes, sir," says Bernie. Over the rest we draw a curtain, except that as the sun sinks in the west, we catch a final glimpse of him and his horse trudging the three miles back to the stables together, eyeing each other in disgust.

"Gonna get me a horst," mutters Bernie, lying in the sun beside his imaginary pool. "Gonna show that flatfoot—"

'At's my boy. He's a character, and I love him.

HERE COME THE BRITISH!

(*Continued from page 45*)

Kid, he became an angel, and she had him asleep in practically zero minutes. "Now," she went on, "we'll just rinse out that little suit in a jiffy, and then some tea for all of us. And Peter, you might be telephoning around for some hotel accommodations."

It was over the tea that I discovered that Pete was in the movies. "What do you do?" I asked him, and he said,

"Oh, I do a bit of acting. What do you do?"

"A bit of writing," I said. Then when Layng and I, completely restored, were leaving (he *did* get us a hotel reservation), Pete and I made our bargain.

"When I'm a big-time actor," he said, "and you're a full-fledged author, you write a story about me. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. "And will you promise to come see us when you come East?" He promised. And just a couple of weeks ago, he made good!

the best is yet to come . . .

These have been a busy two years. Pete's whizzed from "Mrs. Parkington," to "Son of Lassie," to "Two Sisters from Boston" to "Cluny Brown." And now M-G-M is starring him in "A Star from Heaven." I wish I could say that I've just written a best seller, but unfortunately, 'tain't so. However, I'm pretty proud of my name on the MODERN SCREEN masthead, and when Pete called not so long ago, he said that that was good enough for him; that our deal was still on.

So he came up to our house in Stamford, and I *almost* got a story out of him. Except that he was having so much fun with the kids in the neighborhood that I couldn't get a query in edgewise. He played ball with Jerry and Jack, and autographed the big Welcome sign Marge had played hookey from work to make. He sang in Shendy's ear and had his picture taken with Louise and Audrey and was overheard making wolfish plans to crash Anne-Marie's school dance. He mowed our lawn and carried our child piggyback and was so darn much fun to have around that I couldn't be mad at him for skipping the interview.

"I tell you what," he said as he was going. "You write me up when I've won the Academy Award and you've done a sequel to 'Forever Amber!' Okay?"

"Sure," I said, and he thinks it's a big joke, but I'm halfway through my sequel already.

What do you bet I get that story yet?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last summer, when Bob Hope's bond shows were appearing in South Bend, he had his old friend, Bing Crosby, as his guest star. While Bing was singing, several girls in the audience started screaming as if they were swooning. Bing stopped singing, held up his hand, and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Please, girls! I'm an old man with four kids!" and then continued singing.

Margie Wiltfong
Mishawaka, Indiana



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Some of you have written asking me about my five children. The "baby" of the family is Dan, Jr. Next in age come Gay, Paula, Sally and finally, Scotti -- my eldest girl who has just finished school.

Mrs Dan Gerber





Danny Kaye and May McCoy, his favorite grocery-mixer, peek at what's for dee-nah and nothing could be fee-nah!

OH, KAYE! IT'S A PARTY!

DOUBTLESS DANNY

KAYE, ON RECORDS, WILL HELP MAKE

YOUR FALL PARTIES A RIOT!

By Nancy Wood

■ Danny Kaye eats like a nine-day wonder! Be it understood he eats *plenty*—the energy he puts into everything he does makes him very hungry. But what leaves us dumb with amazement is that here is a man who is actually indifferent to the most luxurious steak! He likes very exotic foods and loves to hunt restaurants where they'll give him concoctions the average man would escape in head-long flight. He's interested in dietetics and knows what traffic conditions are in the alimentary canal. In short, he eats like the frustrated doctor he's always wanted to be.

Wouldn't it be fun to have such a charmingly daffy guest at a Halloween or football party? There's no reason, of course, why you can't use Danny Kaye's latest record album as an ice-breaker at your party. Between that and those swell refreshments you're planning, you'll work up a reputation for being a really skilled hostess!

SNACK TRAY

Open-faced sandwiches will bear the brunt of the attack, so make up several kinds:

1. A mixture of cream cheese, finely chopped Brazil nuts and chopped olives. Moisten with mayonnaise.
2. Chopped hard-cooked egg, chopped watercress, finely minced onion and mayonnaise.
3. Cream cheese and crisp chopped bacon touched up with horseradish.

Photograph Courtesy General Foods



This Halloween All-Honey Chocolate Cake is going to do a disappearing act before your eyes, leaving only an unobserved crumb behind. It's good!



Ski-Ball, like football, has plenty of kick to it! Hot tea, fragrant with spices, is in excellent taste after the emotional uproar of the football game

4. Finely chopped chicken or crabmeat, moistened with mayonnaise and seasoned to taste.
5. Anchovy paste, in small amounts, added to grated American cheese.
6. Cottage cheese mixed with finely minced onion, chopped olives and chopped green pepper.
7. Hard-cooked eggs pepped up with deviled Smithfield meat (about a half teaspoonful per egg), a little minced onion and minced sharp pickle. Moisten with mayonnaise.

SKI-BALL

Place 1½ teaspoons sugar, 1 slice lemon stuck full of whole cloves and a cinnamon stick as a muddler in a tea glass with a handle. Pour strong, freshly made black tea over spiced lemon. Serve hot. Serves 1.

FORTUNE COOKIES

Write your friends' fortunes on snips of paper, fold, fasten to clean string and catch loose ends between two frosted cookies to form double cookie.

½ cup shortening
¼ cup peanut butter
½ cup sugar
2 cups corn flakes
1½ cups sifted flour
2 tsps. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
⅓ cup milk

Blend shortening, peanut butter and sugar thoroughly. Crush corn flakes to fine crumbs; mix with sifted dry ingredients. Add to shortening mixture alternately with milk. Mix well. Shape dough into rolls about 1½ inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill until firm. Slice carefully and bake on ungreased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 10 minutes. Makes about 60 cookies.

ALL-HONEY CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ teaspoons soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups honey
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
⅔ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together 3 times. Cream butter, add honey very gradually, by tablespoons at first, beating very hard after each addition to keep mixture thick. Add ¼ of flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with water in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes or until done. Spread your favorite frosting between layers or on top and sides of cake. Use melted chocolate to make the figures.

NOTE: For best results, beat like mad at each stage of mixing!

'Anything worth doing...'



It's an 'oldie'—of course. But even if you're a very new newlywed, you'll see how true the old proverb is—when you're washing clothes.

This is one housekeeping chore you can make pleasant and satisfying with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

You don't have to *rub* the dirt out. Fels-Naptha loosens it—quickly and gently—then it's whisked away, *all of it*, in the mild suds of Fels-Naptha Soap.

Your clothes will be cleaner, brighter, sweeter-smelling. Your wash days—with Fels-Naptha—will be something to look forward to . . . *well, almost.*



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

you DO NOT need to buy EXPENSIVE SHOES to safeguard your Toddler's feet Why?

No shoes at any price are better than sensibly-priced WEE WALKERS for a toddler's normal feet. Cost less because they are made by America's largest exclusive baby shoe manufacturer, and sold through mass distribution stores. The best safeguard is to not let baby grow *into* and *out of* shoes. Buy the correct size NOW and change to a larger size IN TIME.

Ask your doctor about WEE WALKERS . . . see them . . . compare them . . . try them . . . in Infants' or shoe department of stores listed. Birth to size 8.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

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Smooth One-Piece Tongue:

Stops pressure on nerves, muscles, blood vessels caused by sewed-on tongue, still used on some shoes selling at top prices.



FREE: Pamphlet, "Look At Your Baby's Feet." Valuable information on foot care, and scale to measure size needed. Moran Shoe Co., Dept. M, Carlyle, Ill.



WEE WALKER Shoes FOR Wee WALKERS

SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER

(Continued from page 57)

a collie all my very, very own."

Even so, Mother might have held out if Mr. Weatherwax hadn't lined up on Margaret's side, without knowing there *were* sides. Lassie—it's an open secret by now that Lassie's a boy—became the father of puppies, and on Margaret's first visit to the nursery with Aunt Marissa, this one little dog jumped right into her arms and started kissing her all over her face. Mr. Weatherwax watched as the face drowned in pure bliss—

"You know, Margaret," he said, "I'm taking the dogs on tour. But when we get back, I'm going to give you this puppy."

She stared at him, the heavens opening. "You mean for keeps? You mean—for my very own?" That's what he meant. "Oh, Mr. Weatherwax," faltered Margaret, and couldn't say another word.

Mother knew she was licked when her daughter lifted shining eyes that had seen a miracle. "He liked me, Mummy. Please may I have him, please? I'll buy him a brown leather collar with rubies and emeralds, and I'll feed him myself."

Had she asked for a performing elephant at the moment, Mother would have been hard put to it to say no.

theatrical crown jewels . . .

For though they're different types, Margaret's got one thing in common with Charlie McCarthy—she mows 'em down. Take Lionel Barrymore, no sentimentalist. He's played with children galore and probably liked them fine, but who got his grandmother's pearl-and-sapphire ring? Who but Margaret O'Brien? After a scene in their first picture together, a Dr. Gillespie number, someone caught him blowing his nose like mad, and he made no bones about why he was blowing it. "Dammit, she's the only woman besides my sister who ever made me cry."

Some days later a little box was delivered at Margaret's house. Inside was a beautiful pin, converted from the ring that had once belonged to Georgie Drew, matriarch of Broadway's royal family. The card said: "Dear Margaret, I don't know anyone better to carry on the tradition—"

It's Margaret who, for the first time in a movie, will recite from a speech of Franklin Roosevelt's. In granting permission, Mrs. Roosevelt wrote Ralph Wheelwright, producer of "Tenth Avenue Angel," that both she and the late President were O'Brien fans. That may have had something to do with it. So perhaps did a personal encounter in '45.

The President was at Yalta. But along with many others, the O'Briens had been asked to luncheon at the White House in connection with the Birthday Ball. A little nervous, she stuck tight to Mother and Aunt Marissa, till suddenly she was being introduced to a tall, kindly lady, who was the President's wife. After that there was nothing to be nervous about. Because she had lunch at a table with the Roosevelt grandchildren, and later Fala came in and they all played together and made quite a lot of noise. Bidding her hostess goodbye, Margaret dropped a curtsey. "Thank you, I had a lovely time," said the clear little voice. "It's very homey here, isn't it?"

Because she's such a lovable kid, people fall into the error of assuming she's a little angel. This amuses and sometimes distresses Mrs. O'Brien.

"What would I do with an angel? She can be as pesky as any child."



WARMTH FOR BACKACHES

Backaches, sacro-iliac or lumbago pains all benefit from the comforting heat produced by Allcock's Porous Plaster. Gives relief, supports muscles. 25c . . . buy one now.

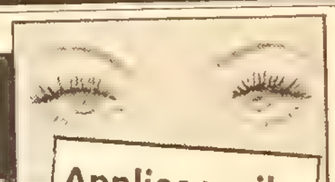


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Glamour-Eyes with LASH-KOTE



For bewitching, sparkling eyes...enhance their beauty with Lash-Kote. Water-proof . . . tear-proof . . . smudge-proof . . . harmless!

Applies easily, dries quickly. Lasts for days.

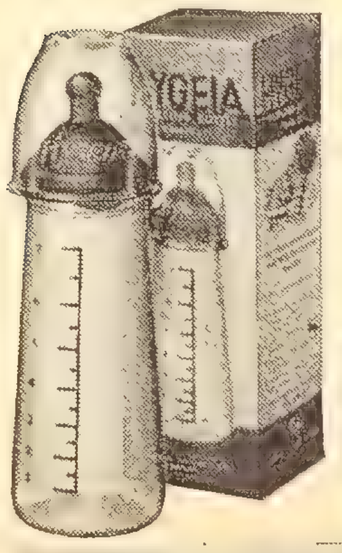
In black or brown at all 5c & 10c store cosmetic counters. 25¢

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BABY COMING ?

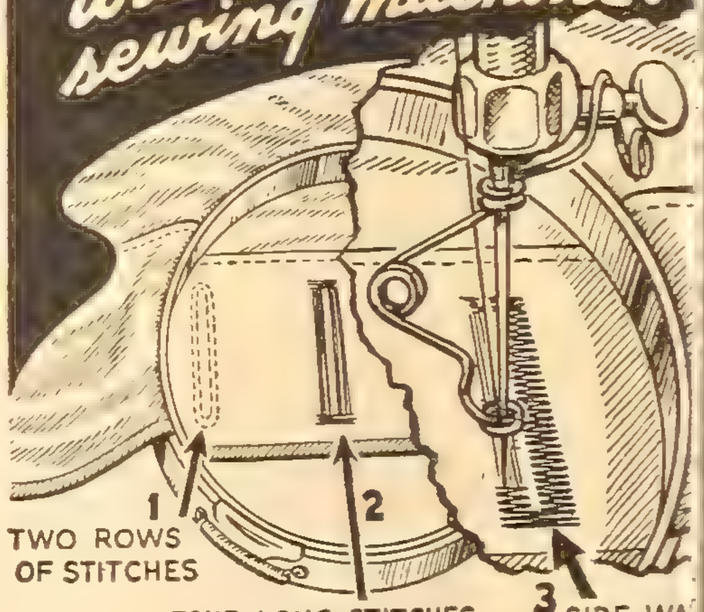


Start right with this improved, easy-to-clean, Hygeia nursing unit. Fewer parts—just nipple, bottle, and cap. Prepare full day's formula at one time. Only necessary to remove cap when feeding. Cap keeps nipples germ-free. Handy for out-of-home feeding. Useful as container for baby's other foods. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented airvent to reduce "windsucking." Sold at your druggist's complete as illustrated or parts separately.



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New EASY WAY Makes BUTTON HOLES with your own sewing machine!



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Yet even her peskiness is in character. She's never been fresh, and she's no prankster, though like a chameleon she takes on the color of each part she plays.

She doesn't need a movie role, however, to teach her to stall. That's pure O'Brien. Margaret's such an expert at dawdling and poking along, it's a mercy they ever get to the studio in time. On the other hand, she's always on time for parties. Nancy, her best friend on the block, sent out invitations for a birthday party at two. At 1:30, Margaret was ready to go. Nancy lives only three doors away, so Aunt Marissa explained why you don't barge in on your hostess before you're expected. Margaret watched the hands of the clock move around to two. "Let's go now, Auntie—"

"Oh honey, let's wait a few minutes. We don't want to be the first—"

"Why don't we?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nobody wants to be first—"

That didn't convince Margaret. "Let's go anyway. Somebody has to be first, and it might as well be me—"

Give Margaret two minutes in a room, and its best friend won't know it. Because it'll be a farm littered with toy animals, or a drugstore stocked with every bottle in the house. That would be all right too, except she's allergic to putting things back. She's tired. Or she'll do it later. Or, "Oh, Mummy, can't you do it, please—?"

"Don't you like things clean and nice, Margaret?"

"Yes, Mummy, I like things clean but I don't like to clean them."

vintage wardrobe . . .

The principal point of difference between mother and daughter concerns spots on dresses. Margaret doesn't mind them.

"I do believe," says Mother, "that you'd put on a dress all spots, and go to church in it—" Margaret smiles absently. "Goodness, I remember at school how I used to spread my dress out so carefully, and feel so badly if it got wrinkled—"

Margaret looks up. "Maybe, if it was an old-fashioned dress, Mummy, I'd be more careful. I don't like to have spots on my old-fashioned clothes—"

Because, spots or no, she's definitely clothes-conscious. Only, to interest Margaret, the style has to date back thirty years or more. One scene in "Three Wise Fools" called for a pink organdy party dress, vintage 1907, to be worn with high socks. She got into such a state over that costume, that finally Eddie Buzzell had to move the scene up and get it out of the way. And don't think Miss O'Brien wasn't pleased when she stepped out in her glamor gown and garnered a long, low whistle from the boys! Just as pleased as on another occasion when a visitor to the "St. Louis" set admired her 1904 bathrobe. "Do you *really* like it? Well, come into my dressing room and let me show you my nightie—"

She also seems to have a flair for hats. One day Aunt Marissa invited her to lunch at the Beverly-Wilshire Pharmacy, where they have the kind of chocolate malts she goes for—

"May I wear this, Auntie?"

"This" turned out to be an Easter basket with the handles snipped off. Auntie blinked. "We-ell, I guess it *looks* like a hat. All right, go ahead and wear it—"

First thing you know, a man came over to their table, said he was from John-Frederics and Margaret better not let them see her hat or they'd copy it. Next thing you know, Dorothy Maguire walked in. Margaret has three favorite lady stars, and Miss Maguire's one. "*Where* did you get that adorable hat?" Miss Maguire asked.

"Guess this *is* a hat," observed Mar-

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garet on the way home. So she tied black velvet ribbon round it, and th basket's now a part of her wardrobe.

Besides Miss Maguire, her other tw lady favorites are Ingrid Bergman an Vivien Leigh. Her gentleman favorite Gregory Peck, period. She's been that wa about him ever since "Keys of the King dom." Her girl favorite is Elizabeth Taylo She keeps scrapbooks on all of them.

Her boy favorite used to be Roddy M Dowall. It was a red-letter day for Ma garet when he appeared on the set with copy of "Our Vines Have Tender Grape and asked her to autograph it. Woma like, she turned on the charm—how d lighted she'd be, how kind of him to as etcetera and so forth. Then she sat he self down, pen in hand, and went scarl "Pardon me," she gulped, "but how you spell 'Roddy?'"

Times are changing though. Roddy pretty grownup and besides, there's a b right on the M-G-M lot named Clau Jarman, better known as Jody, after h part in "The Yearling." It's been rumor that he and Margaret may do "The Secr Garden" together.

"If we do," said Jody, "will you lea the English accent?"

"I don't know if I can—"

"If *I* can, it'll be a cinch for you—"

By way of thanks, she gave him h shy smile. On their way to lunch th day, they saw Jody approaching. Witho a word, Margaret thrust Lucy into h mother's arms, and walked sedately alo as if a doll were the last thing on ea she'd have any truck with.

storybook love . . .

Only once in a while does she give h feelings expression, and even then expression's likely to be restrained. Th was one period when, every day at ab the same time, they used to pass a cor where the red car stopped. A man wo get off and two children, waiting w their mother at the corner, would run meet him. Margaret began to watch this little scene, and to look disappointe they missed it. Her own father had d before she was born. Mrs. O'Br couldn't help wondering whether the which had desolated her was now gri ing their child. At length she asked—

"Margaret, would you like a fat like that?"

Margaret considered it. "Oh, I guess keep my same monotonous family—"

But with all her reticence, there's creature for whom she shamelessly we her heart on her sleeve. That, of course Lad. He's responsible for a lion's share the spots on her dresses—

"Margaret, I declare if you don't that dog grabbing and tearing at y clothes, I'll have to do something drasti

"How shall I stop him?"

"Snap your fingers at him. Say 'Do as if you meant it—"

"But I don't mean it, Mummy. I him grabbing me—"

Margaret rarely cries. But when found Mother feeding Lad one day, y have thought it was the end of the w The sobs racked her. "Oh Mum don't take my dog away from me."

"But darling, what do you mean? just feeding him because you said were tired."

"Yes, but he'll like you better if feed him, and I just couldn't bear it!

There's not much danger. For Lad, v Margaret's around, no one else ex With little exaggeration, you might the same of her. Their devotion, like thing perfect, has a storybook qualit each alone is hard to resist, imagine the combination can do for itself. there's one thing they don't get with: Lad's not allowed to sleep on

garet's bed. Two pair of soft dark eyes mplore in vain—

"No, he's much too big. You'll have to ontent yourself with Maggie in bed—"

Well, Maggie's second-best, and any log in the world would be better than one. So her day begins and ends with Maggie in bed. Some time after she's sleep, Mother tiptoes in and transfers he little dog to a chair for the rest of he night. She doesn't budge till Mother omes in next morning, then she opens ne eye. When Margaret says, "Please, may have Maggie in bed for five minutes?" he cocks one ear. When Mother says, All right, but only five minutes—" be- ore the words are out, she's on top of ne bed.

Mother tries not to waken Margaret till he last minute, but she's got to allow me for dawdling—dawdling with Mag- ie, dawdling with Lad, dawdling in her ath. Over breakfast she doesn't dawdle. elicate little Margaret has the appetite f a bear cub.

But the morning stall is nothing, com- ared with what goes on at night. You'd ink Margaret would be resigned by now the fact that once every twenty-four ours bedtime does roll around, and there's othing she can do to stop it. But no, e still tries. Brings the clock in, and ints out that it lacks thirty seconds to e hour. Gets Mother talking about some- ing interesting. Takes twice as long as e needs to in the bathroom, or starts acticing jacks—

All this frantic conniving rarely gains r more than five minutes. And the nny part is, once she's in bed, she likes She's allowed to tune the radio in to t music or read for half an hour. You ed never ask what kind of a story she's ading, it's always a dog story. She owns out a hundred. Sometimes her eyes stray from the page to Maggie snoozing at the foot of the bed, and she smiles. After a while, Mummy tiptoes in and carries Mag- gie to the chair—

All actors, they say, must have in their makeup at least a trace of the exhibition- ist, or they wouldn't be actors. If that's true, Margaret keeps her trace well- buried. She shies away from compliments. Among other children, she hates to be singled out. When "Our Vines" was re- leased, Aunt Marissa gave a luncheon and matinee party for Margaret and seven of her friends. The minute they sat down to eat, Margaret launched her campaign. She didn't think they'd care about "Our Vines," she'd seen it herself and it wasn't much. Now if they really wanted to have fun, they ought to go round the corner to the Abbott and Costello show, that was a scream . . .

too much of a good thing . . .

"How do you know?"

"Because I've seen it."

"Do you want to see it again?"

"Oh, I don't care how many times I see a good show— Like 'National Velvet.' I saw that nine times."

Aunt Marissa didn't interfere, and in the end Margaret led her chums happily round the corner to the Abbott and Cos- tello show.

Only once did she take advantage of being in the movies, and that was to meet a glamor guy named Santa Claus.

When she was tiny, Mother once took her to watch the Christmas parade ride down Santa Claus Lane. It was all gay and exciting, but for Margaret the vision of Santa, perched high in his sleigh, blocked out everything else. As Mother undressed her that night, she asked wist- fully, "Does he let children ride with him in his sleigh?"

"I'm afraid not, honey, Anyway, not un- less they're movie stars—"

During the war years, Santa Claus didn't ride. But one day last winter, Margaret looked up from where she was sprawled on the floor with the funnies—

"Mummy, am I movie star?"

From her, it sounded strange. "Why do you ask that?"

"It says here that Santa's going to ride down Hollywood Boulevard, and you told me once that he lets movie stars ride with him. Am I a movie star?"

"I don't know, honey. I suppose some people might think so—"

"Then why doesn't he ask me?"

"Maybe he doesn't know you want to—"

"Well, of *course* I want to. Does he think I've worked all these years for nothing?"

So it was arranged. All ardent and glowing, Margaret made her curtsey to Santa, who didn't know she still believed in him. He was an actor who'd once worked with Mummy and Marissa and, despite their frantic wigwaggings, he per- sisted in reminiscing. Whether Margaret still believes in him, nobody knows. From that day to this, she's never mentioned him.

But if she's lost an illusion, she's gained a flesh-and-blood friend, and if it came to a choice as between Santa and Lad, it's not Lad she'd give up. In fact, he's shown her where her future lies—

Ask Margaret what she wants to be when she grows up, and she'll never say, "An actress," any more than she'd say, "A girl—" One's as naturally taken for granted as the other. Usually her ambition varies with the part she's playing. Right now she thinks she'll be a ballet dancer.

"And a dog trainer too, of course—"

"That's a rare combination," says Mother. "I doubt if you could be both."

'Couldn't I?" says Margaret dreamily. "Well then, I'll be a dancer and a vet—"

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"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 41)

undecided.

"I don't understand Larry," she said to Sophie Nelson, who was spending the weekend with her. "It isn't that he's lazy. He studies philosophy and things like that by the hour. But he simply refuses to take a job."

Sophie looked at her thoughtfully. "No, I don't think you *do* understand Larry. He isn't interested in making money, Isabel. He doesn't care about society and parties, either."

"Then what on earth does he care about?"

"You. Anyone could tell that, the way he looks at you. Isabel, it must be fun to be so beautiful and have such lovely clothes, and a rich uncle to visit from Paris and tell you all the exciting things that are happening in the world." Sophie's voice was wistful.

Isabel laughed. "My rich uncle Elliott is being a nuisance right now. I know perfectly well that mother sent for him to come all the way from Paris just to break up my engagement to Larry. He keeps saying why don't I marry Gray Maturin, who has all the money in the world, and he calls Larry a penniless young idiot."

"You couldn't marry Gray, when you're in love with Larry." Sophie was shocked.

"I know. But uncle Elliott doesn't believe in love. He says it's the silliest basis for marriage he ever heard of. He says that in France no one marries for love."

"Well, your uncle was born and raised right here in Chicago. Has he forgotten that?" Sophie asked dryly.

"He's done his best to. But he's really a lamb, and he knows all the right people."

"Is he having all the right people to this dinner party here tonight? If he is, I won't fit in. They'll take one look at this dress I whipped up for myself from a bargain basement remnant, and his reputation will be ruined forever."

"Don't be crazy." But on a sudden impulse, Isabel went to her closet. "If you're worried, I'll give you this blue dress. It doesn't go with my eyes, but it would be good on you."

Sophie's gamin face sparkled with happiness. "Oh, it's divine! Bob's never seen me in anything like that."

"Bob loves you no matter what you

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wear! Are you going to marry him?"

"Of course. And live happily ever after." Sophie grinned as she scrambled into the blue dress. This time it was Isabel who looked wistful for a moment. In a way, it would be nice to live a simple, uncomplicated existence like Sophie's. Bob MacDonald was a fine boy.

"Better hurry," she said lightly. "I told Larry to come early."

But Larry didn't come early. The other guests arrived and cocktails were served. Isabel, who was talking to a famous English writer named Somerset Maugham, kept looking at the door.

"Expecting someone?" he asked finally.

"Just my fiancé." She smiled at him. "Oh, there he is now." She hurried toward Larry.

"Darling, you're so late."

"I'm sorry." He didn't explain.

It wasn't until later in the evening that she found out what had delayed him. Then it was Gray Maturin who told her.

"My father talked to Larry this afternoon. Had a fine position for him in his office, selling bonds. You know, people would like to buy bonds from a man with Larry's great war record."

"Gray, what a wonderful chance for Larry!"

"Larry didn't think so. He turned it down."

"Oh, *no*!" Her beautiful mouth went tight with annoyance. Maturin was the biggest broker in Chicago. She would have to talk seriously with Larry about this, and get him to reconsider. She told her mother and Elliott about it before she went to bed.

Elliott gave her a grim look. "I tell you the fellow's mad. What does he expect you to live on, if you marry him?"

"Take him out to our country place tomorrow," her mother suggested. "You can talk things over."

Isabel's heart gave a traitorous little jump at the thought of a whole day in the country with Larry. It made no sense —she was really angry with him about this, but even being angry with Larry was exciting.

As it turned out, they didn't quarrel. For the first time, Larry tried to explain to her how he really felt about things. It had started, he said, when his best friend was killed, in the war, saving Larry's life.

"So now what am I going to do with my life, to make that sacrifice worth while? Just sit in Maturin's office and talk people into buying bonds they don't need? I can't see it."

She looked at him, her green eyes dark with tears. "Darling, I love you so much. I do want you to be happy. What do you want to do?"

Larry paced up and down restlessly. "I'd like to go to Europe for a year. Wander around. Study. Then if I haven't found the answers, I'll give up and come back and take a job."

Triumph slipped like a thief into Isabel's heart. A year wasn't so very long. Not really. She could wait a year. . . .

It was a year-and-a-half before she saw Larry again, and then it was in Paris, not Chicago. His letters had been brief and uninformative. He said nothing about coming home. At last Isabel talked her mother into accepting Uncle Elliott's long proffered invitation to visit him in Paris. She cabled Larry that they were coming, and got a cable back making a date for the night of their arrival.

Elliott met them at the station, looking dapper and worldly and smug. He started a recital immediately of all the titled names who had invited them to parties in the next two weeks.

He's really an awful snob, Isabel

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ *Try it anyway*
- ☐ *Say your feet hurt*
- ☐ *'Fess up frankly*

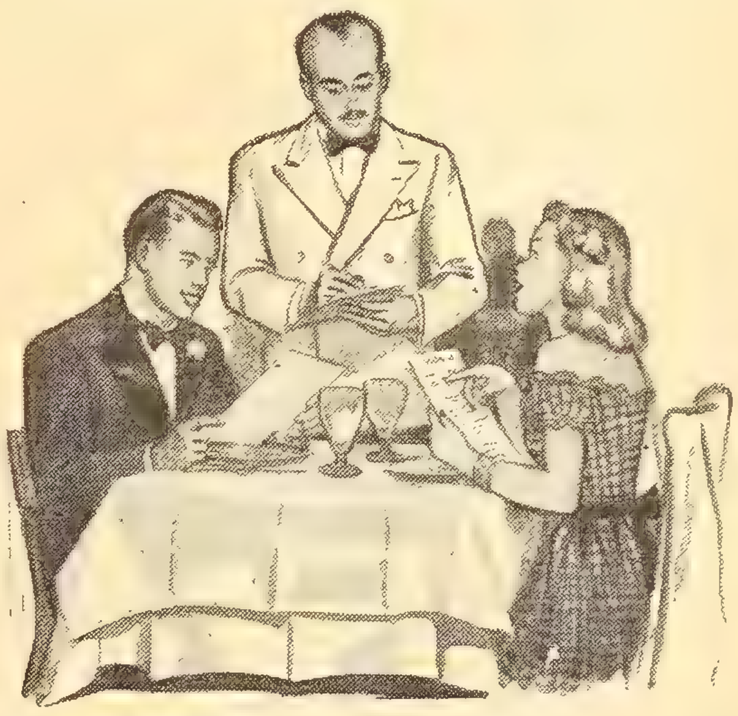
Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



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How would you give your order?

- ☐ *To the waiter*
- ☐ *To your escort*
- ☐ *Let your date choose your dinner*

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra* safe—and confident!

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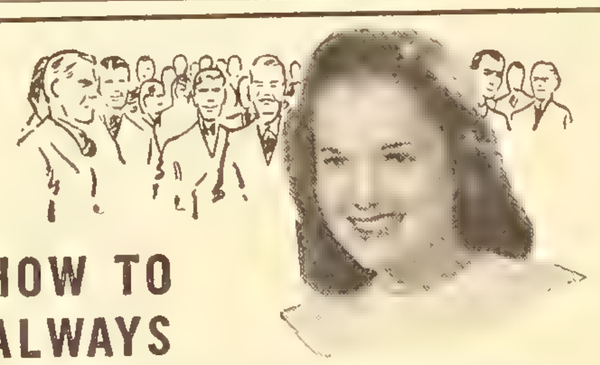
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thought. But it's sweet of him to have us. Aloud she said, "I hope you haven't planned anything for me tonight, Uncle Elliott. I'm dining with Larry."

Elliott snorted. "Larry! That young cub is impossible. He's living in some hovel on the Left Bank like a peasant."

Isabel hardly listened. She was thinking of nothing but seeing Larry again. But when he called for her that night, she had a moment of misgiving. He looked older. His face was calm, controlled, in a way she didn't understand. Then he kissed her, and the old magic returned.

"I've missed you," he whispered. "I can't get along without you, dearest."

They went out to dinner, and drank champagne, and Isabel was happy for the first time since Larry had left Chicago.

"You're so beautiful," he told her. "I'd forgotten how beautiful you were."

She laughed. Excitement blazed in her green eyes and curved her crimson lips. "What have you been doing all this time, Larry, besides avoiding Uncle Elliott's 'right people?'"

"Oh, studying. Thinking. Trying to learn the answer to all my questions."

"What kind of questions?"

"Whether there's a God. Whether we have immortal souls. Things like that."

"Couldn't you have done that as well in Chicago, darling?"

"I don't think so. I want to travel all over the world. I want to go to India."

"India!" Isabel felt a cold fog of fear creep over her. "You mean—you aren't coming home with us?"

"Isabel, I want *you* to come with *me.*"

"How would I fit into this mad scheme of yours?" Her voice was sick with disappointment.

They quarreled bitterly. At last, she took the engagement ring from her finger and put it on the table. Her eyes were as bright and hard as the diamond.

"Goodbye, Larry. I wish you luck." She left the room without looking back.

Everyone said it was a lovely wedding. Isabel made a beautiful bride, and Gray Maturin was a distinguished looking groom. If the bride's face was set in a harder mold than it had been a year ago, who was to notice? It was, everyone agreed, an ideal marriage. The Maturins became Chicago's best-known young couple. Isabel gave enormous dinners which ran very smoothly. People frequently commented on her resemblance to her uncle Elliott. And she almost managed not to think about Larry at all. . . .

Then the stock market crashed, and Gray lost his money. He began to suffer from terrible headaches, and couldn't work. When Elliott cabled them to come and live with him in Paris, Isabel wired acceptance immediately. They were soon ensconced in his elegant apartment on the Rue Jolie.

It wasn't long after their arrival that she saw Larry again. Somerset Maugham had turned up—the English writer whom Isabel had met at Elliott's dinner in Chicago years ago and he had seen Larry.

She persuaded Maugham to bring him to dinner a few nights later. Isabel couldn't keep her eyes off Larry. She had known the moment he walked in the door that she still loved him. That she always would.

They went out on the town that night after dinner, to celebrate the reunion and Gray's recovery. They ended, very late, at a tough Montmartre cafe. It was full of sailors and tramps and a sprinkling of apaches. They had scarcely sat down when there was a disturbance as a girl shoved her way through the crowd toward them. She was pretty, in a somewhat blowsy way, and obviously drunk. She came to the table and stood there, swaying slightly.

"M'old friends," she said. "M'old friends from Chicago."

Larry leaped to his feet. "Why, it's

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Sophie. What are you doing in Paris?"

"I guess you don't keep up with the gossip." She widened her eyes at him in alcoholic flirtatiousness. "They threw me out of Chicago."

She wandered off, leaving them staring after her.

"What has happened to her?" Larry asked, and his eyes were dark and troubled.

Isabel felt a quick stab of jealousy. He had always been fond of Sophie. "It was very sad," she said coolly. "Her husband, Bob, and their child, were killed in an auto accident. Sophie went completely to pieces. Turned into a drunk, and a tramp. Her inlaws got her to leave Chicago and come to Paris. You can see the result." She shrugged delicately.

She might have known that she had chosen the worst possible way to combat Larry's interest in Sophie. His compassion was now fully aroused. He began to see Sophie regularly, and reported that she had stopped drinking. Then one day Isabel sent word to Maugham that she must see him at once. Somehow she had sensed that he knew her feeling for Larry, and she felt more at home with him than anyone else. When he arrived he found her in a fury.

"Larry has said he's going to marry Sophie!"

Maugham was amused. "Well, there's nothing either of us can do to prevent this marriage."

Isabel stared at him absently. "Isn't there? I'm not so sure."

It was years before Maugham learned what Isabel had meant. He was sitting in a cafe in Toulon in 1931 when a woman swaggered up to him. She wore bright red slacks, and a French sailor's shirt. Her face was lined with dissipation.

"Hello," she said. "How about buying me a drink?"

Maugham rose. "Sophie! How nice to see you. Where's Larry?"

She stared at him suspiciously for a moment, then began to laugh. There was a note of hysteria in the laughter. "You mean you really think we got married?"

"Didn't you? When I left Paris for the Orient, the wedding was to be the next week."

Isabel sobered. "I know. Then Isabel—dear Isabel—asked me there for lunch. She told me she wanted to give me a wedding dress—a blue one she had seen at Mainbocher which reminded her of one she had given me years ago.

"Her talking about that other dress made me think of Bob and how happy we were then. After lunch she was called out, but she said for me to stay and finish my coffee. There was a bottle of brandy on the table.

"I hadn't had a drink for six weeks, and I was pretty proud of myself, but I was pretty jittery too. I thought just one drink might help. Well, I finished the bottle."

"What happened then?"

"Oh, I went on a bender. Left Paris without a word to anyone, and went to an Arab joint I knew about. I never saw Larry again." Her voice was almost indifferent, as if it had all happened too long ago to matter.

"And what are you doing in Toulon?"

Sophie smiled. It wasn't a pretty smile. "Having fun," she said. "Thanks for the drink." She drained her glass and sauntered off to meet a tough French sailor who was coming up the street.

He had no way of knowing that this one was a little too tough. No way of foreseeing that in a cheap room in a cheaper hotel that night, Sophie and her sailor would quarrel again. That her body would be found three days later in the bay. . . .

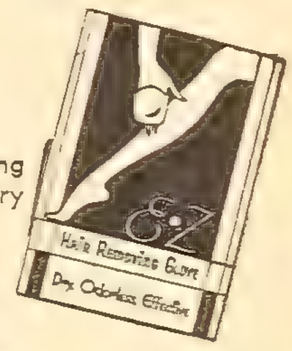
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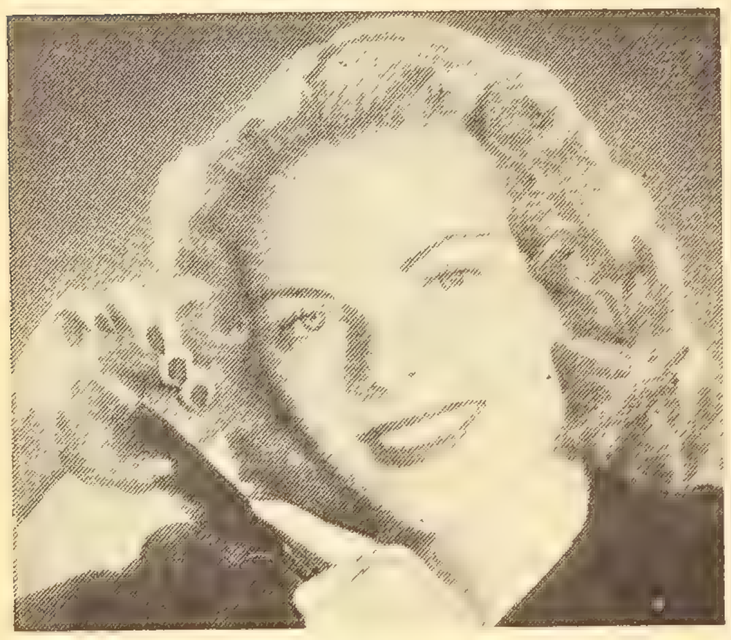
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it, and he and Maugham together visited the ugly little room where she had lived. In her trunk they found a bunch of letters tied with an old ribbon.

"The letters Bob wrote her before they were married," Larry said soberly.

"People make strange botches of their lives." Maugham was thinking of Isabel.

As if by thought transference, Larry asked suddenly, "Where are Isabel and Gray now?"

"Over at Cannes. Elliott is dying in his villa there."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I'd like to come over with you and say—good-bye—to him."

So they were all gathered together again under one roof. But Larry was somehow remote from them all, in spite of his kindness, his obvious affection for them. He stayed until Elliott died, and then told them he was off to America.

"What are you going to do?" Isabel asked curiously.

"I think I'll drive a taxi." Larry smiled at her horrified expression. "Taxi drivers can always get people to listen to them. And maybe sometimes people will get into my taxi whom I can help." He said it simply and without any self-consciousness.

When he left, Gray went to the door with him. Maugham stood watching Isabel's lovely face. "I've lost him," she said. "I know it. He's gone forever now."

There were footsteps behind her. "I wish you wouldn't cry," Gray said gently. "I know how much you love him, Isabel. But can't you and I have a little happiness together, yet?"

She turned to him, her beautiful eyes wet. "Gray, you're so good to me."

He put his arm around her and they stood close together. With a quick gesture, Isabel put her head against his shoulder. Over her dark hair, Gray gazed into the future, and smiled.

CAST

Larry Darrell	Tyrone Power
Isabel	Gene Tierney
Gray Maturin	John Payne
Sophie	Anne Baxter
Elliott Templeton	Clifton Webb
Somerset Maugham	Herbert Marshall
Mrs. Luisa Bradley	Lucile Watson
Bob MacDonald	Frank Latimore
Miss Keith	Elsa Lanchester
Kosti	Fritz Kortner

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DARK ANGEL

(*Continued from page 65*)

tomorrow the Russells must leave their home, half paid for, and move into a tiny three-room apartment.

Anyway, George would not have to share this humiliation with them. It was because her brother had gone into the army and his contribution to the family income had been cut off that this incredible thing had happened.

She thought, I'll make my mind help me. I'll think about other things. I'll think about being in love, about Stuart . . . no, I'll save that for later, for just before I'm ready to go to sleep. First I'll think about Chicago, about the time when everything was simple and safe and happy . . .

enter love . . .

She could remember the South Side Hyde Park apartment in Chicago, big and spacious, furnished with such charm in early American; and the grand piano, and the colored girl in her crisp, starched uniform; and the big Buick snug in its garage. She could remember being four, and developing a passionate regard for chop suey. And she had had a little fur coat to wear to kindergarten, and she had swiped all those little colored pencils and crayons and paper from school, and been found out and made to return them. And there was the afternoon Dave Somebody, the tall, red-headed boy, invited her over to this yard to play.

He had rigged up a good game. You stood up on a wall, clutching a rope that was tied to a tree limb. Then you swung out on the rope, in the Tarzan manner, and—if you were Dave—you described a nice long arc and landed on your little posterior in a pile of hay.

If you were Gail, you described a somewhat shorter arc, missed the hay, and broke your arm.

Then you went home, where George, five-and-a-half years older, poured a bottle of Sloan's liniment over your arm and wrapped it in a sheet; whereupon your mother, arriving from market, sniffed the violent air and began asking questions. Remembering that the circus was in town, and that if you were a cripple you might not be able to go, you giggled and put your arm behind you—and a whole week went by before it hurt enough to admit what was wrong.

Well, and there were the other little things, too, that completed the warm, bright picture of childhood and made her forget the rain, the hard floor, the intolerable tomorrow . . . There was the bike with the little wooden box on the handlebars, in which she carried Chip, her Angora cat, as she rode around Hyde Park. There were her thick, bulging scrapbooks devoted to Ginger Rogers, her idol of idols, and the occasional Rogers pictures, to which she could go right after school and sit through again and again until the theater closed, spanking or no spanking afterwards.

There was swimming every morning during the summer in the lake, until every bit of curl was gone from her hair; and there was Johnny.

She was only eleven the cold March day when young Johnny Powell took her roller skating down Michigan Boulevard in the teeth of the lake wind, and when her teeth began chattering suggested that they go into a nearby church to get warm. It was an Episcopal church, misty with stained-glass light and steam heat, and Chicago was not very pious that afternoon for they



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were the only ones there. Johnny kissed her in the second pew.

She liked it. She was mildly aware that she shouldn't have, but she did anyway. There was no chance to give it a second try and make sure, however, because that was the year she and her mother, packed for a trip to Florida, changed their minds and headed for California instead.

And she would think now about Stuart.

There was no earthly reason, that she could see, why Stuart Buchanan should have chosen her, the shyest little drab in school, as the girl he wanted. They were in two classes together—history and English—and he was a whiz in history while she was generally able to manage English with comparative ease. Thus, over a coke at the local sugar bowl, they one day concocted a mutual aid scheme: on true-false quizzes in history, he would wiggle his right ear if the answer were false.

In English, she would put her hand to her forehead if the answer were true.

On the day they had decided to give it a trial, they met outside the classroom with something on their minds. They had both come to the same conclusion. It was too much like cheating, and beneath them. But by then they were friends, and one day he said (with that studied casualness that means something serious is afoot): "Doing anything tonight?"

rover boy . . .

And so it started. She had always wondered how he had come by that fabulous physique of his, and now she found out. He dropped by the house one day in his hot rod, picked her up, drove her at his usual blinding pace to his house, led her out to the garage, and proudly displayed a brand new set of weights and bar-bells.

"We'll start you with fifty pounds," he told her. "Build you up."

She looked at him doubtfully. "Do I need building up?"

"Everybody needs building up. Give you a few muscles here and there. Go on, pick them up."

She got them off the ground, grunting, and stood triumphant, waiting for his praise.

"Now over your head and up to arm's length—five times. Hup!"

At the memory of that horrible afternoon, and the way she ached afterwards, she giggled aloud, stopping short when she heard her father stirring across the room. In a couple of weeks she had been able to toss those weights around like an Amazon, and there was no doubt about it, they did something to the figure. Besides, you had to stay in condition to keep up with Stuart—all that swimming, and being crew on his boat, and the way he liked to dance. But it was fun. It was terrific fun, and Stuart was really wonderful, and she loved him very, very much, and just the other evening he had said, "When we're married we can get a bigger boat with a cabin, and take long vacations to the Islands, maybe Tahiti—"

april showers . . .

Outside, the rain had stopped. The streetlight had gone out and its glow was replaced by the first suggestion of dawn. The young, ebullient spirit of little Miss Russell asserted itself, and she smiled at the ceiling. Things were tough, but not that tough. Something would turn up soon . . .

Still grinning, she went to sleep.

William Meiklejohn, talent head of Paramount, was feeling in an expansive mood. He'd had a superb weekend in Balboa and there were no important worries waiting on his desk at the studio. Thus when he saw the two fellows hitch-hiking along the coast highway he stopped for them, and engaged them in conversation on the way



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home. He told them a little about his work, and they had something for him too —the name of a girl.

"You should *see* her!" they said. *"Boy!* We call her the Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica."

"Gail Russell. Santa Monica Tech. Right," said Meiklejohn, and when he reached his office dictated a note to his stenographer. The next day a slip of paper was delivered to Gail in class. It read, "Call Milton Lewis concerning a test at Paramount." It was just two weeks since that rainy night spent on the living room floor, and Gail—who had had enough gags played on her by the other gals at Tech—wasn't having any this time.

She threw the note in the waste basket.

An hour later, during a recess, she sneaked back in and retrieved the crumpled piece of paper. Feeling like a fool, but prodded by curiosity, she rang Paramount and asked if a Milton Lewis worked there. Milton Lewis did, it appeared, and was put on the phone.

"Come in and see me this afternoon," he said.

When she reached the apartment she was still too bewildered to think. "If you're not doing anything," she said to her folks, "would you drive me in to Hollywood?"

Her father looked at her blankly. "In what?"

She remembered. "I'll call Stuart, then," she said.

And it was in Stuart's jalopy, pipes roaring, that she rode to stardom, her pigtails flying in the wind. She wore a sweater and slacks and flat shoes and no makeup.

"But I don't *know* anything about acting," she said.

"We'll teach you."

"Look at the way I walk in these high heels. I've never worn high heels. I feel silly."

"You'll learn, and pretty soon you won't feel silly."

"I'm just a scrawny kid."

"You're beautiful."

"But—"

"Will you sign this contract, or won't you?"

"Certainly," she said, picking up the pen. "But you've plucked my eyebrows and I look like Ellen Drew."

"Is that bad?"

"I want to look like Gail Russell."

"You will," they said.

"Putting me in a formal with a bare midriff, and all that makeup. The test was awful, wasn't it?"

"Yes . . ."

And she said to Stuart, "It isn't the fault of either of us. It's so simple: You work at Lockheed until midnight, and I have to be at the studio at six. I just have to have some sleep, that's all. Besides, everything closes at twelve. What's there to do?"

"Ha!" said young, healthy Mr. Buchanan.

So that was that, and she was sad for a time, but not bored. There was the new house to get in Westwood, and furnish, and the solemn everyday business of trying to look and behave like a movie personality on the salary she was getting. For months she was consistently a little late to work, because the bus was off-schedule. When she gave that as her excuse they said, "Why don't you buy a car or take a cab?"

And she said, "I can't afford it."

Nor could she afford the wardrobe necessary to keep the dates the publicity department insisted on making for her, to attend openings and smart Elsa Maxwell parties and night clubs. "I can't show everywhere in the one evening dress I own," she said.

Wherefore they lent her clothes from the wardrobe department, and clothes from her pictures.

The months went by, and she made "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," which was a hit; then she learned an English accent

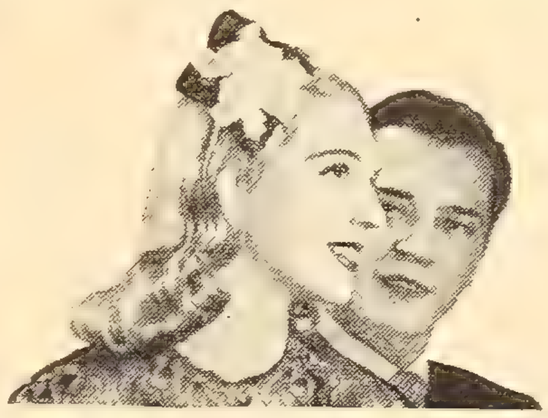
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in twenty-four hours, sitting through "The Young Mr. Pitt" three times and falling asleep during the second running of "Rebecca" in the process, and consequently got the lead opposite Ray Milland in "The Uninvited"; and there were raises, and bonuses, and things were all right.

Indeed they were. With Diana Lynn one evening, she met Guy Madison . . .

On the way home Diana said, "That Madison. How was he?"

"Hmmm?"

"You danced with him five times. The sailor. How was he?"

"Sensational."

"He didn't look that good to me. On the floor, I mean."

"Oh," said Gail, coming to. "He can't *dance*."

There was something so perfectly right, so natural, about falling in love with Guy that she allowed it to happen without thinking, without consideration.

She taught him to dance and to ride, since he could do neither and she was expert at both; and he taught her to swim. She knew a little about music, from George, and Guy knew nothing about it but wanted to. So she bought records, and so did he, and they spent long enchanted evenings before the fire, listening and making choices and criticizing. And looking at each other.

People with a pencil and little pads of paper came to see her increasingly often, murmuring the names of important magazines. And, in his own interviews, Guy kept repeating, "Gail, who is tops in my life any day, every day . . ."

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "NOTORIOUS"

(Continued from page 6)

she didn't drive the entire staff of the U. S. intelligence department into a collective nervous breakdown.

I belong to the school of whodunit, whogetsit fans that considers it shocking, if not boring, to reveal the plot of a film that deals in intrigue and breath-holding, so you will get none here. But it is not spilling any top secret Hitchcock beans to mention that Cary Grant is Ingrid's boss and partner in the job of uncovering an atomic German plot in Rio de Janeiro, and that Claude Rains impersonates the quiet, murderous Nazi exile through whom she Learns All.

But why this talk of Nazis and undercover agents? Let's face it. Long after the story line is forgotten, "Notorious" will be remembered as the picture in which Ingrid Bergman gnawed at Cary Grant as if he were a pound of fresh caviar.

Small boys at Saturday matinees in small towns will jeer themselves hoarse at this point in the movie, fresh young stags will whistle, Hokinson ladies will blush and a few Cary Grant fans may go out and kill themselves, but whatever happens the scene will be talked about, and any audience that sits through it without murmuring, at least, is either darned sophisticated or dead.

Possibly the most interesting performance in the film is given by an actress named Madame Konstantin in the role of the Nazi's mother. She worries you the minute you see her on the screen, the way Judith Anderson worried you on sight in "Rebecca." She is small and plain and taut, and manages by a sort of drained pallor to suggest the most sinister quality, as if layers of psychopathic complications lurked beneath the tight quiet surface.

Hers is a gilt-edged piece of acting in a bit of Hitchcockiana not to be missed.

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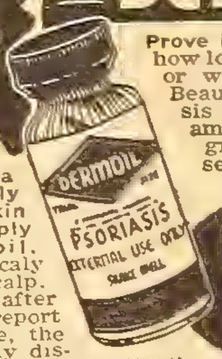
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THE FLYING COWBOY

(*Continued from page 49*)

Corps, the main worry on his mind was his movie mount, Champion. Gene arranged for perfect care of Champ while he was gone, but just the same he worried. He made John Agee, his trainer, promise the minute Champ seemed off his oats he'd let Gene know, no matter where he was. That's how Champ became the first horse to join the Air Corps.

Because it hadn't been but a few weeks until Gene got reports that weren't good. Champ wouldn't eat; he was losing flesh until his ribs stuck out like a xylophone. He heaved and sighed and wobbled around the corral. John called in three veterinarians before he wrote Gene. They thumped and tapped and gave Champ a thorough exam and then made the diagnosis. "Nothing wrong—he's just lonesome for Gene." That's the message Gene got, down at Luke Field in Arizona. Gene was just a rookie then but he collared his commanding officer and asked if there was any Air Corps regulation against a horse at a flying field. Turned out there wasn't, so Gene and his buddies rigged up a stall in an old hangar and John got the order to ship Champ along. He stayed there all the time Gene was stationed at Phoenix—the only horse in the whole U.S. Air Corps!

air steed . . .

Gene's still that crazy about his horses. He's got all his ranches—at Dublin, Texas, Gene Autry (yep, that's a town) Oklahoma, and at the big new ranch he's just bought near Winslow, Arizona. He knows every nag in his big rodeo string by name and they know him. But the buzzing motor broncs with wings he rides up in the sky are his favorite mounts.

"Heck," Gene drawls, "I'm up in the air more than I'm down on the ground!" He can warble, "I'm Back in the Saddle Again," on his radio show, but the saddle, nine times out of ten, that Gene Autry means these days is the pilot seat in his twin-engine Cessna. He's piled up over 2400 flying hours of his own, besides around 100,000 miles air travel here and yon around the globe. As a flight officer in the

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Air Transport Command, Gene herded two B-29's from America to India and a half dozen B-24's. He's flown the Pacific so much he knows every mermaid along the way, and he hopped over the Himalayan Hump a couple of times into China.

One day Gene had a day or two on terra firma, so he took out an up and coming Champion and galloped off in a cloud of dust. He tore off that way—yeah—but Gene came back in on a gentle trot, standing up in the stirrups.

The corral gang gathered around him. "How was it, Gene?" they asked.

"Well," he drawled forlornly. "I'd say—pretty stiff. Yep, pretty tender. Pretty sore. In fact, pretty lousy."

John Agee broke the silence with a cough. "Now, Gene," he cheered. "Don't you worry. That horse has the stuff. He's gonna be all right."

"I ain't talking about the horse," grinned Gene. "I mean me!"

Gene Autry loves to tell a joke like that on himself. Gene can ride and shoot and rope with the rest of them, but he never presumed himself in the league with the real roundup champs who compete in his rodeos.

When Gene was a rookie sarge in the Air Corps, they trotted him out with the rest of the green peas to the pistol range one morning, handed him a service automatic and started him blazing away at targets. Well, practically every buddy of his knocked over some kind of a score. But Gene couldn't hit the side of a barn. The sarge in charge came up finally and saw the unpunctured target. He put his arms on his hips and exploded.

"Ain't you Gene Autry, the cowboy guy?"

"You've got me," grinned Gene.

"Then," barked the disgusted trooper, "what the hell's the matter with you? Forgot how to shoot? I could do better with my eyes closed!"

Gene chuckled. It struck him funny.

"Well, I'll tell you," he explained. "You see, in the movies I got used to shooting straight from the hip, and that's the only way I can hit anything."

The sarge snorted. "You shoot from the hip, Buddy, and you never will hit anything for sure."

"In the movies," laughed Gene, "you don't *have* to hit anything."

But if Gene got rusted up in his cowboy tricks in the service, he got sharp as a hatchet on his new hobby, skyriding. Gene had fooled around with wing jobs before the war, but he didn't have enough hours to solo. The bug was biting him away back then. That's why he picked the Air Corps instead of something more true to his type, like, say the Cavalry. But when Gene put on a uniform there was no secret that the AAF wanted to use his talents to boom along morale and entertain the hosts of flyers and would-be flyers all over the country.

Gene went from Luke Field to Love Field and around a bunch of other fields and the more he saw of aviation the less he wanted to bang his guitar and sing on AAF shows. Like a million other American males, Gene wanted a part of the real deal—and as singing has always been fun for him, it didn't carry the same kick, not when the shooting was going on. So he turned down a bunch of commission chances in morale departments and settled on his Tech Sergeant job for keeps. That is, it would have been for keeps for Gene's choice, because he could duck the glamor as a GI and be just Gene—and the GI life suited him to a T. He doesn't smoke or drink or give a hang about high life. He likes good hard work, plain chow and plain guys to buddy with. So he stayed in the ranks and the only reason he ended up a flight officer was because



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they don't let enlisted men fly overseas and that's what Gene hankered to do soon as he got handy herding a plane.

He really worked at that, too, on his own time, going up at night after his duties were over and learning how to handle the big ones until he could qualify for his commercial pilot's license. Flyers liked Gene; he's the aviation type, which as any Army pilot knows is a special breed of men. Gene knew he could never fly a fighter, he had too many strikes in years against him for that. But he had his eye on the Air Transport Command and he never took it off—although there was a time or two when Gene would have felt mighty comfy on Champ's saddle.

Once, for instance, Gene and an officer who later turned into a pal of his, Hal Murray, hopped off from San Antonio for Dallas, with a bunch of paratroopers aboard. It was a short flight, so they took along the minimum gas, 300 gallons. But as they came over Dallas, the radio said, "Dallas Field closed—all planes land in Wichita Falls." They circled and tried that. The word there was the same—field closed. They went back and had a crack at Fort Worth. But the ceiling was low there, too, and the words were, "Climb to 9000 and hold it."

"That's just dandy!" snorted Major Hal Murray. "Hold it with no more gas. I'm going down somewhere." So he dropped to 500 feet and looked for a spot to land, because by then there wasn't enough gas left to light a cigarette, the way aviators figure. That's when Gene heard the Major tell the soldiers in back, "Fasten your belts." He thought he meant landing belts until finally they'd nosed through and sat down, with just 18 gallons left—good for maybe ten minutes more in the air. Then Gene did a double take—just like in the movies. "Major," he asked. "What kind of belts did you mean up there?" The officer grinned. "Parachute belts," he said. "I figured we'd have to bail out."

Gene made a bunch of new friends in the service to add to his hundreds of Hollywood pals. Like those in "hoss" opera and radio circles, they're all people Gene worked with. Two of the best are Hal Murray and Clarence Chiles, both commercial air line pilots now. Hal's the veteran of 68 flights over the Himalayan Hump and Gene saw a lot of him in India.

Once the Governor of Oklahoma sent a plea to General "Hap" Arnold to let Gene come up to Stillwater and lead the Armistice Day Parade. The governor said he wanted Gene in movie character like people knew him. So Autry sent a quick wire to his wife, Ina, to dig down in the mothproofed boxes of piped shirts, doeskin pants and high-heeled boots and send him an outfit. That came along with General Arnold's official sanction and Gene cakewalked his borrowed horse to lead that parade in true Hollywood style.

Gene's always been ready to knock himself out for anybody he likes and his hitch in the Air Corps—instead of turning his mind from his old friends—made him more loyal than ever. Gene lost his best pal in the war. Not in action, but just about the same thing. Johnny Marvin gave Gene his first break in show business. Away back when Will Rogers told the Oklahoma telegraph operator to hit for the big town and sell his personality and songs, it was Johnny who wangled him an audition for the cowboy recordings that made Gene Autry a famous name long before he came to Hollywood. They were the closest of friends up until the day Johnny died of malaria he caught on a Pacific area GI entertainment tour with Joe E. Brown. Gloria, Johnny's wife, stayed with Ina, Gene's wife, when they were away and Frankie Marvin, Johnny's brother, is now Gene Autry's best buddy





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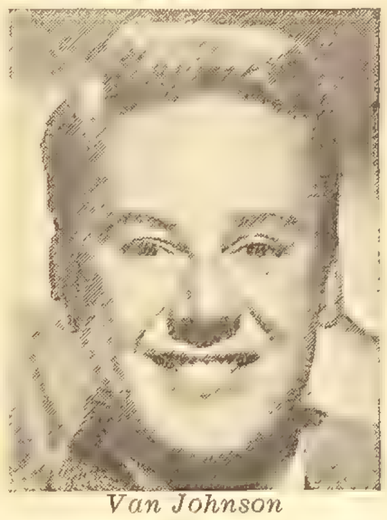
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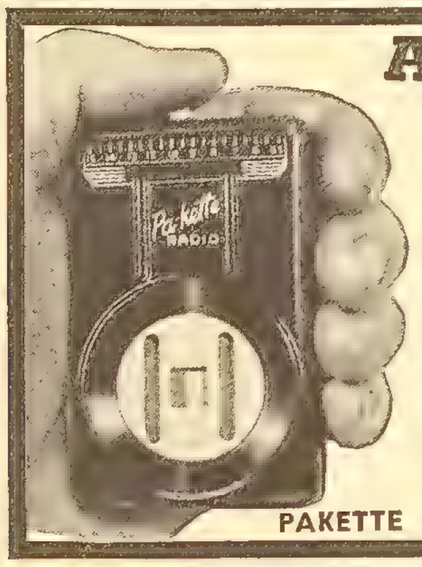
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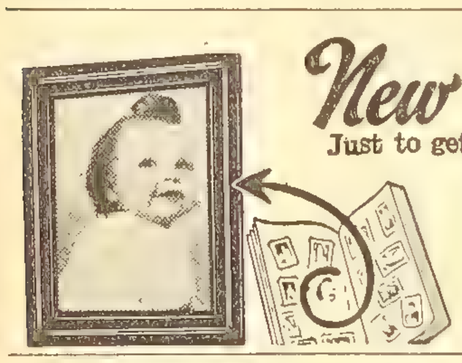
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and the steel guitar player in his radio band, besides having a guaranteed part in every picture Gene Autry makes.

That's the kind of a friend Gene is; he sticks like flypaper to the people who have given him boosts up the path to fame.

Gene's a real sucker for loyalty that way and one of the things he's proudest of right now is the way his Gene Autry Fan Club pitched for him while he was off to war. Gene has always had about the most hard-working batch of fans of any Hollywood star. And when Gene put on a uniform, Dorothy Crouse, the president, organized a "postcard patrol" for Gene that never faltered for three and-a-half years. All Autry fans pledged to send postcards to their favorite magazines, newspapers, radio, record and movie producers, at regular intervals asking for Gene Autry stories, Gene Autry pictures, Gene Autry shows and records. The idea was to keep Gene's career from withering while he served with Uncle Sam.

Gene Autry has always been one of the canniest business men ever to stick on a ten-gallon hat and a six-shooter.

For instance, Gene once bought a lot in Burbank, near Hollywood. He paid $2000 for it and his friends thought he'd fallen on his head or something. The lot looked like a jackrabbit heaven and that's about all. But in no time at all the city bought Gene's weed patch for a park and paid him $25,000. That's typical.

Gene's the first of the great show cowboys to make travelling rodeos pay off. Every one from Buffalo Bill on down the line—Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Tim McCoy—practically all of them lost their fancy shirts on their travelling shows. Gene has never been in the red since he started and, whether he likes it or not, the Flying-A Rodeo circuit is making money for him and all the cowboys who compete.

Gene thinks it's because he offers the biggest prizes in the business. His partner, Everett Colborn, took the whole rodeo over during the war, but now Gene's back in the thick of that. And with three ranches at Gene Autry, Oklahoma; Dublin, Texas, and the new, 128,000 acre ranch south of Winslow, Arizona he's getting his two-million dollar investment reconditioned with tough horses and sassy steers to make it interesting. But even that sprawling sideline isn't half enough to keep Gene Autry out of mischief. Since he came back to Hollywood he's gone out of his way to make himself busier than a cranberry merchant at Christmas.

One Thursday a few weeks ago, Gene opened his Flying-A Rodeo at the Pan-Pacific Stadium in Hollywood. He had to star in it seven nights that week and two matinees. On Friday he started shooting "Sioux City Sue," his first movie in four years. Sunday he switched his Melody Ranch radio show back from 15-minutes to a full half hour, and as Gene runs the whole deal himself, that meant he had to huddle with writers, cast parts, hear music, and rehearse at CBS. All the time calls poured in from Everett Colborn at the ranch, Lloyd Rust in Dallas and his radio manager in Phoenix. His sponsor wanted to see him in Chicago. Gene buzzed up there, stayed an hour and whizzed back to Hollywood for a conference. The next day he hopped up to Canada, to check some new rodeo stock. He was back in time for his next radio show on Sunday. Oh yes, and along the way, Gene recorded songs for Columbia Records!

Right now, Gene's off to a second start that's bound to lead into the greatest years of his movie life. He had a problem right after he got out of the ATC. Gene liked Army chow too well and there were about twenty pounds too much for his jeans but now he's all slimmed down and plenty handsome.



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Actually, the only real worry Gene has at this point is really a sentimental tug. His horse, Champion, is getting along in years and it's right in the cards that he'll have to go to pasture soon.

What most people add up as Gene's greatest headache is really a good-natured chuckle with Gene. The Hollywood air was crammed with feud rumors about Gene and his closest rival, Roy Rogers. The idea was: when Gene stepped out of his Hollywood cowboy spot, Roy stepped in, calling himself "King of the Cowboys" and went to town. Sure—that's true enough. But Gene never had any resentment about it. The way he looks at it, there's room at the top for others besides himself, and that's the way he always did view the situation.

Few people know that Gene has helped Roy along consistently, since the days when Roy was Dick Weston, playing small western parts on the same Hollywood lot, Republic, as Gene did. In one of the many contract squabbles Gene had with his bosses, he walked out and Republic picked Roy as a likely pinch-hitter. Put him in a star cowboy role and started to build him up. Then Gene's troubles blew over and when he came back, the decision was to let "Dick Weston" go fly a kite. That's when Gene stepped in.

"No, sir," he said, "you've given the boy a boost, now give him a chance. He's a good boy and he's got the stuff."

But as to any "feud" between these two buckos—well, all I can do is mention what happened on the set of "Sioux City Sue" not long ago.

It seems there was a scene where his leading lady is purring, "Why, just think! You might be a hit! You might even turn into a big Hollywood singing cowboy star!"

Gene had to grin. "You mean," he came back, while the camera whirred, "like Roy Rogers?"

"Cut!" yelled the director. "Now Gene—what the . . .?"

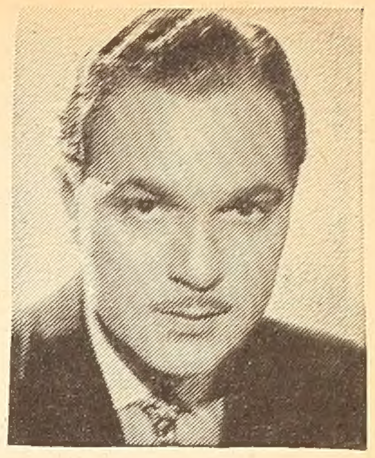
But Gene was still grinning. "Aw, leave it in," he begged. "It's a good line, isn't it?"

"Too darned good!" said the director, firmly. So he called for another take and Gene Autry was a good boy and stuck to the script. But he still thinks it's a good line and he might use it one of these days soon when he's cooking up his own pictures. He knows darned well the laugh it would hand his friend, Roy Rogers.

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